PROBLEMS OF COMMUNISM

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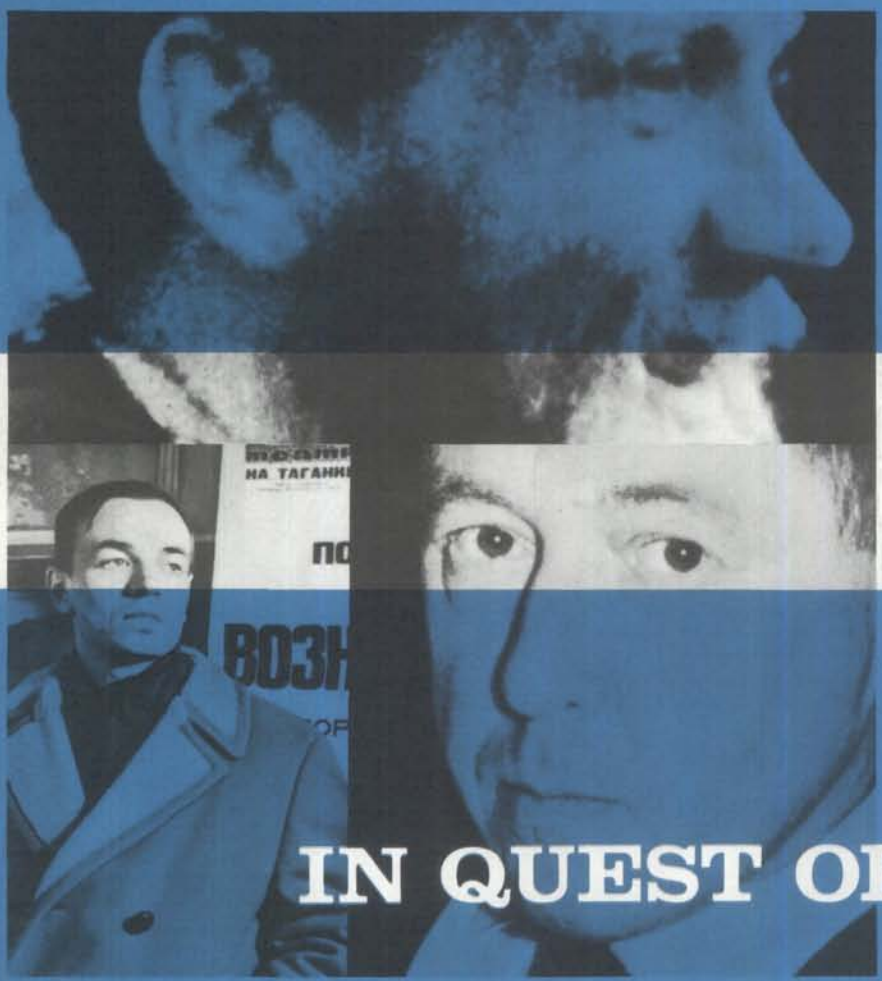

part 2

IN QUEST OF JUSTICE

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PROBLEMS OF COMMUNISM

IN QUEST OF JUSTICE: Protest and Dissent in the USSR

PART II

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In Quest of Justice

PART II

"In our day," writes Lidia Chukovskaia (Doc. 56), "one trial follows another." Indeed, no sooner had Part I of "In Quest of Justice" come off the press than a new trial opened in Moscow (Docs. 79-81). Not surprisingly, those who had earlier denounced the perversions of the Soviet judicial system now found themselves its victims. The immediate issue which led a number of Soviet citizens to court arrest and exile was new: the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. Yet in a larger sense, as both Larisa Borgoraz-Daniel and Pavel Litvinov so clearly indicated in their final trial statements, the issue was ageless: justice and freedom, for the people of Czechoslovakia as much as for the people of the USSR.

Soviet authorities no longer attempt to conceal either the existence of open dissent or their concern about its impact and magnitude. In numerous articles and resolutions they have denounced the "unsavory role," the "inadmissable political dereliction," the "ideological immaturity and vacillation" of "those who lend their names to arm our ideological adversaries." To Aleksandr Chakovsky, Editor of *Literaturnaia gazeta*, dissent and criticism of Soviet society—in whatever form—is nothing but "pseudo-daring." Genuine daring, in his words, "is inseparably linked with the struggle for genuine truth—*i.e.*, for the construction of communism—waged alongside the party and the people" (*Sovetskaia Rossiia*, Jan. 27, 1968); in other words, with *consent.*

Dissent, then, cannot be tolerated; those who engage in it, said *Literaturnaia Rossiia* on May 1, are guilty of "traitorous" and "anti-Soviet" acts, of contributing to the "enemy's gain" (*Literaturnaia gazeta*, May 29). "The cry of 'lack of freedom' in the Soviet Union," D. Kraminov warned darkly in *Pravda* (March 3), is reminiscent of the "cry raised by the Russian capitalists and landowners," as well as by all the sundry "Mensheviks, Socialist-Revolutionaries . . . Trotskyites, right-wing and 'left-wing' renegades." "We are told by some people," writes Chakovsky in another article (*LG*, March 27), "that the trial [of Ginzburg and Galanskov] was illegal. Why? Because it was 'closed.' What does that mean? Is it the rule in bourgeois judicial practice that trials of people who threaten the security of the capitalist system are held in New York's Lincoln Center or London's Trafalgar Square? Do American courts send invitations to Soviet correspondents with a most humble request to attend a trial of the latest 'Red spy?'" The fact that Mr. Chakovsky apparently forgot the usual Soviet admonition that "the standards of bourgeois democracy are inapplicable to our conditions" (*LG*, May 29) is less important than the chilling implication of his parallel: Ginzburg and Galanskov, sentenced to long prison terms for having produced an unofficial literary journal and a collection of official Soviet documents are "spies"; as are, presumably, those who "pseudo-dare" to defend them.

Yet the protests go on. *Literaturnaia gazeta* (May 9), speaks of "numerous letters and resolutions received by the Central Committee of the CPSU," among whose signatories, "unfortunately, were people carrying party or YCL [Komsomol] cards." Despite the many meetings of "indignant" citizens, despite attempts at persuasion, "strict party reprimands" and "punishments," according to Sergei Mikhalkov (*LG*, April 3), "there are those who to this day remain stubborn and fail to draw the appropriate conclusions for themselves." "But it is not only letters that alarm us," Mr. Mikhalkov continues. "The position of some writers, particularly Communists, who speak at some meetings and literary evenings alarms us no less." So do "certain phenomena in related arts, in particular the theater," where "arbitrary interpretations of classical works," by "the political coloration of modernized lines of the characters . . . arouse unhealthy agitation among the audience." So, according to other statements reported in the same issue of *Literaturnaia gazeta*, do the "pseudo-experimenters in the cinema" and the many "young poets"—in fact, all "the so-called 'liberals'" and intellectuals who criticize and attempt "to alter the nature of [Soviet] society."

The documents of dissent and the samples of the "literature of the underground" (discussed in the articles by Messrs. Monas and Friedberg) represent, in our opinion, an extraordinarily important aspect of contemporary Soviet reality. The official Soviet confirmation of the existence of these writings—indeed of the very existence of dissent—only heightens their value and significance.

—The Editors

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Engineers or Martyrs: Dissent and the Intelligentsia

By Sidney Monas

It is surely unusual for literature to become the occasion for a constitutional crisis. Yet this is, in essence, what has happened in the Soviet Union as an outgrowth of the February 1966 trial of Andrei Siniavsky and Yuli Daniel. At their trial, the two writers defended themselves on literary grounds against the charge of having carried on "anti-Soviet propaganda." The judge even accused them of attempting to turn the court proceedings into an elementary course in literary criticism; yet he himself called in a panel of literary experts whose presence at the trial was difficult to explain *except* on literary grounds. Everything seemed confused, contradictory, paradoxical, and against expectations.

The sentences handed down by the court turned out to be extremely harsh, and the amnesty which many expected has so far not been granted. On the other hand, literary dissent has not been silenced either. On the contrary, the trial stirred up a wave of protest which has since spread to the very fringes of the intelligentsia, if not beyond, and which has at the same time become much broader than a demand for mere literary and artistic freedom. Indeed, because it has had the effect of polarizing the articulate Soviet public into opposing authoritarian and libertarian camps, the trial has been likened in its divisive impact to the Dreyfus case in France of the 1890's.[1]

Yet, too, how Russian! One is immediately reminded of the historic role of 19th-century Russian literature, of the special relationship between Nicholas I and Pushkin, of the secretly-circulated manuscripts of Griboedov, Pushkin and Lermontov, Belinsky's letter to Gogol, and the publications of Hertzen's *Free Russian Press* in London.

Because literature was relatively an island of freedom in a censor-ridden country, hopes for the expression of grievances and the authentication of private experiences and predicaments—hopes which

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[1] See Patricia Blake, "This is the Winter of Moscow's Dissent," *The New York Times Magazine,* March 24, 1968, p. 126.

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elsewhere might have found other outlets—in Russia became centered in literature. It should be added that Russian literature embodied a Christian sensibility in secularized form and thereby served to orient intellectuals who had lost their religion, but not their religiosity. It tended to glorify compassion, the notion of "beautiful suffering" and the acceptance of suffering as one's lot, and the subordination of self to some larger cause.

Before the occurrence of the Revolution that aimed at changing the conditions which produced beautiful sufferers and superfluous men, there was a literary revolution that anticipated the type of the revolutionary. This was the project of the "new man," the "positive hero," which was inaugurated by Belinsky, Chernyshevsky and Gorky, and which was much admired by Lenin.[2]

Now there is once again in Russia something like an intelligentsia—not merely, as Stalin defined the term, a "social segment" of professionals and "white collars" recruited from among the workers and peasants, but a "spiritual brotherhood" bearing a *special burden of conscience* and equipped with a special sensibility. In a recent article ostensibly about America, the Soviet sociologist, Igor Kon, prefaces a discussion of the particular problems of the American intelligentsia with an analysis of the problems involved in the general concept, "intelligentsia," presenting some especially interesting ideas regarding the importance of a *psychological* approach. On the role of a literary *avant-garde*, he quotes Lewis Coser, the American sociologist, as follows:

> **It would be absurd to attribute the alienation of many *avant-garde* authors solely to the battle with the censors, yet one may well maintain that those battles contributed in no mean measure to such alienation. To these authors the censor came to be the very symbol of the philistinism, hypocrisy and meanness of bourgeois society.**
>
> **Many an author who was initially apolitical was drawn to the political left in the United States because the left was in the forefront of the battle against censorship. The close alliance of *avant-garde* art with *avant-garde* social and political radicalism can be accounted for, at least in part, by the fact that they came to be merged in the minds of many as a single battle for freedom against all repression.**[3]

The relevance of this passage to the current situation in the Soviet Union is attested to by its requotation, this time deliberately and overtly in a Soviet context, by the extraordinary physicist-academician, A. D. Sakharov, in his "underground" essay which recently found its way abroad and appeared in *The New York Times*.[4]

The Revolution ravaged but did not destroy the old Russian intelligentsia with its distinctive public-mindedness and literary education. What was left was joined—perhaps "swamped" would be a better word—by a large, new, crudely-trained group, newly-empowered and newly-privileged, ambitious, dynamic, and perhaps more than a little frightened underneath its new perquisites and accomplishments. This new amalgam was further devastated by the purges, the war, and the Stalinist terror, giving place only slowly and reluctantly to a better-educated, more finely-honed, and intellectually more secure generation which came of age in the postwar world.

It is *their* situation that recapitulates at least some aspects of the situation of the 19th-century intelligentsia—a ravished public life, something of which may perhaps still be redeemed, and a heavy burden of guilt toward "the people."[5] With the collapse of Stalinist authority, the claims of which were as absolute as those made on behalf of any divinity, the very authority of the Communist Party itself seemed to tremble and waver, and with it the very sense of a purpose to life. Questions were asked and then not answered. The call for *glasnost* (publicity) was stifled by the same party organs that had issued it. Significantly enough, it was in the wake of the 20th Party Congress that Andrei Siniavsky wrote his essay, "On Socialist Realism," and only two years later that he sent it abroad under the pseudonym of Abram Tertz.

This was the period of the "thaw" that somehow never quite passed on to spring. Publication became much freer, yet not altogether free. The formulas of socialist realism were torn to shreds; yet the basic idea of an *organized* literature remained. It was not merely that the journals and the publishing houses were controlled by the party

[2] For an extremely interesting psychoanalytic interpretation of the "new man" and his place in Russian culture, see Alain Besançon, *Le tsarévich immolé*, Paris, 1967, pp. 145-61.

[3] I. Kon, "Razmyshleniia ob Amerikanskoi inteligentsii," *Novyi mir*, No. 1, 1968, pp. 190-91.

[4] "Thoughts on Progress, Peaceful Coexistence, and Intellectual Freedom," *The New York Times*, July 22, 1968, p. 15. For excerpts, see Document 59.

[5] I do not mean to imply that the present situation parallels that of the 19th century at any given moment—the 1840's, say, or the 1860's or the 1890's—but rather that there are points of resemblance to all of these, and that there will continue to be such resemblances as long as the two basic factors of 19th-century alienation have their analogies in the present: namely, a repressive regime and a sensitive, estranged intelligentsia.

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through the Writers' Union. The party refused to relinquish its control over the life of literature as such, and over the lives of writers; it continued to decide who should have access to a typewriter and a *dacha*, who could give a public recital, and who could go abroad. And precisely to the degree that the party felt this control slipping, the need to preserve it was frantically invoked. From 1956 on, spontaneous literary gatherings that easily spilled over into politics became a commonplace. The mimeographed journals began to appear in 1958. There were poetry readings in Maiakovsky Square. "Underground literature" assumed a certain bulk.

In genre this literature varied greatly, and in quality it ran the gamut from brilliant to unmitigatedly awful. Something of that range is represented in the examples provided in this issue. Among the discursive writings, all remain more or less within the revolutionary if not necessarily the strictly Bolshevik tradition. None are anti-socialist and none are anti-patriotic. There are no "witches' covens" represented—perhaps, among the intelligentsia at least, none exists. Similarly, the more personal and lyric works, while reflecting an assiduous effort to affirm the value of private experience and personal desire, reveal no real opening of the sluice gates of personal repression. While the political rhetoric is sometimes fairly strong, the rhetoric of sex seems remarkably restrained and old-fashioned.

With the arrest and trial of Siniavsky and his disciple, Daniel, the repressive mechanism—from the *Glavlit* censorship to the KGB—clamped down hard. Curiously enough, however, intimidation proved ineffective. Protest mounted. An increasingly wide range of people became involved. In April 1968, a plenary session of the CPSU Central Committee declared the "consequences of the personality cult" officially liquidated and called for strengthened ideological discipline in the face of what was termed a renewed bourgeois ideological offensive. Six weeks later, writing in *Literaturnaia gazeta*, a party ideologue attempted to belittle the entire protest movement as the work of a few "politically immature" writers:

Misconceptions of the place of the intelligentsia, false conclusions concerning the writer's role in the ranks of the whole intelligentsia, and finally, overestimation of their own relative weight in the writers' community—these are what have nurtured the childish arrogance of some of our comrades who have forgotten the old parable of the lieutenant and the army company.[6]

Yet this rings most unconvincingly, and no one really believes that either protest or *samizdat* has been terminated. Within the ranks of the intelligentsia, the regime has unleashed a small-scale and highly selective, yet at the same time vicious terror.[7] This, however, only seems to have deepened the divisions within Soviet society rather than effectively silencing dissent.

The real preface to the current intellectual turmoil was written by Nikita Khrushchev back in February 1956. However carefully planned and "engineered" the secret speech may have been, it also seems unquestionably to have contained a personal Khrushchevian element of great significance. Into the planned unmasking of Stalin, there crept—or rather there welled up—a sense of personal outrage, a sense of humiliation lived through and resented, a genuine need for self-assertion and self-authentication. It took place within a strictly party context, of course, and it was entirely on behalf of the corporate personality of the party, standing as a surrogate for the Soviet Union as a whole—indeed, for all mankind—that the Stalin icon was smashed. Khrushchev "bore witness" on behalf of the upper leadership of the party. But there were millions who had suffered far more, yet were allowed no such luxury.

Within a few months, foreign Communist newspapers and leaders began to ask questions which the speech had obviously raised. The asking was reluctant, painful, enmeshed in a sticky, murky, half-apologetic vocabulary and surrounded by exhortative reminders of the "objective" achievements of the Soviet Union—as though the whole Stalinist notion of "objectivity" were not precisely what was hanging in the air. Why did the Stalin exposure come so late? What was the complicity of the current leadership in Stalin's misdeeds? How could Marxists, of all people, rest content with the attribution of the personality cult merely to one personality—or, if Beria were thrown in, two personalities? What were its historical-institutional bases,

[6] "Vernost, edinstvo, ubezhdennost," *Literaturnaia gazeta*, No. 22, May 29, 1968, p. 3.

[7] There is no logical or consistent legal pattern to the arrests and punishments. Fame and renown are apparently fairly effective shields against reprisals, though certainly far from foolproof.

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and what was being done to alter them? Why was the exposure made through a "secret" speech that first came to the attention of many sincere Communists through publication in a bourgeois newspaper?

Ten years after these questions were first raised, they were still neither satisfactorily answered nor withdrawn. They floated in the air, out of reach and for short periods almost out of sight, then reappearing in all their perplexity. To answer them fully may well be impossible. Even to make a real effort might put the authority of the party leadership in grave danger; yet failure to make such an effort produces the same results.

Communist party leaders outside the Soviet Union have their own constituencies, and their power in many instances depends more on pleasing those constituencies (which include intellectuals) than on acting as "transmission belts" for the will of Moscow. Notwithstanding the current military occupation of Czechoslovakia, the possibilities for the Soviet Union to exert naked force have substantially diminished since 1956, and the political losses that result from such action have increased. At home, terror and naked force come more readily to hand; yet there, too, limitations have closed in. Prestige abroad is one factor limiting the use of force. A changed and changing social and economic structure is another and more important one.

In a society that presumes to compete technologically with the United States, the intelligentsia is not merely a crucial element but one which, even if it could simply be kicked and pummeled into submission, would then be incapable of performing the socio-economic task demanded of it. For youth especially, between the ages of 16 and 36, be they *intelligenty* themselves, children of the intelligentsia, or merely intelligent, sensitive and aspiring young people, the questions asked or implied by Khrushchev's speech are questions of orientation to the world of their parents, and they pose the most crucial problem of integrity of personality.

For many of their parents in turn, they are questions of the authentication of experience. Was what they went through meaningful, did it have a purpose, was it real? Have the ends of socialism been irretrievably corrupted by the means used to achieve them? Should they believe experience, or what is printed? Can what is printed be validated by experience? If the parents refuse to face these problems—as many do—the children must do it for them. A world in which what is known, what is felt, and what is desired—though disharmonious factors among themselves—are all three so assiduously sealed off from what is publicly proclaimed and officially permitted, cannot but create a sense of confinement and unreality in the people who live in it.

The Soviet Union is now a predominantly urban society, and the sophistry of the city has replaced what Marx called "the idiocy of rural life." The intelligentsia possesses professional skills that are of unprecedented importance to such a society; yet its position has not ceased to be extremely vulnerable. For all its modernization, the Soviet Union still contains a very massive "dark" population aspiring to bourgeois amenities on the one hand, yet immersed in socialist rhetoric on the other. And within this population there is a strong element of "grudge"—crude, primitive, often all too well-founded, a kind of legendary force in its own right—which views all privilege as corruption, and which is directed equally against the political and managerial elite of the party and against the intelligentsia. Here, however, the intelligentsia is at a disadvantage, for it still carries the traditional burden of guilt toward the people, and the lines of manipulation are in the hands of the party.

It is wrong, of course, to speak of the party and the intelligentsia as separate entities: they interpenetrate each other, both sociologically and psychologically speaking. Nevertheless, the party's standards are political, organizational, and institutional. As an organization, it is all-embracing—its founding mission, after all, was world revolution and the total transformation of man. Like all organizations, however, much of its energies are directed toward maintaining, justifying and reproducing itself. The intelligentsia, on the other hand, is not an organization. Not all "professionals" belong to it, but only those who have a more general concern with ideas and experience than can be satisfied within the bounds of their professions. Yet there is a certain "community of professionals." The highly-trained physicist appreciates the pyrotechnics and playful technical proficiency of Voznesensky's poetry, just as Voznesensky has a feeling in his poems for the modernity of physics. Professional skill becomes a pride and nourishes a secret elitism *vis-à-vis* the "mere administrators" and still more so in relation to those whose career has been built not on skill and accomplishment, but on proclaiming the correct ideological view at the right time.

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Not only is the party an organization, it is a revolutionary organization dedicated to the triumph of world socialism in its own special version. Militancy has always been its watchword. In its early days of power, the need for militancy often served as an excuse for crudeness. To justify the terror, Stalin advanced the theory that the class struggle, instead of diminishing as it moves towards victory, grows sharper. With the exposure of Stalin and the rejection of his theory, it became apparent that crudeness had served as an excuse for militancy. The cultural thaw at home and the officially proclaimed policy of coexistence abroad encouraged the intelligentsia to hope for a new era. Khrushchev, however, very quickly proclaimed "no coexistence in the realm of ideology." Literature, unlike the study of language as such, was said to belong to the realm of ideology.

It was, of course, not the intelligentsia alone that reacted against the party's tendency to insist on total militancy. Every working-girl who read a novel or went to a play was tired of the heroine whose main distinction was her overfulfillment of the production norm, tired of the hero who made love only to tractors. The demand for some acknowledgement of the literary legitimacy of such things as personality, personal distinctiveness, and the poignance of private feelings, apart from their relation to the party or to socialist construction, went far beyond the intelligentsia. The intelligentsia's demands were, of course, still more comprehensive, embracing the whole realm of private experience—thought, doubt, speculation and dreams.

The party relaxed the standards of socialist realism—which under Stalin had tended to become increasingly rigid except for the brief interlude of the war years—with regard to both style and subject matter. Control of publication, however, remained entirely in the party's hands as part of its ideological monopoly. How much freedom of expression would be allowed came to depend on literary politics—on who controlled what journal; on whether the "liberals" controlled or merely had a slight foothold in, say, the editorial board of *Novyi mir;* on the degree to which the party favored *Oktiabr;* on how the "waverers" (those, like K. Simonov, V. Kataev and many others, who were neither "liberal" nor "conservative" but wavered within themselves and between the camps) resolved or failed to resolve their doubts. Above all, it depended on who could decisively influence the ideological commission of the party Central Committee, where the final say resided. The resultant policy was far from consistent. There were many *little* thaws and freezes, and at present the situation is about as "frozen" as it has been at any time since 1956.

A rigidification of literary policy might signal, therefore, not only a deprivation of felt personal needs—the need for a certain playfulness, if not necessarily for bourgeois "entertainment"; the need for an imaginative exploration of personal possibilities, for public recognition of deeply felt experiences, for a sense of life not circumscribed by political expediency nor couched in the language of an outworn and discredited rhetoric; and above all, the need to "bear witness" and "receive testimony" to the importance of this larger sense of life, in which the conscious and the unconscious, the self and the other, the mind and the heart, the language and the reality, are not so inseparably riven apart as they have generally come to be in the current officially-commended literature. It might signal as well a return to militancy and crudeness in all walks of life. The Chinese stand as a frightening example of the present possibilities of Stalinism.[8]

Against the threat of renascent Stalinism in the USSR, the Soviet intelligentsia invokes the civil rights provisions of the Stalin Constitution, the International Declaration of Human Rights (of which the Soviet Union is a signatory), the concept of socialist legality, and the possibility (terribly remote!) of countervailing forces such as the Writers' Union, which, by acting in the writers' interests and defending them *as* writers, might modify the monolithic nature of the party and at the same time induce a greater sense of responsibility and caution in the *apparatchiki.* The battle for literary freedom and independence—of which both *samizdat* and publication abroad are important aspects—is thus central to the entire struggle for civil and constitutional rights.

Against the intelligentsia and against the struggle for civil rights, the Central Committee of the party has invoked the supposed menace of a "bourgeois ideological offensive" in which the foreign publication of works critical of the Soviet regime, all publicized dissent, the broadcasts of Radio Free

[8] Interesting in this connection is a series of articles on the Chinese Cultural Revolution by A. Zhelokhovtsev ["Kulturnaia revoliutsiia s blizkovo rasstoiianiia (zapiski ochevidtsa)], published in *Novyi mir,* Nos. 1, 2, 3, 1968. In decrying the shabbiness and drabness, the heaviness of Chinese life, the lack of privacy, the over-the-shoulder tics, Zhelokhovtsev sounds extraordinarily like an American visitor describing his reactions to life in the Soviet Union.

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Europe, the operations of the NTS and CIA, and the "political immaturity" of a few famous writers are all seen as linked and related factors.[9] It will be recalled that the same kind of threat was invoked in an attempt to bring fraternal Communist parties, most recently the Czechs, under closer Soviet discipline and control. Since the April meeting of the Central Committee, this "new threat" has been referred to many times, and repeated efforts have been made to build a logical case for repression—not, of course, *as* repression but rather as a strengthening of social discipline—precisely on the basis of this alleged offensive.

No doubt there are members of the Central Committee who now cast a nostalgic eye on the Stalinist theory of "the sharpening of the class struggle as victory nears," which they themselves had a hand in discrediting. But unfortunately for them, the case for the existence of a genuine bourgeois offensive is difficult to maintain before a well-informed public. In the Czech crisis, for instance, whatever fanciful Soviet claims were made regarding American involvement, it is clear that the United States did not intervene in any way. Moreover, while the United States remains no less committed than the Soviet Union to the defense and propagation of its own values, it is absurd to picture the US as chiefly responsible for encouraging and sponsoring the dissidence among Soviet intellectuals. Indeed, the Soviet underground writers' most effective channel of protest and appeal has been not the official organs of Western governments, but rather those of the diffuse "New"—and even the Communist—Left, both of which remain, on many issues, sympathetic to the Soviet Union.

Nevertheless, the charge that "the enemy is using your work!" has a certain cogency for the Soviet intelligentsia. There are, of course, segments of the intelligentsia—to say nothing of the broader public—which simply are not very well-informed. Hostility to the Soviet Union is not a rarity in the Western press and is often handily cited, too often with a disregard for the context or the finer shades of difference. Even among those who *are* well-informed, however, the spell of the party and of party discipline in the face of a potentially hostile world has not entirely worn off. Their quarrel, after all, is not with the concept and the dream of "socialism," but with those who have sullied and vitiated the dream. To the extent, therefore, that the Soviet leaders can conjure up a creditable image of warmongering, "imperialist" powers bent on annihilating the very *goal* of communism, they can count on a certain amount of loyalty even from some of their fiercest domestic critics.

In writing the history of the Peasant War in Germany, Engels expressed an extraordinary sympathy for, and indeed a certain identification with, the religious rebel, Thomas Muenzer. And Mikhail Pokrovsky, the dean of Soviet historians in the early post-revolutionary years, attempted to write a Marxist history of Russia in which the relationship to the modes of production could be seen as the decisive factor in all historical stages. Thus, Engels emphasized the singular pathos of a revolutionary "ahead of his time"; and Pokrovsky, the pathos of Russian backwardness in relation to the West. Stalin, on the other hand, placed the triumph of his own system at the center of the world-historical process. Whatever contributed to it was progressive; everything else, reactionary.

"Objectively speaking," that is, for sentiments and intentions make no difference. Ivan the Terrible, for instance, may have lopped off heads, but since he strengthened the power of the military monarchy over and against the divisive aristocratic factions and thus prepared the way for the Petrine Empire, which in turn became the locale where the great Revolution was to take place, he was a progressive ruler. Since centralized power, a massive army, strong borders, and the terrorization of potential opponents at home were still "necessary" elements of policy, Ivan emerges as not only progressive but prophetic as well. On the other hand, Shamil, leader of the 19th-century resistance to Russian occupation of the Caucasus, though once much admired by Russian revolutionaries as a fellow fighter against Tsarist oppression, was now branded a reactionary because, if he had succeeded in what he attempted, the Trans-Caucasus would have been absorbed by either the Persian or the Turkish Empire and the "emancipation" of its people through the Great October Revolution would have been immeasurably delayed.[10]

[9] See *Literaturnaia gazeta*, May 8, 1968, p. 1; also, "Ideologicheskaia borba," *ibid.*, No. 26, June 26, 1968, p. 5.

[10] See Konstantin Shteppa, *Russian Historians and the Soviet State*, New Brunswick, Rutgers University Press, 1962, esp. pp. 276-85; Cyril E. Black, *Rewriting Russian History*, New York, Vintage, 1956; John Keep, *Contemporary History in the Soviet Mirror*, London, Allen & Unwin, 1964.

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World science and world literature of the past, since they contributed to the consciousness of revolutionaries, were progressive, but contemporary scientists and (foreign) writers were judged, "objectively speaking," by their usefulness to the cause. Among the Russian classical authors, all who were safely dead were progressive—though some more than others. Dostoevsky, in his religiosity and morbid psychologizing, was dangerous; Gorky, in the years of his Stalinist enthusiasm, basked in a glory second only to Stalin's.

Religion was intrinsically reactionary and no good could be said of it, although insofar as it served Russian patriotic ends it could be tolerated. For the strength of the Russian state was one of the factors that made possible the strong Soviet state, and insofar as priests, generals and tsars contributed to that power, they were progressive, no matter how many peasants they oppressed. In general, the farther back in time, the more progressive they were: Ivan the Terrible was more progressive than Alexander II; Peter the Great was a hero and Alexander III a slob. Patriotism was progressive. The Russian people were intrinsically progressive and invented almost everything from the steamboat to the radio, but the reactionary social system prevented such inventions from finding useful application.

Not only were the Russians great inventors, but as revolutionaries they were by no means behind their counterparts in the industrially more advanced West. Indeed, in many important respects, they were more advanced. Radishchev, the Decembrists, Hertzen, Belinsky, and Chernyshevsky—though not Marxists—all pointed to the eventual socialist revolution. Their works help validate the revolution, and the revolution in turn validates them. Of course, as the revolution actually approaches, reactionary revolutionaries begin to make their appearance—*i.e.*, Social Revolutionaries, Mensheviks, Trotskyites.

Russian nationalism was on the whole a progressive force, especially since it embraced Russian literature and science and the Russian revolutionary movement. But the nationalism of the minor nationalities of the empire was somewhat more problematic. On the one hand, their national self-consciousness could be viewed as having played a vital role in cementing their "alliance" with the Russian people, since it was the latter who "liberated" them and in some instances actually created their national consciousness, with the result that they received the blessings of socialism far earlier than they might have on their own. On the other hand, nationalism that looks away from Russia is reactionary and "bourgeois."

Stalin's rewriting of party history and his debonair way with facts are sufficiently well-known. Indeed, Khrushchev himself lingered with some vehemence on this aspect of the cult of personality. The old Bolsheviks who were called in to criticize the third volume of the new *History of the CPSU* were again indignant that some of the most prominent names in party history had not yet been restored. I wish to emphasize here, however, not so much the falsification or omission of facts as the view of history that treats all past life as merely the prelude to the current organization and policy of the party.

Of course, there is a hunger for sheer fact that was whetted by the 20th and 22nd Congresses, and which as yet remains unsatisfied despite a considerable growth in the richness and complexity of Soviet historiography. In connection with the history of the Revolution, the Civil War, and World War II, V. Kardin has stressed the need for "the black bread of facts . . . the unremitting desire, characteristic of our times, to drink from 'the river of fact,'" and has attempted to demythologize a number of incidents and anecdotes.[11] He was immediately attacked, however, by no less a worthy than Field Marshal Rokossovsky, with Admiral Baikov and General Khlebnikov also joining in. "The people's grateful memory," these dignitaries wrote, "has made poetry of outstanding events in the history of the Soviet state."[12] Defending such poetry on the ground of its patriotic exaltation, they argued that it contributes to the ultimate victory of party policy and is therefore "objectively" true! (This is, of course, my own interpolation; and I would not deny a legendary kind of truth to legends.)

More ominously, there has been a recent attempt to "objectivize" Stalin himself. In spite of the abuses of the cult of personality, the authors of this attempt contend, much worthwhile was accomplished during the Stalin period. Against this line, however, Kopelev, Galanskov and others cry out in protest—Kopelev with particular brilliance since he uses with great effect the logic and language of the "objectivity" argument itself (see Doc. 57).

[11] V. Kardin, "Legendy i fakty," *Novyi mir*, No. 2, 1966, p. 239.

[12] "Legendarnoe ne zacherknut," *Literaturnaia gazeta*, April 26, 1966, p. 2. The letter is also signed by F. Petrov, a Bolshevik since 1896!

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Addressing himself to the Austrian Communists (who could be counted on to know very well the range and degree of fascist terror), Kopelev reminds them that "more Communists were confined in Stalin's prisons and camps than in all the capitalist and fascist countries taken together." As for the "good" side of Stalin, he says:

We ascribed to him all the virtues we saw in our best people. We believed the myth of the great, the all-knowing leader because we wanted to have such a leader; we ourselves had created this myth—some consciously, others unconsciously—and we were convinced of its reality or quasi-reality. Beyond that we were convinced that it was an absolute historical necessity, for we believed that victory was impossible without an unlimited authority and unlimited faith.

Kopelev goes on to call Stalin a repulsive "naked emperor," referring to a witty satirical play by Yevgeni Shvarts, *The Naked King,* based on the old fairy story (suppressed in its time, it is now very popular). Against the myth of Stalin, he cites disaster in agriculture, the purges, the near genocide of more than half a dozen peoples, the mistrust deliberately inculcated in the population for all "returnees" after the war, and finally the Yugoslav fiasco. Above all, he insists, Stalin must be condemned for the effects of Stalinism on "the intellectual and moral consciousness of youth," for the alienation of an entire generation from communism.

Kopelev sees the efforts to rehabilitate Stalin as leading to "hypocrisy, civil apathy and a contemptuous disbelief in those very ideas to which the restorers of the cult pay lip service." "Quite independently of the subjective intentions of the authors," he warns, these efforts "objectively damage our country and our party, strengthen our opponents, and disarm or repel our friends." He concludes, however, that "the experience of history" shows that censorship is always harmful—and therefore he does not recommend its use against Stalin's defenders!

In November 1962, aided by the personal intervention of Khrushchev, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn appeared in print for the first time. His *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* was hailed by almost everyone who read it as a masterpiece, and Solzhenitsyn won instant recognition as one of the very best living Russian prose writers. Yet the book's impact can hardly be explained solely in terms of its purely literary merits.

It was the first, as the Russians would say, "unlacquered" account of the Stalinist concentration camps to appear legally in print in the Soviet Union. There were many known convicts' songs, many of them actual products of the camps, and some poems, stories and accounts in underground circulation; but this was the first legally published novel. Its very appearance was a deliberate political gesture against a recrudescence of Stalinism. The public greeted it with wonder and relief; it was as though a great lid had been taken off. Hundreds of poems, stories, novels, and reminiscences about the concentration camps began to pour into Soviet journals and publishing houses. Then the lid quickly came down again, and the manuscripts were returned. Solzhenitsyn himself succeeded in publishing only three or four more short stories, although it became known that he was the author of a much larger body of work. A number of official and semi-official attempts were made to isolate and discredit him. Meanwhile, despite his own efforts to discourage it, he became a kind of Arch-poet of the literary underground, and concentration-camp writings were indiscriminately attributed to him much as liberal odes had once been ascribed to Pushkin and pornography to Barkov.[13]

A long underground essay by D. Blagov[14] insists on viewing the appearance in print of *Ivan Denisovich* not as a literary but as a cosmic event—a crucial incident in the religious destiny of the world, a kind of second coming. Not many literary men, whatever their talent, are hailed as redeemers. It should be added that Blagov, though wild and far-out and not a critic, is nevertheless neither ignorant nor foolish. What makes Solzhenitsyn seem, to this eccentric Russian, a figure in theology rather than in literature?

Like many Russians, Blagov attributes to literature as a whole theological values. Even so, the place he accords to Solzhenitsyn is an extraordinary one. To account for this, we must go beyond the touch of madness and obvious personal eccentricity in the article to examine the attitude it expresses.

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[13] The Arch-poet was a perhaps legendary figure reputed to have been the founder of the order of wandering poets, or Goliards, in 12th and 13th-century Western Europe. Many poems praising drunkenness and lechery and denouncing the hypocrisy and secret vices of official monasticism were ascribed to him. (See Helen Waddell, *The Wandering Scholars,* London, Constable, 1927.) On Pushkin and Barkov, see the author's *The Third Section: Police and Society in Russia under Nicholas I,* Cambridge, Mass., Harvard University Press, 1961, pp. 197-228.

[14] "A. Solzhenitsyn i dukhovnaia missiia pistelia," *Grani* (Frankfurt-am-Main), No. 64, 1967, pp. 116-45, and No. 65, 1967, pp. 100-128.

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For other dissident Soviet intellectuals, Solzhenitsyn may not be a redeemer in exactly the same sense that Blagov sees him as one, but he *has* redeemed a vast and weighty area of experience. For millions of Soviet citizens, the concrete meaning of Stalinism is expressed in the concentration camps—not merely in their physical horror, but in the distrust, suspicion, cynicism, and hypocrisy they engendered, and in the whole power-mechanism of the permanent purge that kept filling them with their living dead. There is scarcely a Soviet family that has not been touched by this horror in the person of some member. Yet so vast and all-pervasive has been the network of propaganda and repression that public discussion has been virtually impossible. Confined to private or family conversation, and with the air of public disgrace still clinging, the most shattering experience of many men's lives seemed, after so many years of public silence, to waver and tremble on the edge of unreality. How could one be a socialist, a Russian, and a human being in the presence of this unspoken horror? And yet, the dynamism of the regime, its genuinely ameliorative and productive aspects, and the impact of its populist and patriotic propaganda made it difficult for the intelligentsia—even for those who had suffered arbitrary imprisonment—to set themselves in polar opposition. It is in the context of this inner conflict, or something like it, that the impact of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* needs to be understood.[15]

In addition, Solzhenitsyn struck chords that have deep resonance in Russian culture. In both *Ivan Denisovich* and the remarkable short story, "Matriona's House," he seemed to draw on themes and images that had not been successfully organized into the purposive mechanism of socialist realism and "objective" history.[16] He created characters who seemed to combine the lost qualities of the secret Christian with those of the hidden socialist, and who appeared convincingly life-affirming, healing, and restorative, even in the most miserable circumstances. The miserable circumstances, realistically and unflinchingly portrayed, merely tend to emphasize the power and the pathos of an ongoing humanity. And this is done in a language that recovers some of the range and flavor and expressiveness of spontaneous human speech—in stark contrast to the rhetorical, abstract, rallying-cry sort of prose that pervades Soviet print.[17]

Finally, like Dostoevsky, he himself has suffered; he has been there. And his courage and his power to resist did not fail him. However solitary, however eccentric a figure, he never confessed, never recanted, never modified his inner voice in order that the words might more easily slide into print. He demanded rights—the independent rights of a writer—and forsook privilege. Living austerely as a schoolteacher in Riazan to this day, he recalls some of the more stalwart characters of the Soviet past who are now being granted some grudging scrap of official recognition—Mikhail Bulgakov, the novelist and playwright who, when he couldn't publish, worked on as an obscure assistant-director in the theater until his death in 1940; or the painter Pavel Filonov (died in 1941), whose magnificent expressionist canvases are still stored invisibly underground, and who supported himself as an ordinary factory worker. It was Solzhenitsyn who appealed to the Writers' Union to cease being an instrument of repression and control and to assume the function of a real union—to protect the interests of the writer (see Document 60). Not against communism, Solzhenitsyn insists, but against the possibility of an arbitrary interpretation of communism imposed at any given moment by men who happen to control the levers of power.[18]

[15] For American reactions to the appearance of Solzhenitsyn's book, see George Siegel's article in *Dissent*, Vol. X, No. 2, p. 188; and the author's "Ehrenburg's Life, Solzhenitsyn's Day," *Hudson Review* (New York), Vol. XVI, No. 1, pp. 112-21.

[16] For a discussion of two central qualities of old Russian culture—two values which that culture enhanced and which Professor Weidle feels have disappeared from Soviet culture, but which I believe to be very much alive in Solzhenitsyn's *Ivan Denisovich* and "Matriona's House"—see Wladimir Weidle, "Russkoe kulturnoe nasledie," *Vozhdushnie puti* (New York), No. 5, 1967, pp. 115-39.

[17] In the brief sketch "Lake Segden" (*Tetrad*, No. 7), a different Solzhenitsyn appears. The tone is more militant and angry, the irony far less subtle. We are reminded that the sketch comes from Solzhenitsyn's notebooks and was published without his permission. There is something too overtly indignant about it, too much written with the clenched fist. Yet it is essential Solzhenitsyn: "matriotic" rather than patriotic in its nationalism—identifying Russianness with an order of nature and a landscape rather than with an order of government. Indeed, it describes an aspect of the latter order violating the former. The bureaucrats have fenced off the wild, feminine landscape of Lake Segden to rape her as they will, while excluding others from access to the magic place. It evokes powerful feelings from deep in Russian culture: the familial situation of the corrupt father imprisoning and abusing the mother/sister; invasion of the land by foreigners; the violation of socialist equality; the corruption of a pure and natural place by infidels.

[18] The Solzhenitsyn case is by no means over. Two of his novels (*Cancer Ward* and *The First Circle*) have just appeared in English in spite of his express denunciation of such publication. But while protesting the action of foreign publishers, Solzhenitsyn has refused to dissociate himself from the views and attitudes actually expressed in his writings, and this is what is being officially demanded of him. On June 26, 1968, *Literaturnaia gazeta* carried a long editorial directed specifically against him.

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Andrei Siniavsky, who published abroad under the name of Abram Tertz, seemed to express the sense and drift of the young writers and the young generation of the intelligentsia more brilliantly, imaginatively, and boldly than anyone else. At the same time, he was critical of them, mocking, and ironical. He seemed to be more masterfully in control of what the great writers of the 1920's had attempted to do, and he seemed to have absorbed an overall literary education more thoroughly. If Solzhenitsyn echoed Dostoevsky's *Notes from the House of the Dead*, Tertz drew inspiration from that supremely subversive book, *Notes from Underground*.

For all his brilliance, he is not always sure of himself. He repeats; he does not exactly shout, but there is in his repetitions some of the insecurity of shouting. Curiously enough, his tone seems more secure, and his style less repetitive and more even, in the works he published abroad as Tertz, as if he knew better what to expect from his foreign audience. Yet he has an extraordinary sense for the vital issues and how they impinge on men ten or twenty years his junior.

For five years he published abroad, and his identity remained a mystery. Was he an old *intelligent*, or one of the new wave? Christian or Jew? Soviet citizen or émigré? For a time it was rumored that he was an expatriate, possibly a Pole —perhaps because his work first appeared in *Kultura*, the Polish émigré journal in Paris, or perhaps simply in order to discredit him. He did not seem to be, like Pasternak, an "inner Christian," though he drew freely on religious motifs. He seemed more like a "secret Communist," or a Goliard mocking the official monastic culture.

The narrators and characters of Tertz's stories are alienated, isolated, exiled, underground men, always on the edge of hallucination, yet driven to communicate—to stuff the message in the bottle, even if only to drop it into some blind ocean. He writes about madness and inspiration, and about demonic possession. He stretches hard for the sense of another world impinging on the familiar, conventional world of worn clichés and used-up attitudes, a sense that might yet renew the world with some as yet undiscovered purposefulness. He writes about exile, about repression (which is exile from one's own emotions) and the resultant dissociation or fragmentation of reality in which, nevertheless, inspiration, breakthrough, and a renewed wholeness are possible—in which some inspired graphomaniac too long under the delusion that *he* writes suddenly discovers that he *is being* written.[19]

Siniavsky's choice of the pseudonym, Abram Tertz, is in itself thematic. It is: 1) A Jewish name, suggesting a stiff-necked people with a stubborn capacity for survival, abnormal, exiled, "individualistic," living by values they consider higher than mere good citizenship. 2) The name of the first martyr, Abraham. 3) A reference to a ribald song about an unsavory black-marketeer, which apparently originated in Odessa in the 1920's, and which is also rather funny; the "return of the repressed"; libido asking its own back; Pugachev proclaiming himself the true Tsar.

Tertz's most memorable work to date is still his essay "On Socialist Realism." The articles he published as Siniavsky, the stories, the aphorisms, the novella, and his book on the poetry of the 1920's are all remarkable efforts, but the essay is still the core of Tertz, just as the first philosophical letter was the core of Chaadaev. The essay resembles Chaadaev's letter in its power of generalization and its superbly sustained rhetoric. It presents the notion of communism as a theology, a logically elaborated vision of the Godhead, now breached by the disclosures about Stalin (the essay was written almost immediately after the Khrushchev speech). It advocates "a phantasmagoric art, with hypotheses instead of a Purpose," precisely in order to rediscover a larger sense of purpose. Irony, which Tertz ironically calls "that unworthy device," becomes a way of avoiding head-on collision with the old shibboleths; they cannot be saved, but perhaps something of what they were *for* can still be saved. Tertz also introduces the theme of the relationship between means and ends, which he illustrates and elaborates further in *The Trial Begins*.

"In Defense of Pyramids" (see p. 82) was written by Siniavsky and accepted for publication before his arrest and arraignment made its appearance impossible. The essay is a critique of Yevtushenko, poet of the thaw and acknowledged spokesman for the young generation of Soviet citizens. Siniavsky appreciates and sympathizes with Yevtushenko's basic project—the restoration of the lyric "I" to Russian poetry, making autobiography the subject of poetry. But he is subtly aware of Yevtushenko's deficiencies and the difficulties posed by his particular environment for the fulfillment of this attempt.

[19] See A. Tertz, *Fantastic Stories*, New York, Pantheon, 1963, pp. 169-214.

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Fighting against the rhetorical grain of Soviet poetry in the spirit of Maiakovsky and Tsvetaeva, Yevtushenko asserts himself loudly and engagingly. He brings back some of the rhetorical splendor of voice and gesture that Maiakovsky brought to public readings—indeed, along with Voznesensky, he has created the somewhat erroneous impression abroad that poetry readings in the Soviet Union have always been typically as massive and popular as sporting events are in the West. His charm, good looks, outgoing nature, friendliness and adaptability have endeared him greatly to the young people for whom he speaks. Indeed, he has made spokesmanship part of his role. His self-assertions and travails are implied to be of general significance. And yet, in Siniavsky's view, he "lacks the stamp of an exclusive personality." He is too eager to please; his demands are too easy and too mild, too readily responded to. In poets like Yesenin or Maiakovsky, "the hypertrophy of the ego is paid for . . . by a cross, a burden, a destiny; it has been motivated by the scale of the legend that has been formed and the tragedy lived through. When the situation is not motivated, it becomes ordinary self-love."

In the situation of the thaw, somewhere between freedom and repression, with the enormous, felt need for the authentication of private experience and for a fresh set of references (modern art, the glamor of foreign places, the importance of personal feelings, high-mindedness and idealism expressed in other than a party way, etc.), talent is too easily tempted. Yevtushenko is too hasty, unstable, diffuse; he has "too much education" and is prone to display more of it than he has fully absorbed. "The desire to 'seem' overmasters the thirst to 'be'; the agitation over 'What am I like?' is interrupted by concern over 'How do I look?' " The illusion of significance passes too readily for the real thing. "Perhaps," Siniavsky reflects, "a writer had better not touch at all those aspects of life about which, for whatever reasons, he cannot say more than others have said."

And yet Siniavsky is excruciatingly aware of the need for artistic ego, for precisely the sense of a personal destiny and of the writer's mission, in order to cross the depersonalized wastes of socialist realism. One imagines him as indulgent toward SMOG, that club of self-styled geniuses to which his friend Aleksandr Ginzburg belonged. (The initials may be deciphered in two ways: 1. *smelost, mysl, obraz, glubina*—boldness, thought, metaphor, depth; or 2. *samoe molodoe obedinenie geniev*—"the youngest association of geniuses.") Siniavsky, after all, is the author of that great story, "Graphomaniacs"—an expression that even the party has now taken over, although without Tertzian irony. He suggests also a motto for graphomaniacs and *SMOG*ists, whatever their petty vanities and self-delusions: "One of us will get through." [20]

If the Siniavsky-Daniel trial seems reminiscent of the Dreyfus case, its Colonel Picquard was undoubtedly Aleksandr Ginzburg, whose indefatigable and undaunted publicity and inspired propaganda kept alive an affair that the instigators of the trial would have preferred to see buried.

Probably, if Siniavsky and Daniel had confessed or pleaded for mercy, they would have received very light punishment, or none, and the case would indeed have faded away. But, as one of the documents contained in Ginzburg's "White Book" on the Siniavsky-Daniel trial ("A Letter to an Old Friend": see Document 8 in preceding issue) pointed out, Siniavsky and Daniel behaved more like the right SR's in the trial of the early 1920's than like the accused Bolsheviks in the purge trials of the 1930's: "They accepted their sentences like men." Whatever slight concession they made to their accusers during the trial—namely, that perhaps without their intending it, their works had lent themselves to abuse by "enemies" abroad—was later withdrawn by Daniel in his (unpublished) letter to *Izvestia*. But the credit for keeping the case alive belongs to Ginzburg, along with Mrs. Daniel, Galanskov, and a small band of intrepid graphomaniacs, who attempted—obviously with a considerable degree of success—to carry their protest to the very fringes of the intelligentsia and beyond.

"A Letter to an Old Friend," the identity of whose author Ginzburg denied knowing at his own trial in January 1968, recalls, at least by title, Hertzen's "Letters to an Old Comrade," and in general evokes something of the atmosphere of 19th-century revolutionism, the underground elan of those who struggled against Tsarist oppression. The experience of the Stalinist camps, writes the unknown author, cries out the need to bare more fully "the bloody corruption of those in power," and he cites the 20th and 22nd Party Congresses as evi-

[20] For a fuller discussion of the story "Graphomaniacs" (in the collection *Fantastic Stories*), see the author's "From Between the Floorboards: The Voice of Abram Tertz," *The Massachusetts Review* (Amherst), Vol. III, No. 3, Spring 1962, pp. 592-97.

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dence of the self-acknowledged bad conscience of the *apparatchiki*. Where, he asks, are the obelisks promised by Khrushchev, which were to have the names of the rehabilitated victims of Stalin's terror engraved on them? And not even a beginning had been made toward dispelling the mystery surrounding the murder of Kirov. The letter concludes with a quotation from Piotr Dolgorukov, Hertzen's friend and collaborator on the *Free Russian Press* and his fellow exile in the London of the late 1850's:

Many of our compatriots say: "There's no need to tell the truth about Russia to a foreigner . . ." These words, in our opinion, are completely opposed to logic, to personal dignity, to love of country, to true enlightenment. . . . People who want to hide and conceal their sores are like the critically ill who prefer to suffer and die rather than ask the help of a skilled doctor who could cure them and give them back their strength, refreshed and renewed. For Russia, this doctor is publicity.

The world is not an easy place for graphomaniacs. Discredited as Stalinism and "the cult" may be, the party of Lenin is a powerful and ubiquitous force—not only in its control of the levers of power, the publishing houses and journals, the courts and the newspapers, the *druzhinniki* and the KGB, but in its control over the prestige machinery, the distribution of public accolades and material rewards, as well. Every schoolbook, every park of culture and rest, every recreation club, indeed almost every word in the dictionary, is impregnated with the influence of the party; every monument on every public boulevard, even the Tolstoy home at Yasnaia Poliana, is inscribed with a quotation from Lenin.

But it is not, in any case, against Lenin and Lenin's party that the graphomaniacs set themselves. For the most part, they are not (like Pasternak) secret Christians able to resist a powerful world view with an equally powerful and more ancient one. For most of them, the question is: How are they to recover from the grip of bureaucracy and inhumanity the cause of the revolution they still believe in? It is no easy task. They are weak, young, isolated, inexperienced. The Christians among them have an easier time; yet those, like Krasnov-Levitin, who try to reconcile Christian with socialist idealism have no bed of roses either, dealing as they are with a corrupted church as well as a corrupted party. It takes a certain craziness (graphomania and egomania have always gone hand in hand), a certain eccentricity, a kind of youthful sans-culottism grounded in energy, exuberance and naiveté.

We have some rather extraordinary people here. Take, for example, Yuri Galanskov (still in his twenties) writing to Nobel Prize winner Sholokhov (see Doc. 73) that the protests in the Writers' Union which Sholokhov had so crudely denounced were, after all, "still the protests of slaves," still bound by the general predicament:

The writer is hypnotized by general Communist ideals on the one hand, while on the other hand he cannot accept the disgusting aspects of a Communist reality which includes Stalinist concentration camps. The Communist concentration camps prevent him from praising Communist ideals, and the same ideals prevent him from criticizing the concentration camps.

He calls literature "the most specific, concrete and available way of learning about the world . . ., developing feelings, and shaping points of view," and he regrets "the stupefaction and atrophy of feelings" in contemporary Soviet literature. Finally, for the mental and emotional improvement of the old Cossack writer, he recommends that Sholokhov look into Dostoevsky's *Notes from Underground!*

This is the same Galanskov who carried out a personal protest demonstration (in a land where such happenings are commonly organized and conducted "by the numbers") before the United States Embassy at the time of the Dominican intervention, and who presented a plan for world government, disarmament, and world citizenship not unlike that of the American Garry Davis. His poetry, while not remarkably talented, is suffused with this same passionate and somewhat aristocratic idealism.

And there is Galanskov's friend, Vladimir Bukovsky, the organizer of poetry readings and student protest demonstrations. And the extremely gifted poet Batshev, sentenced by a Moscow court—like Brodsky in Leningrad—for parasitism. It is quite natural that these young rebels should form a club—for graphomania *is* a club—and that the club, fortified by a spirit of common exaltation and dedication, a feeling of living dangerously and at the same time supremely virtuously, should move in the direction of a secret society and even a conspiracy. It is not by chance that the editors of *The Russian Word* call themselves "The Ryleev Club." Ryleev was not only a patriotic poet and one of the very first professional journalists in Russia; he was also the key figure in the Northern Society of the Decembrists. I do not mean to suggest that there *is* a conspiracy, and that the mysterious Leningrad case of 1967, which involved the "Berdiaev circle" and many others connected with

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Leningrad University and the Academy of Sciences, was in some sense justified. I do not know; I suspect not. But, given the present policy of half-hearted repression, the shape of 19th-century Russian protest seems inevitably to recur.

All the graphomaniacs are interested both in literature and in politics; that is intrinsic to their situation. Yet one can discern differences of emphasis among them in this respect. The very titles of the *samizdat* publications that have been appearing irregularly since about 1959 indicate differences of emphasis: *The Russian Word* (taken from the name of the paper with which Pisarev was identified in the 1860's, and which thereafter became radical-populist); *The Notebook of Social Democracy;* and, on the other hand, literary titles such as *Phoenix* and *Sintaksis.*

In all these journals, the level of competence is "amateur"—very uneven and, on the whole, rather low. A few writers quite clearly come up to professional standards in almost everything they write; some have also appeared in the "ordinary" journals and might never have published underground at all but for the vagaries of the party line. This is clearly true of Brodsky, Akhmadulina, Okudzhava, Stefanov, Batshev, and a few others. Some, such as the Bukovsky who produced the rather appalling anecdote-allegories, write no worse than many who are published "normally," but their views are such that no *likely* swing in the party line, at least in the foreseeable future, could conceivably accommodate them. Some of the overtly political, discursive writing has bounce and feeling, but on the whole it shows little mastery. But these *are*, after all, amateur journals; so their amateurishness is hardly to be wondered at. Moreover, professional skill in itself involves a certain repression, and amateurishness may be a way of impressing on public consciousness aspects of experience that conventional standards of skill might not be capable of conveying.

Leo Strauss tells us that it is in the nature of all "persecuted" writing to rely not merely on a coded, Aesopian language, but even more so on a between-the-lines kind of reading.[21] It relies on a "secret" audience *within* the audience that normally reads such things—a "secret" audience that can be relied upon to have the right associations for words and allusions, and which can be trusted to read *implicitly*. While this is true of some of the writing we are dealing with—and it may be attributable as much to *modernism* as to persecution—a good deal of it seems, on the contrary, to suffer from a heavy, Russian over-explicitness. This, it seems to me, signifies not only a lack of skill but an insecurity as to the audience that is being addressed.

What we might call the range of "experiment" is not very great. Contributors to these underground journals are for the most part very young people for whom, in general, experimentation consists of trying out the manners and mannerisms, the subjects and attitudes, of the "forbidden" writers of a previous generation. There was, of course, no Russian *avant-garde* of their fathers' generation. So the young writers must go back to the 1920's, to the emigration, to foreign writers like Berthold Brecht or T. S. Eliot, to Khlebnikov and his "trans-intellectual" language, to Mandelshtam, Akhmatova, Pasternak and Zabolotsky. And yet, as Siniavsky points out in comparing Maiakovsky with Yevtushenko, the mannerisms of the past are not always appropriate; experiences differ. The weight of the intervening period lies most heavily upon the new generation of writers. To some degree, every poet has become his own KGB, and it is not easy to move in the wished-for direction. The level of repression from which many of these poets write is very deep indeed. Some can find no better model for their verses than Ryleev or—worse still—the sentimental-romantic poets of the 1880's, Nadson and Ampukhtin.

I find it tempting to divide the underground writers into two categories more or less analogous to the "engineers" and "martyrs" of my title. Instead of "engineers" let us call one group the "politicals," and instead of "martyrs" let us call the other group the "metaphysicals." The "politicals" strike a political attitude in which the reader is asked to join in. It may not be a stance of out-and-out rebellion, but it is one that says: "Cross over here with us—on the outside." But on the outside they tend to use the same language, the same modes of apprehending reality, the same "engineering" stance as those on the inside. They do not, primarily, seek a new understanding of the world they seek to change, or a more appropriate or more subtle accommodation of experience and understanding, or a new language. While opposed to Stalinism, they tend to use all the rhetorical gestures, if not of Stalinism itself, of the head-on, revolutionist-confrontation politics that formed the

[21] *Persecution and the Art of Writing,* Glencoe, Ill., Free Press, 1952.

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historical background of Stalinism. The "metaphysicals," on the other hand, are not directly interested in politics. Their aim is to confirm and affirm the reality of their experience.

The "politicals" express a protest that is still, in the terms of Galanskov's letter to Sholokhov, "a protest of slaves." They are within the tradition of communism, which is a revolutionary tradition. To oppose the dominant official "church" of communism, they are forced back to its earlier traditions—to Lenin and Leninism. But the "church" already occupies that ground, having at its command formidable means of publicity and propaganda enveloping not merely the public at large but the young underground writers themselves. After all, they went to school in it.

They seek a sanction for their grievances, some "justification" bigger than they are. They push back further into the revolutionary tradition, into pre-Bolshevik times—and there they find it. They find it in the populist tradition, in the idea of "going to the people," and more specifically, of "sacrificing oneself for the people."

This tradition is by no means limited to the 1870's, the heyday of populism. It takes in the Decembrists, and even Radishchev and—with some juggling—Griboedov and Pushkin. It embraces Hertzen, Ogarev, Bakunin, Chernyshevsky, and Pisarev, as well as the Serno brothers. One of the troubles with it is that it by no means requires a concrete knowledge of "the people" or of long-range politics. On the contrary, it helps *not* to have these. The young idealists who sacrifice themselves for the people become a kind of elect, a club, an aristocracy. Sacrificial populism, mingled with Jacobinism, is part of the tragedy of Russian history.

It is interesting to note that the revolutionaries who seem to have the most appeal to the young writers are those who were also aristocrats in a more literal sense—that is, aristocrats by birth and, even more, by virtue of a certain elegant style, their wit and bearing: *e.g.*, Pisarev, Hertzen, the Serno brothers. Even Chaadaev and Montesquieu, who were aristocrats but not revolutionaries, are given revolutionary laurels, for they associate the struggle for freedom with a certain aloofness from the common herd.

Revolutions create their own elites, which provoke the revolutions of the future. The "good of the people"—which Chernyshevsky thought the same as "enlightened self-interest"—demanded for its fruition an extreme of discipline that was at the same time an extreme of exclusiveness. The price of such discipline was the suppression of all immediate feeling and sense of affect. For the loneliness of prison and exile Chernyshevsky substituted an obsession for counting and measuring. Carried to an extreme, this kind of disciplining produces a dissociation of sensibility—a separation of emotion from reason in the apprehension of experience—which it is the goal of the metaphysicals to overcome.

To see things freshly is not something that "comes natural"; it has to be learned. In an environment so thoroughly infested with Stalinist stereotypes, clichés, and conventions, the learning does not come easily. The first attempt of the metaphysicals is to deal with the everyday world, with common experience—to demythologize it and divest it of its associations with an abstract and worn-out vocabulary.

I use the word "metaphysical" not because I think these Russian writers are conscious philosophers, but because I see a fruitful analogy in the work of John Donne and the English metaphysicals, and their revival in modernist English and American poetry. It will be recalled that Donne wrote in what was, politically, an immediately prerevolutionary period. Intellectually, the stability of the world order had already begun to waver ("New philosophy calls all in doubt . . ."), and Cromwell was waiting in the wings. Modernism in poetry has its origins in the generation preceding the First World War and the Russian Revolution. At first, and for a long time, modernist poetry, like that of Donne, was viewed as disintegrative and disruptive. Now, I think, both can be seen in quite an opposite light—as attempts at integration. What the poets attempted to hold together, however, was not the political world or the status quo, but a way of apprehending reality that might survive the impending chaos.

One of the great innovations of John Donne and the English metaphysicals was to introduce into their poems the theme of sexual love *as* sexual love—as an experience of very great seriousness in its own right, with its own psychology, divested of its Petrarchan trappings—a very touchy subject, for a long time deeply swathed in protective ritual. The Petrarchan love poem invoking divinity in high-flown language is really talking about sex. Donne reversed the process: talking about sex, he invoked divinity.[22] Yet in spite of his daring imagery and

[22] See, *e.g.*, his "Canonization" and "The Ecstasy."

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bold psychology, and his linking of the exalted with the vernacular, Donne was only doing in a specially vigorous and robust way what all poetry does. For poetry can only proceed by analogies. It is a discovery of the relatedness of things, a sewing together of the seeming separateness of the things of this world. The Russian metaphysicals, not much on sex and lacking Donne's poetic power and his Christian faith, nevertheless share his interest in fusing the fragments of their splintered world.

The most interesting of the modern Russian metaphysicals is Yosif Brodsky. Having begun as an underground poet, he was subjected to an absurd trial and exile at hard labor for "parasitism," but has now returned home and has even been accepted to some degree as a "legitimate" poet. A favorite of Akhmatova's, and himself an admirer both of T. S. Eliot's poetry and critical prose and, through Eliot, of Donne and the English metaphysical tradition, he is nevertheless his own poet, sure in his taste, detached from politics and the temptations of spokesmanship. Although some of his poems are less sure-footed than others (the symbolic significance he attaches to the syllables of words in his long poem "*Isaak i Avraam*," for instance, does not quite come off), almost everything he writes is of the greatest interest. And he has not yet turned thirty.

For Brodsky as for Pasternak, art is inherent in the world, not a matter of form, but in Pasternak's words, "a secret, hidden part of content." Words are hiding in things:

I am surrounded by silent verbs.
They are like strange heads—
verbs
hungry verbs, naked verbs,
major verbs, mute verbs . . . [23]

The verbs are grasped first as nouns, as things that are there, possible, latent, surrounding him. He must release their movement so that

Poems about fish,
like fish,
stick in the throat.[24]

It is in the world of sensuous objects that reality inheres; it is that world, and that world alone, that one experiences. It is also that world that contains eternity.

In "A Long Elegy for John Donne," the theme is wholeness, integrity, the sewing up of wounds, the bridging of gaps. Slowly, laboriously, the poem creates objects out of words, then a world, then a perspective. It is full of the imagery of "bridge" and "junction": sleep as a meeting of life and death; birds, needles, snow, tears; dialogue as between a man and his "lost" soul. The perspective opens out from earth to eternity. The verbs "to sleep" and "to weep" oddly link the most banal everyday objects—bread, a breadknife, china, pots and pans, houses, roads—with an entirely different order of objects—the saints, the Devil, God, their wicked servants, their children, John Donne's distant soul. By the time the concluding passage has been reached,

Man's cloak does gape with holes. It can be torn
by him who will, at this edge or that.
It falls to shreds, *and* is made whole again . . .[25]

The abstraction has been eloquently prepared and concretely anchored, not only by the description of Donne's torn cloak, but by the image of sleep, snow, tears, as kinds of sewing-up.

Peace, persistence, reconciliation, the coming together again of shorn members, the mending of what has been torn apart, integrity, authenticity, wholeness—such is Brodsky's theme. In his poem about the Jewish cemetery located "four miles from the last trolley stop," out of the main swing of travel, he plays ironically on what is said about the Jews and what he knows to be there behind "the rotting plywood fence":

They didn't sow grain.
They never sowed grain.

He echoes the antisemitic canard, only to dispose of it:

They just planted *themselves*
in the cold earth, like seeds.
And fell asleep forever.
Then they were strewn with earth;
they had burned candles,
and on the Day of Atonement
the hungry old men with high voices,

[23] "Glagoly," in Yosif Brodsky, *Stikhotvoreniia i poemy* (ed. by G. Stukov), Washington, D.C., Inter-Language Literary Associates, 1965, p. 72.
[24] "Ryby zimoi," *ibid.*, p. 25.
[25] "Bolshaia elegiia Dzhonu Donnu," *ibid.*, p. 130. For this particular poem, I have used the excellent translation by George Kline, *Tri-Quarterly*, Spring 1965, pp. 87-92; other translations are the author's.

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panting with cold, shouted of reconciliation.
And they achieved it.
As dissolution of matter.[26]

(The Russian word "*zasypali*" is repeated as a pun —another bridge—meaning in the first instance"fell asleep" and in the second "were strewn," but in both instances both meanings might apply.) Brodsky ends the poem by stating once more the actual location of the cemetery.

There is almost a kind of providence in Brodsky's very name, for its root, *brod-*, implies wandering, and one of his major themes has been "inspired wandering"—the procession, the pilgrimage. "Past Hippodromes" and all that, but—to where?

You keep spinning through your best years
like a little boy along his life, like a youngster,
with a beat-up, life-affirming face,
snot-rag in your hand, the inscription—"nowhere."[27]

A "beat-up, life-affirming face" and going "nowhere." There is nowhere to go—but it is the "going" that counts.

The metaphysical poems are not necessarily without political thrust. When Akhmadulina's simple-minded bar-girl confuses her seducer with God, political analogies immediately present themselves. Whatever politics may be implied, however, the vocabulary of these poems is not overtly political; it shuns argument and purposive discourse and spokesmanship. The poems propound no theory or theories. On the contrary, by the skillful use of paradox and irony, they tend to call existing theory into question. They appeal to what Eliot praised in the English metaphysicals—the unified sensibility in which thought and feeling are one, a sensibility that sensuously apprehends thought.

In the long run, I believe it is the metaphysicals who will be discovered to be not only the true poets but also the true revolutionaries, for their secret knowledge is that in order to change the world you have to make it new from within yourself. Meanwhile, poetry has become a rallying cry and a constitutional cause, less divisive and more inclusive than nationalism or religion—a breathing-in, a welling-up, a battening of energies. And at the same time, poetry is a slowing-down and a release, a detachment from the bonds of belief and the modes of perception of a world that has been devastated and threatens to fall apart.

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[26] "Yevreiskoe kladbishche okolo Leningrada," *ibid.*, p. 54. For a slightly different rendition of these lines, see Mr. George Reavey's translation of the full poem on p. 110.

[27] "Shestvie," *ibid.*, p. 165.

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What Price Censorship?

By Maurice Friedberg

The prose and poetry in this collection, which is but a small part of the literature currently being published and circulated unofficially in the USSR, is as notable for what it *is* as for what it *is not*. Unlike the literary underground that flourished in the West until recently, the works of Russia's unauthorized authors are neither politically explosive, sexually daring, nor stylistically innovative. It is, of course, unfair to compare the Soviet literary underground with its Western counterpart. In the USSR the very existence of a body of writings produced and circulated without official sanction constitutes evidence of extraordinary political defiance, regardless of the quality or subject matter of the works themselves.

One might expect that the Soviet "underground press" would be surfeited with works of a political nature that would be deemed unacceptable by the officially sanctioned literary periodicals. This, however, is not the case: political themes appear infrequently in underground literature. Where political motifs are introduced, they are, as a rule, couched in rather romantic terms and are seldom presented as concrete programs for political action. The same holds true for literary works *senso strictu* (with which this article is primarily concerned): very few of them have any meaningful political content or orientation.

This being the case, the question naturally arises: what is the *raison d'être* for the anthologies that have been circulating in the Soviet Union for many years? Why should so many writers and poets court reprisals for defying the censorship laws if their works could presumably appear in authorized journals? The answer is quite simple: there is a paucity of officially sanctioned outlets for fiction and poetry in the USSR. In the United States, for instance, there are numerous "little" magazines which offer the beginning writer a forum so that his efforts are not automatically doomed to the oblivion of the bureau drawer. In all of the Soviet Union, however, there is not a single publication of this nature. The "illegal" Soviet journals thus fulfill the function performed normally in the West by the "little" literary journals, as well as by college and university and even high school literary magazines, which give

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aspiring writers the satisfaction and encouragement of appearing in print, and which have no counterpart in the USSR.

"Little" magazines and the student literary journals existed in prerevolutionary Russia, and a few of them survived the early years of the Soviet regime. They printed experimental—if sometimes puerile—verse, prose and drama, as well as impassioned literary manifestos. Occasionally, however, their pages were graced by contributions from established men of letters, including some celebrated names in Russian literature: Tolstoy, Chekhov, Gorky, Kuprin, Yesenin, and Maiakovsky. The "little" magazines and the university literary journals served as a training ground for writers who were to go on to fame in future years. The present-day "underground" journals in the USSR are no doubt fulfilling a similar artistic need. The fact that they are infinitely more tolerant of artistic and ideological diversity and dissent than are their official counterparts means that they are better suited to the needs of young writers.

By and large, then, underground literary periodicals in the Soviet Union are "illegal" because the Soviet authorities chose to make them illegal. Elsewhere they would be described as "ephemeral," "experimental," "amateurish," perhaps even "sophomoric"—but not as "illegal." In the USSR they lead a clandestine existence because their appearance is not legally sanctioned by the authorities, and *not* because the bulk of their contents would—even under existing Soviet conditions—preclude their authorized publication. In fact, one is often surprised by the restraint, responsibility, and good taste exhibited in these "outlaw" journals: one finds in them no hysteria, no pornography and, happily, none of the vitriolic hatred toward opponents that is all too common in the state-approved literary journals.

Not only the thematic content but also the choice of style is rather conventional. To be sure, there are occasional exceptions where one finds an author attempting to imitate Futurist, Symbolist or other non-realist styles of writing which appeared in Russia at the turn of the century. The "clandestine" writers display a strong degree of dissatisfaction with the prevailing antiquated realism of Soviet writing, particularly with its conventional, academic poetry. They do not reject their heritage but—as a rule—try instead to build on it. Some, however, try to follow in the literary genres of the Futurists, the Symbolists, the Acmeists, the Imagists—poetic schools that did not die natural deaths in Russian literature but were strangled with the advent of Socialist Realism.

The underground writers' portrayal of sex, as mentioned before, is on the whole even more prudish than that tolerated by the Soviet literary establishment. There is no verse that could be called erotic; in fact, several of the poets are rather militant in their defense of purity and chastity. V. Kovshin declares in one of his poems, "I am nauseated by Maupassant's lust, nor is Flaubert's vice for me." [1] Scores of poems deal with love, but the love they describe is sentimentally idealized and divorced from desires of the flesh. Perhaps this modesty is fostered in order to protect authors from the charge that their writings are pornographic or—worse yet—simply frivolous. This may explain another curious aspect of "underground literature": the virtual absence of any humorous writing. The authors and editors are apparently eager to emphasize their "serious" intentions and to make certain that their work will be treated as *real* literature both by the authorities and by readers at large.

Although the "underground" collections feature much that is obviously poor, their overall literary level is not markedly inferior to that of the *average* legitimate Soviet literary journals—such as *Don*, *Neva* or *Sibirskie ogni* (*Novyi mir*, of course, is an exception; no other literary journal, legal or illegal, can match its moral courage and artistic excellence.) Both the poetry and the prose which emanate from unauthorized journals are frequently clumsy because they represent, clearly, the immature efforts of fledgling writers. On the other hand, the prose and poetry appearing in the "legitimate" periodicals, even though written by professionals and therefore technically more accomplished, are frequently boring and irritating to the reader. Too often one finds hackneyed works describing synthetic emotions—all seemingly produced to order.

There is little doubt that most of the works printed in the "illegal" journals could just as well be published in the periodicals officially sanctioned by the Union of Soviet Writers. Even the rigidly neo-Stalinist *Oktiabr* and *Neva* could conceivably print some underground works without attracting

[1] V. Kovshin in *Phoenix 1961*, p. 33.

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undue attention either because of their political content or because of their literary form. This is particularly true at the present time because, unlike under Stalin, Soviet publishers and editors are no longer certain as to the exact guidelines they are to use in judging the ideological and artistic "acceptability" of new works. Thus, a writer whose work is rejected by one publisher or periodical can still hope to have it appear somewhere else —perhaps in a provincial publication, or even in another Moscow or Leningrad journal which has a different artistic or ideological emphasis. This disarray is not new. Five years ago, on July 15, 1963, *Izvestia* complained that "hacks of all sorts are taking advantage of the large number of publishing houses for their own selfish purposes. Rejected by one publishing house, their manuscripts migrate elsewhere."

That the inconsistency in literary standards is becoming more pronounced was emphasized by G. D. Svirsky in an outspoken address at a meeting of Moscow writers in January 1968 (see Document 71). Svirsky offered the following examples:

In Leningrad, the play "Dion" was prohibited; in Moscow, it was authorized. The film "Before the Tribunal of History" was authorized in Moscow and Leningrad, but it was prohibited in Gorky and some other cities and towns. One of the Moscow literary reviews was forbidden to mention the name of Solzhenitsyn, even in an article devoted to Soviet literature abroad. But an editorial office in a neighboring street was permitted to do so. . . . Arbitrary action on the part of the decision-making authorities has become customary. Thus, Simonov's and Ordynsky's film "If Your Home is Dear to You" is enthusiastically received by moviegoers, but is banned for the Army.

Then Svirsky went on to make a truly astounding revelation:

And M. Shatrov's play "The Bolsheviks" has never been officially authorized; yet it is being performed without the permission of Glavlit.[2]

Many of the authors whose works appear in the underground journals are, of course, totally unknown. Since, however, the line separating authorized Soviet writers from those whose works cannot be so designated has become blurred in recent years, and since, too, there are so few sanctioned outlets for prose and poetry, the underground journals frequently publish contributions by established authors as well. These include some of the best known names in the Soviet literary community. (In addition, some of the better-known Soviet authors may well appear under pseudonyms.) Thus, the second issue of *Sintaksis*, which came out in 1960 (approximately 300 copies were printed), included three beautiful short poems by Bella Akhmadulina, one of the most gifted poets of the younger generation. Her poem "God," which appears in this collection (p. 105), may at first seem somewhat irreverent because of its playful tone, but it should be noted that in this respect Akhmadulina is following a venerable Russian tradition. One of the founding fathers of modern Russian verse, the 18th-century poet Gavrila Derzhavin, not only wrote an ode "To God" that was almost jocular in tone, but indeed considered his informal attitude toward the deity among his greatest accomplishments. Akhmadulina's other poem, "Sarah Bernhardt" (p. 104), discusses the relationship between art and life. But her most successful poem is "Fifteen Boys," in which she reminisces about the young men who at one time or another were infatuated with her and who, years later, recall their youthful pangs of love with a gamut of emotions ranging from embarrassment to cool nonchalance. Since Russian poetry has traditionally dealt with love from the male point of view, Akhmadulina has few poetic predecessors. It may be noted that this poem is most reminiscent of the work of Anna Akhmatova, who died not long ago.

Another "underground" author whose work also appears occasionally in "official" Soviet publications is Bulat Okudzhava, whose poem "Paper Soldier" is reprinted here (p. 106). Okudzhava recites his verse to the accompaniment of a guitar. His songs, which bear a definite resemblance to those of Yves Montand, are widely known throughout the Soviet Union, where they are circulated on home-made tape recordings. Okudzhava's songs are simple miniatures; their themes are the traditional concerns of troubadours: he speaks of love and longing, of childhood and old age, of kings, princesses, and soldiers. Frequently naive, his poems nevertheless exude an air of sincerity and freshness.

How is underground literature regarded in the Soviet Union? Many of the "liberal" writers, especially those who do not go out of their way to antagonize the authorities, attempt to minimize the importance of the underground publications by calling them deplorable and irresponsible, but too trivial to be considered dangerous or "anti-Soviet."

[2] An almost complete text of Svirsky's address was published in *Le Monde* (Paris), April 28-29, 1968, p. 3.

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Their authors and editors, these writers contend, are immature youths. They should not be subjected to harassment—such as the harsh prison sentences frequently imposed on writers and editors of underground journals—in view of the unfavorable impression that it creates abroad among Communists and other "progressives." Conservative Soviet writers and critics, on the other hand, view the appearance of the "illegal" journals with alarm. To the conservatives, the publication of these journals constitutes a major offense deserving the sternest punishment.

The Soviet government, like the conservatives, is unalterably opposed to any unauthorized literary ventures, regarding them as a serious challenge to the state's absolute control over the press and publishing. Individual writers must hold membership in the Union of Soviet Writers before participating in official literary activities of any kind. And journals or anthologies are not legally allowed to be published without the express permission of Glavlit, the central censorship office. Thus it is ironic—but true—that in the series of literary trials (including those of the young Leningrad poet Yosif Brodsky in 1964, of Andrei Siniavsky and Yuli Daniel in 1966, and the most recent trials in 1967-68) the defendants were charged with producing literature without a license. Brodsky, for example, was asked by the presiding judge: "Who gave you the right to call yourself a poet?" He was then asked to produce documentary evidence attesting to his right to write poetry.[3] Similarly, in 1966, when the poet Vladimir Batshev was sentenced to exile in Siberia, part of the verdict found the defendant guilty of "engaging in so-called literary activities without being a member of the Writers' Union."[4]

The "underground" works appearing in this issue were selected from four unauthorized literary periodicals: *Phoenix* (two issues, one dated 1961, the other 1966); *Sintaksis* (three issues brought out between 1959 and 1960); *Russkoe slovo* (1966); and *Tetrad* (Nos. 6 and 7, 1965). That there may well be other journals of a similar nature which are not as yet available in the West is indicated by a review of a publication entitled *Cocktail*, which appeared in the 1961 issue of *Phoenix*.

In an essay called "The Fourth Prose," written in the 1930's by the famous Russian poet Osip Mandelshtam and first published in *Phoenix 1966*, the "official" writers were passionately denounced. Ostracized and in exile at the time he wrote, Mandelshtam declared:

I divide all works of world literature into those that were authorized and those written without authorization. The first are obnoxious filth, the latter are a stolen breath of fresh air. I want to spit in the faces of writers who create works authorized in advance; I want to clobber them with a stick . . . I would forbid these writers to marry and beget children. After all, children should carry on after we are gone, to finish what we began saying, while those people sold themselves to the devil for three generations in advance.

It had long been rumored that Andrei Siniavsky, who is currently serving a prison sentence for publishing a number of his works abroad under the pseudonym of Abram Tertz, had written an article on the work of Yevgeni Yevtushenko, the best-known of the authorized (though himself a nonconformist) young Soviet poets. The essay was to have been published in *Novyi mir*, but unlike Siniavsky's introduction to the volume of Pasternak's poetry,[5] it never reached print in the USSR. It is included in the present collection (p. 82). Called "In Defense of Pyramids," it is a penetrating, sophisticated analysis of Yevtushenko's poetry and a devastating piece of criticism. Siniavsky calls Yevtushenko a highly derivative poet of very limited gifts, whose efforts have acquired fame largely because of their indiscriminate use of cheap poetic effects. In my estimation, it is the best essay ever written on Yevtushenko, either in the Soviet Union or abroad. It is also one of the most erudite examples of literary criticism to appear in the Soviet Union since the early 1930's.

Not a single play has appeared in any of the underground anthologies—in fact, very little prose of any kind is found in these journals. A significant exception is a successful novel by an anonymous author entitled *Lashkov the Janitor*.[6] By using a single apartment house and its motley inhabitants as a microcosm, the novel attempts to describe the complexity of Soviet society. We meet ordinary workers, demobilized soldiers, a Jewish dentist, an émigré Austrian laborer, an honest cop, harassed

[3] I. Brodsky, *Stikhotvoreniia i poemy*, New York, Inter-Language Literary Associates, 1965, p. 5.
[4] "Za chto soslan Batshev," *Grani* (Frankfurt-am-Main), Vol. XXII, No. 63 (1967), pp. 9-10.
[5] A. Siniavsky, "Predislovie"; introduction to Boris Pasternak, *Stikhotvoreniia i poemy*, Biblioteka poeta, Bolshaia seriia, Moscow-Leningrad, Sovetsky pisatel, 1965, pp. 5-62.
[6] "Dvornik Lashkov," *Grani*, Vol. XXII, No. 64 (1967), pp. 3-78.

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housewives, and several children. We see them endure the waves of arrests during the Great Purge of the late 1930's. We watch the dentist being drafted into the army at the outbreak of the war, and the Austrian deported as a potential collaborator with the advancing Nazis. *Lashkov the Janitor* is a well-written novel as well as a poignant human document.

A very different kind of prose is represented by N. Karaguzhin's two excellent stories entitled "Stalin's Smile" and "Stalin's Charm" (p. 92). Both are reminiscent of Mikhail Zoshchenko's vignettes of Soviet life in earlier years in that they display a sensitive ear for colloquial Russian speech as well as the ability to spin a good tale.

Among the scores of poems which have been published in the underground literary journals, one finds a great variety of styles, talents, and subject matter. One also runs into a number of surprises, one of them being the frequency with which religious motifs are encountered. Bella Akhmadulina's "God" (p. 105) is one example. Others are Yosif Brodsky's "The Jewish Cemetery near Leningrad" and "Past Hippodromes" (pp. 109-10) and Yu. Stefanov's "Song about Science" (p. 102); both Brodsky and Stefanov are gifted poets whose works have never been officially published in the Soviet Union.

One of Stefanov's most striking poems (not included here) is "A Lament for the Pokrov Church," in which the author takes issue with those Soviet writers who in recent years have pleaded for the preservation of old churches and monastaries on the ground that they should be treasured as national historical monuments. (Most prominent among these is Vladimir Soloukhin, who can best be described as a reactionary Soviet Slavophile.) Stefanov defiantly declares his love for an ugly-looking 19th-century church, which he treasures not as an architectural wonder but as a house of worship. The poet laments the fact that his favorite church cannot possibly be saved on esthetic grounds and, being "merely" a house of God, is doomed to destruction. Stefanov is probably the most accomplished of the young poets writing in a traditional style.

Two major Soviet poets of an earlier era have had great influence on the verse of the literary "underground"; they are Sergei Yesenin and Vladimir Maiakovsky. The first called himself "the last bard of the village," while the latter, one of the founders of Russian Futurism, was attracted by urban and industrial imagery. Of the two, Yesenin has a larger number of disciples today, perhaps because his sentimental, self-pitying verse is easily imitated; its meter, rhyme scheme, and imagery are both simple and traditional. Some of these disciples, such as Igor Khomin (see p. 103), have also been influenced by the Russian Symbolists, particularly Aleksandr Blok, in whose verse the city is a metaphor for that which is both corrupt and illusory.

The followers and imitators of Maiakovsky are fewer in number but far more interesting as poets. Some of them, such as Sergei Chudakov or E. Yefa, produce extremely primitive works; others, however, range from good to very good. Among the most effective poets in this group is Genrikh Sabgir, represented by "Radiodelerium" (p. 103). Maiakovsky's dissonant, staccato style is reflected in poems by Yu. Galanskov—*e.g.*, "The Human Manifesto" and "Workers of the World, Unite!" (for the latter, see p. 101). Though technically awkward, these are solidly in the tradition of Maiakovsky, whose politically brash, masculine, often shocking verse continues to be officially admired in the Soviet Union, though it is rarely imitated by the approved poets. Andrei Siniavsky, in his essay on Yevtushenko referred to earlier, suggests that Yevtushenko aspires to inherit Maiakovsky's poetic mantle. To be sure, Yevtushenko is a more polished poet than Galanskov, who is a mere novice; however, of the two, Galanskov is the more faithful disciple.

Although very few underground poems are concerned with political issues, there are occasional exceptions. One such exception is Yevgeni Kushev's "The Decembrists," a cycle of five poems, each dedicated to one of the five rebels executed by Nicholas I for taking part in the uprising of December 14, 1825 (see p. 97). The poems are a curious blend of political idealism and literary romanticism, a mixture of emotions typical of much early 19th-century Russian verse, some of it written by the Decembrists themselves. One such Decembrist poet was Kondrati Ryleev; *Russkoe slovo*, one of the "underground" literary journals, devoted an entire issue to Ryleev, whose verse is sentimental, visionary, rebellious, and romantic. Many of Ryleev's poems were set to music and inspired generations of Russian revolutionaries prior to 1917. With the exception of Kushev, Ryleev has few successful imitators among the underground poets. The other poets who deal with political subjects, such as N. Nor and A. Shchukin (their works appear in *Phoenix 1961*) are far less effective.

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If any generalization can be made about the writings found in these unauthorized literary collections, it is that they are representative of the poets' true aspirations and emotions. This is true because the "illegal" journals evade political censorship, offer no financial inducements to conformity, and grant no professional recognition to their authors. On the contrary, appearance in these clandestine journals may endanger the contributor's freedom or, at the very least, jeopardize his career.

The "underground" nonconformist Soviet writers (most of whom are young) reject the deceitful self-glorification of Socialist Realism and strive instead toward a greater introspection and contemplation of man's predicament, his place in nature, and even his relationship to God.

The contributors to the "illegal" journals, like their "legal" but liberal counterparts, have compassion for the underdog, for the victim, for the misfit. In this respect, they differ little from Solzhenitsyn, Kazakov, Nekrasov or Yevtushenko, and depart radically from the traditional Stalinist glorification of the all-powerful "positive" hero.

Finally, and most obviously, the appearance of "illegal" literary journals is eloquent testimony to the indestructibility of the yearning for freedom of expression among young Soviet writers. As was pointed out, many could have had their writings published through legal channels but chose instead to publish in the proscribed journals almost as an act of defiance.

It must be admitted that the great majority of writings appearing in these anthologies range from poor to mediocre. This is hardly surprising since in most cases they represent first efforts. But a more sophisticated explanation for their mediocrity can be found in Andrei Siniavsky's short story "Graphomaniacs," which appeared in a collection of his works entitled *Fantastic Stories*. One character observes that "graphomania" will continue to flourish in the Soviet Union as long as there is censorship. If there were no censorship, a would-be-writer who could not get his work published would try again and again until he at last became convinced that he had no talent. Another writer might succeed in appearing in print but, after receiving devastating reviews time and again, would turn to some other field of endeavor.

As long as censorship persists, however, "graphomaniacs" will never believe that their work is rejected on esthetic grounds alone. They will always suspect political discrimination. There is no better illustration of the truth of Siniavsky's story than the uninspired work which appears in the "illegal" literary publications in the Soviet Union. It must be added, however, that many of the duly certified and licensed members of the Union of Soviet Writers are not appreciably better.

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DOCUMENTS

I. Stalinism Redivivus?

EDITORS' NOTE: No issue goes more to the heart of the struggle for justice in the USSR today than that of Stalinism. Indeed, the term "Stalinism" has come to stand for all the enduring ills of the Soviet system, for all the iniquities and evils that stand in the way of achieving a more humane social and political order. "Stalinism" is the all-embracing symbol for the sufferings and privations of the recent past (Doc. 56) as well as for the tyrannies of the distant past and distant countries (Doc. 58). Not only the more radical dissenters but also writers and journalists in good standing with the regime, as well as high-ranking members of the technological elite, such as the eminent physicist A. D. Sakharov (Doc. 59) no longer hesitate to draw parallels between Stalinism and fascism. Nor do many of them rule out the possibility that Stalinism, although perhaps "under another name" (Doc. 57), may yet be restored in the USSR. All these painful issues—and more—are raised, with remarkable candor and courage, in the documents below.

56. Letter by Lidia Chukovskaia

To the Editor of *Izvestia*:

NOT EXECUTION, BUT THE THOUGHT AND THE WORD

(On the 15th Anniversary of Stalin's Death)

In our day, one trial follows another. Under one pretext or another—be it in undisguised, concealed, or partially concealed form—the spoken and written word is under condemnation. They condemn books written at home and published abroad. They condemn a journal printed in our land but not on a press. They condemn a collection of documents exposing the lawlessness of courts. They condemn the cry from the square in defense of those who have been arrested. The word is being persecuted as if to give new truth to the old axiom Lev Tolstoy was wont to use: "The Word is Deed." Indeed, the word must truly be the deed if, for the word, people are sentenced to years of confinement in the prisons and camps, if it takes whole years and even decades for the great poetry and great prose—the novels, verses, poems, stories—so vital to everyone to break forth into the light. I would say that we need them as much as we need bread—in fact, because of their piercing truth, we need them more than bread. And it is perhaps because the true word cannot ring out and become a book, and through the book [reach] the soul of man, or because the true word has been forcibly driven inward and abandoned—perhaps this is why the artificiality, the falseness and the stiffness of the other words, the ones that *are* published and *do* reach the reader, are felt so acutely.

Not long ago I chanced upon a single short verse in a magazine. I was greatly disturbed by it. Although insignificant in itself, it expresses a kind of thought and feeling that is today very widespread but very false. It begins with the heart-rending question:

Can the enormous bill from days gone by
Really have been paid off?

And it ends on a comforting note:

That long bill has been wept over
And paid back with interest.

The consoling conclusion—this is what disturbed me. Today we need consolation least of all. What we need most is an examination of the past to awaken our memory

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and arouse our conscience. If we are to believe the author, despite all that has happened, everything, thank God, is in order on our moral balance sheet: we have made ends meet. So what is there left to talk about?

But there *is* something to talk about. Today, the human dignity of the writer and the fruitfulness of his work are determined by his attitude toward the Stalinist period of our history, which has sunk its claws into our present.

There are accounts which are inevitable and yet irredeemable. When we discuss our recent past, it is blasphemy to write about paid-up accounts. What price list do you use to pay for Norilsk and Potma, Karaganda and Magadan, for the dungeons of the Lubianka and Shpalernaia? How and with what can you pay for the suffering and death of one innocent man—and there were millions of them! *How much do you pay per head?* And who has the right to say: "The account is settled"? It is probably better if we do not total up the account! It is utterly impossible for anyone to pay up such an account for the simple reason that mankind has not learned how to resurrect the dead.

And who will pay for the betrayed faith of the people in the magic words: "In our country, no one is imprisoned without just cause?" For the belief that if Ivan Denisoviches are behind bars, they must indeed be enemies? It must be recognized that the provocation machines—radio, meetings, newspapers—functioned so magnificently in the past, so efficiently and smoothly, that in some cases even decent people became fierce persecutors of the innocent. Wives renounced their husbands, children their fathers, and the closest friends turned from one another. But these people, the betrayers, were also victims of a sort—victims of the organized lie. Can't we apply to them the words uttered in other times: "Well, you martyrs of dogma, you are also victims of the age!"?

How can one pay for the mass, organized destruction of the soul, the debauchery of the pen, the dissipation of the word? If it were indeed possible to pay, there would seem to be only one way: through complete, unvarnished candor. But the words of truth have suddenly been stilled, and the Stalinist butchery is once more enshrouded with a curtain of fog that thickens before our very eyes.

The thirst after the most basic, elementary justice goes unslaked. Certificates are issued to the wives of those who perished, stating that their husbands were arrested without cause and have been posthumously rehabilitated in the absence of evidence of crime. This is fine. The same certificates—concerning the absence of evidence of crime—are also issued to those prisoners who had the good fortune to survive. Excellent. They have returned. But where are those who were the cause of all this suffering? Those who invented the evidence of crime on the part of millions of people? Those who fabricated one fantastic story after another under the label of "Case under Investigation?" Those who gave the order to vilify the condemned in the newspapers? Who are these people? Where are they, and what are they doing today? Who, at any time or any place, has totaled up their crimes, which they committed with impunity, methodically, calmly, day after day, year after year? And what kind of certificates have ever been issued to *them*, to these criminals?—and by whom?

Evidently they were not issued such certificates by anyone. Otherwise, it would not happen that the person in charge of the publication of poetry is guilty of the death of poets; that at a solemn meeting, the presidium is graced by a writer who chiefly wrote denunciations; that a pension for just deeds is received by a gray-haired, venerable old man who in the past was responsible for the murder of Vavilov or Meierhold. . . . Oh, how the fog has enveloped us!

The poem states that there has been weeping over the bill. To be sure, oceans of tears have been shed. But they have been shed in secrecy, on the pillow. There is a Railroader's Day, a Flier's Day, a Tanker's Day, but where is the Day of Mourning for Innocent Martyrs? Where are the common graves, the monuments bearing the names of those who perished; where are the cemeteries that relatives and friends, bearing wreaths and bouquets of flowers, could come to visit on Memorial Day, and openly weep? And finally, where are the lists of names of those who ordered the denunciations of the people who carried out the orders, of those who. . . . But enough of this! At the graveside, silence and sorrow are more fitting.

NO, I DO NOT speak of revenge, I do not advocate a tooth for a tooth. I have no desire for vengeance. I speak of social rather than criminal justice. I say this because even though the informers, the executioners, and the provocateurs richly deserve the death penalty, our people do not deserve to be fed on executions.

Let clear thought and precise words rather than new executions grow forth from the death of the innocent. Bolt by bolt, I want a thorough examination made of the entire machine that transformed a person in the prime of life into a cold corpse. I want *it* to be sentenced. Publicly. We must not write off the bill of the past with the comforting stamp, "Paid in Full." Rather, we must earnestly and meticulously unravel the web of cause and effect, strand by strand, and analyze it. Millions of peasant families, labeled "kulaks" or "kulak hirelings," were driven north to their doom. Millions of city-dwellers were labeled "spies," "saboteurs," and "wreckers" and were sent to prison or to the camps, or in some cases were simply executed. Entire peoples were accused of treason and were banished from their homes and sent to alien lands.

But what led us to this unprecedented misfortune? To this complete defenselessness of people before the machine that attacked them? To this unheard-of fusion of the state security organs, which were breaking the law every minute of the day and night; the prosecution organs, which were created to uphold the law but which became monstrously blind for years; and finally the newspapers, which instead of adhering to their duty to defend justice, monotonously hurled slander at the persecuted in a planned, mechanized way—the newspapers, which turned out millions upon millions of lying words about imaginary "unmasked," "hardened," "vile" enemies of the people who were in the pay of foreign intelligence? When and how did this happen? This compound was unquestionably the most dangerous of all chemical combinations ever known to science. How was it possible? Finding the answer to the question

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entails an enormous amount of work for the historian, the philosopher, and the sociologist—but most of all for the writer. This is our major task today, a task that cannot be postponed. It is urgent. We must call upon young and old to make a courageous evaluation of the past, so that our road to the future will be more brightly lit. The present trials over the word would never have come to pass if this work had been done in good time.

The destruction of the truthful word, after all, also stems from the accursed Stalin days. And this was one of the darkest deeds committed over the decades. During the Stalin era, the loss of the right to independent thought closed the door to doubt, to question, and to the cry of anguish, and opened it to self-assured, shameless, widely publicized, highly repetitious lies. The constantly repeated lies kept the people from knowing what was happening to their fellow citizens in their own country—some did not know because they were unsophisticated or naive, while others really did not want to know. Whoever knew or guessed what was happening was doomed to silence through fear of instant death—it was not the fear of some kind of unpleasantness at work, or of unemployment or hardship, but fear of simple physical extermination.

This goes to show what a great honor was bestowed on the word in those days: they even killed for it.

. . . I have said that from the graves of those who perished there should spring, not new executions, not the execution of the executioners, but rather clear thought. But what kind? Perhaps something on this order?

Well, since we have survived. . .
What of it!
Judge us, we are guilty!
Everything is ours: truth and falsehood,
Victories and losses,
Shame, bitterness, and honor,
Gloom and the light shining from the gloom. . .

No, that's not it. It is a tempting thesis but we cannot accept it. It serves to entangle rather than unravel the web. Truth and falsehood are not twins, and no one has ever been able to represent darkness and light at the same time. In every concrete life situation, there has been one who lit the light and another who put it out. Worse than that: one was the evildoer and the other the victim.

We were young and proud,
Youth is made of steel.
There was no misfortune
That we couldn't withstand.
There was no war
We could not win.
And there was no charge
That was not made against us.

There are two falsehoods here. First, there *was* a misfortune which we could not withstand and from which we did not save our country. The name of this misfortune was Stalinism. That is the first [falsehood]. Second, with regard to the charges that someone, somewhere, supposedly made against someone, I would like to know—who, where, and against whom? Somehow, one doesn't hear anything about such charges being made today concerning our yesterday. . . . People seize with eagerness upon the theme:

It's all over and done with,
It's past!

And [they go] no deeper.

Nonetheless, out of all this talk of "it's over and done with," one simple, clear thought grows forth naturally. The thought has been known to all since the beginning of time, but we shall have to perceive and assimilate it anew. A century ago, Hertzen repeated it day after day in his *Kolokol* [The Bell]: without the free word, there are no free people; without the independent word, there can be no mighty nation capable of internal change. "Resounding, candid speech alone can satisfy man," Hertzen wrote. "Only the spoken conviction is sacred," Ogarev wrote. To them, silence was a synonym for slavery, for the "bowed head." Hertzen wrote of the "conspiracy of silence." "Muteness supports despotism."

The trials in recent years and recent months have evoked a resounding rebuff from people of various ages and occupations. The intolerance toward present-day infractions of the law reflects the painful indignation that people feel against themselves for being as they were yesterday, and against the oppression of the past. Over the young shoulders of today's defendants, we of the older generation see rows of [human] shadows. Behind the lines of the manuscript that deserves to be printed but is not, we see the faces of the writers who did not live to see their manuscripts turned into books. And behind today's newspaper articles, we see those hooting heralds of the executions of yesterday.

"Liberation of the word from censorship"—such was one of the mottos of Hertzen's *Kolokol*. The *Kolokol* was published for the last time 100 years ago, in 1868. A century ago! Since then, censorship has become less conspicuous but all-pervasive. Without resorting to the red pencil, censorship has dozens of ways of burying an objectionable manuscript alive.

May it come to pass that the word will be liberated from all shackles, whatever they be called. May muteness perish—it has always supported despotism.

And may the memory remain eternal, indestructible, in spite of the supposedly settled account. Memory is one of man's most precious treasures. Without memory there can be neither conscience nor honor, nor can the mind function. A great poet is memory personified. I cite the lines of that poet who did not want to part with memory either in this world or beyond the threshhold of death.

Because even in blessed death I am afraid
To forget the rumbling of the "Black Marias,"
To forget the banging of the hateful door,
And how the old woman wailed like a wounded beast.

The memory of the past is a reliable key to the present. Are we to tear up the bill, to allow the past to become overgrown with the weeds of reservations and stupidity? Never!

Even if our memories failed us, today's trials over the word and the dry crackle of the newspaper articles would convey to us the noxious fumes of the past.

But today is today, not yesterday. The "conspiracy of silence" is at an end.

Lidia Chukovskaia

February 1968

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57. Letter by Lev Kopelev

NOTE: The following letter by the Soviet Germanist Lev Kopelev is translated from the Viennese journal Tagebuch, *the cultural-political organ of the Austrian Communist Party (issue of January-February 1968). An introductory note states that the letter was sent in reply to a* Tagebuch *correspondent who had written to Kopelev posing "some questions which have troubled observers of recent works of Soviet literature."*

IS THE REHABILITATION OF STALIN POSSIBLE?

With great anxiety, dear friend, you write about certain recent Soviet publications which, as you put it, have made an "extremely unpleasant" impression on you. To be precise, it is a question of the article by [G. A.] Deborin and [B. S.] Telpukhovsky in *Voprosy istorii KPSS* (Problems of the History of the CPSU), No. 9; the memoirs of K. Voroshilov, which appeared in *Oktiabr*, No. 10; the novels by V. Zakrutkin and V. Kochetov (*Oktiabr*, Nos. 6 and 10, respectively); the reportage of V. Kochetov, "City in Uniform," which appeared as a book, and a poem by S. Smirnov, which appeared in *Moskva*, No. 10.

You think you discern in all these writings, different though they are in theme and genre, the expression of one and the same stubborn tendency, *i.e.*, the desire to rehabilitate Stalin. It is quite natural that you should be not only saddened but seriously disturbed by the fact that, after everything that has become known in the last fourteen years and in the face of numerous documents and the memories of millions of people, publicists and writers are still to be found who take it upon themselves to ignore the resolutions of the 20th, 22nd, and 23rd Party Congresses, and who consider themselves qualified to maintain that while Stalin may have committed "some mistakes," his work was, by and large, still progressive and necessary for our country and the international workers' movement.

You want to know my opinion. I shall try to answer your questions as exactly and briefly as I can.

I think you are right to condemn as sharply as you can these utterances of incorrigible "servants of the cult of Stalin." Still, I hope that their efforts will prove vain, and your fears exaggerated. How can I hope for this? On the basis of the following considerations.

The defenders of Stalin appeal to objective historical truth. Was it not Stalin who led the party and state in the years of industrialization and the Second World War, in the years of undoubted successes and victories? They appeal to historical objectivity and cite the weighty subjective factor of the raising of new generations in the spirit of socialist patriotism and respect for the revolutionary tradition. They consider themselves duty bound to maintain that Stalin was an outstanding statesman, that his work benefited socialism and our mother country, etc.

If, however, in accordance with the principles of Marxist historical science, one juxtaposes these attempts at rehabilitation with all the facts that have become known in the interim, if one takes into account the true, and not the imaginary, effect on the intellectual and moral consciousness of youth, then one must clearly recognize that efforts of this sort can only have consequences diametrically opposed to the intentions of even the most well-meaning exponents of rehabilitation.

The rise and development of the notorious [Stalin] cult during the 1930's and 1940's was the result of many objective and subjective preconditions:

a) Millions of people were convinced that our country was an isolated fortress besieged by mortal enemies. Consequently, they considered extreme centralization, accompanied by iron discipline, both essential and justified.

b) The successes achieved in industrial and cultural construction were remarkable against the background of world economic crisis and accelerating fascism, and they provided an argument for those who maintained that all the difficulties and sacrifices were only coincidental or the result of sabotage, while all the achievements, on the other hand, were the results of the genius-like leadership of the "coryphaeus of all knowledge."

c) General confidence in the press and the state bureaucracy—but first and foremost in the organs of state security, the office of the Procurator-General, and the courts—was so great that most people resisted their doubts and the lessons of their own experience even when heroes and leaders were declared, overnight, to be traitors, spies, and enemies of the people, when history was ceaselessly turned upside down, when heroic deeds which he had never accomplished were ascribed to Stalin, and crimes of which they were innocent were charged to his opponents.

d) This blind trust was further accentuated by mass persecutions, which evoked anxiety and fear in some and, in others, strengthened the belief that cunning enemies were everywhere, and consequently that any hesitation, any doubt in the exactitude of Stalin's words and deeds, or even any leniency in dealing with those who hesitated and doubted, constituted direct support for the enemy.

e) During the war and after it, all these objective and subjective preconditions underwent, let us say, both a natural and an artificially engendered intensification. Take myself, for example. I was among those who came to love Stalin, and to love him honestly, during the war. He was the head of our state and of our army. He embodied our faith in our own strength, our hope of victory, our love of all we were fighting for and were ready to die for. We ascribed to him all the virtues we saw in our best people. We believed the myth of the great, all-knowing leader because we wanted to have such a leader; we ourselves had created this myth—some consciously, others unconsciously—and we were convinced of its reality, or quasi-reality. Beyond that, we were convinced that it was an absolute historical necessity, for we believed that victory was impossible without an unlimited authority and unlimited faith.

It took many years and two party congresses, it took this perspective to enable us to reevaluate our historical experience, and it took the new facts which came to light after 1953, the new knowledge of the past and present as they really were, before we finally grasped what a repulsive "naked emperor" we had clothed in our blind faith and fanaticism, and how dearly this had cost our country and the international workers' movement.

Twenty—or even ten—years ago, in ignorance of the facts or in an effort to ease one's mind with dialectical sophistries, one could simultaneously support socialism *and* Stalin; quite honestly, one could praise the achieve-

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ments of the land of the Soviets and believe in the wisdom of Stalin's policy.

That is no longer possible today.

After everything that became known at the 20th and 22nd Party Congresses, after the publication of the hitherto secret documents of Lenin, after the publication of the eyewitness testimony of hundreds of old Communists, the mythology of the cult of Stalin has been destroyed once and for all.

1) Today, it is generally known and has clearly been proven that Stalin's tyrannical and unprofessional intervention in the administration of agriculture during the years 1929-33 as well as in the postwar period led to extended famines and to the destruction of the economic foundations not only of the individual peasant farms but also of collectivized agriculture.

2) Today, it is generally known and has been proven that with Stalin's knowledge, indeed at his command, hundreds of thousands of people, including the overwhelming majority of the commanding officers and generals of the Red Army and the majority of the experienced and trained leaders of industry, were arrested, exiled, murdered, and tortured to death in the years 1935-40. In those years, more Communists were confined in Stalin's prisons and camps than in all the capitalist and fascist countries taken together. Among those shot and condemned as enemies of the people were the overwhelming majority of the delegates to all past Party Congresses, the majority of the delegates to the immediately preceding 17th Party Congress of 1934 and of the Central Committee members elected by it, and the overwhelming majority of the members and functionaries of all the Union Republic governments and of all *oblast* and *raion* Party Committees.

3) Today, it is generally known and has been proven that Stalin attempted to turn the 1939-41 non-aggression pact with Germany into a treaty of friendship; that in official documents and speeches he called the enemies of Hitler imperialist aggressors; and that he in fact forbade all anti-fascist propaganda.

4) Today, it is generally known and has been proven that Stalin, a man who was pathologically suspicious and who even distrusted his oldest and most loyal friends and comrades-in-arms (*e.g.*, Yenukidze, Ordzhonikidze, Postyshev, Tukhachevsky, and others), naively and for quite incomprehensible reasons placed full confidence in the friendship of Hitler, whom he trusted so much that he even set aside numerous warnings which reached him through various channels, ignored the reports of all his agents, and thus condemned our army to its worst defeats and the entire country to frightful losses and sacrifices.

5) Today, it is generally known and has been proven that after the war, with Stalin's knowledge and at his command, millions and millions of people were subjected to repressive acts of the most severe kind. Entire peoples —the Volga Germans, the Kalmuks, the Chechens, the Balkars, the Ingushi, the Karachais, and the Crimean Tatars—had their homelands stolen from them and were exiled as nations, as national communities. The overwhelming majority of Soviet citizens who had been taken prisoners-of-war, as well as of those who had been inmates of fascist concentration camps, were condemned for "high treason." Their tragic fate is embodied in the figure of the Ivan Denisovich of Solzhenitsyn's novel.

6) Today, it is generally known that Stalin was the one who inspired the defamatory witch-hunt against Yugoslavia and who strove to transplant the methods of the Beria terror, of lies and provocations, to Poland, Bulgaria, Hungary, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia.

These are the reasons why the exculpation of Stalin would be tantamount to the defamation of socialism. Today, Stalin can still be defended only by incredibly stupid and naive persons from the ranks of those bureaucrats, in retirement or grown gray in the service, whose thoughts run along the same lines as those of the anecdotal character of Dostoevsky: ". . . if there is no God, what sort of a Captain can I be?"; or by completely conscienceless, cynical partisans of the jesuitical principle, "The end sanctifies the means," who are unable to grasp the fact that Stalin's "means" themselves constitute a negation of the end that is adduced to justify them.

Today, to attempt to rehabilitate Stalin, to act as if there had never been a 20th or a 22nd Party Congress, and as if the documents that have come to light were still unknown; to spread fairy tales about Stalin's virtues and lies about his loyalty to Lenin, as Zakrutkin and Kochetov are busy doing—to do these things is nothing other than to furnish the enemies of communism with propaganda weapons, to play ideologically into their hands, and to instill in youth cynicism and hypocrisy, civic apathy, and a contemptuous disbelief in those very ideas to which the restorers of the cult pay lip service.

It follows that articles, memoirs, poems, and literature of this sort, quite regardless of the subjective intentions of the authors, objectively damage our country and our party, strengthen our opponents, and disarm or repel our friends.

Still, the experience of history shows that ideological censorship only harms the healthy forces of cultural and literary development—harms them just as does any sort of administrative repression of literary or scientific works. I am consequently convinced that it would not be permissible to demand the prohibition or destruction of the works named above, or of others like them, or to impose penalties or restrictions of any sort on their authors. To do so would be to apply their own methods against the latter-day heirs of the Stalin cult, to apply Stalinism under another name.

What is needed is something else. An objective and critical investigation of such restorationist tendencies in literature, to be undertaken not only in our country but also in the press of fraternal Communist parties, would significantly lessen the damage which these works cause and might thus forestall an expansion of efforts with a similar intent. The partisans and restorers of the Stalin cult fear nothing more than the free expression of opinion, publicity, concrete historical truth, and competent Marxist criticism.

We should not prevent either Deborin or Kochetov, or others like them, from writing and publishing anything they have a mind to. And one should also not hinder those who wish to criticize them. This is the only way to set bounds to the accelerating activity of the rehabilitators of Stalin. Limits, however, must be set. Our country needs to defend itself—for the sake of all our friends and for the sake of socialism throughout the world.

Yours,

Lev Kopelev

Moscow, November-December, 1967.

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58. Address to the Institute of Philosophy in Moscow, by G. Pomerantz

I would like to speak of the moral aspect of personality in the life of the historical collective. In order to clarify immediately what I will be speaking against, I will begin with some verses by Korzhavin:

Today we sing your praises
And we have good reason,
Founder of a powerful state,
Prince of Moscow, Ivan Kalita.

In appearance pretty repulsive,
Base at heart, but that's not the point,
The creative path you chose
Turned out to be historically progressive. . . .

I won't go on—the second stanza is the most important. The model may be applied to anyone—even to Genghis Khan. "In appearance pretty repulsive, base at heart, but that's not the point": he brought backward peoples, including the Russians, the blessings of an advanced Chinese culture. Therefore let us erect a monument to Genghis Khan. And such a monument has been erected—in the Chinese People's Republic.

Let us see how the model parodied by Korzhavin works when applied to two academic examples. Once there were two emperors, one in India, the other in China—Ashoka and Chin Shih Huang-Ti. Both had a progressive task before them, the unification of the country. Ashoka was not equal to his progressive task. He succumbed to false pity, false humanism. I would like to give that humanism a more precise description. I can't, because in those distant times there were no petty bourgeois. Otherwise I would of course have called that humanism petty bourgeois. And so Ashoka succumbed to false humanism and could not distinguish progressive wars from reactionary ones. Having barely conquered his realm, he put his sword in its scabbard, refused to take part in any war, and instead of sending his armies abroad, he began sending out his Buddhist priests, who carried reactionary religious opiates to the workers of neighboring countries: "Don't take another life, don't take that which doesn't belong to you, don't lie," etc.

But Chin Shih Huang (the suffix "Ti" is a title similar to The August) was a true humanist. If an enemy did not surrender, he destroyed him; if he did surrender, he destroyed him. True, Chin Shih Huang did not like the word "humanism" (in Chinese it sounds like "zhen"), and he ordered all books which dealt with "zhen" burned, as well as all other books except works on agriculture, military affairs, and magic. Bookish intellectuals concerned with "zhen" were rounded up, incinerated in latrines, or subjected to other disgraceful deaths. There proved to be 400 such intellectuals in all. It was a layer that had not yet managed to spread, so Chin Shih Huang's job was comparatively simple.

Having purged the country of false humanism, Chin Shih Huang united China and established a single Chinese state on solid principles: for withholding information, death; for denouncing [others], promotion or other encouragement. The great constructions of ancient China were built, including the Great Chinese Wall which still stands today. (They went on building and rebuilding it, but the foundation was laid by Chin Shih Huang.)

This wonderful state system had only one drawback: it was impossible to live under it. Even Chin Shih Huang, the creator of the system, could not stand it: he succumbed to the professional disease of progressive figures—persecution mania. Nor could the people stand it. The son of Chin Shih Huang was nearly dethroned. After several years of upheaval the Han dynasty was established, having rehabilitated intellectuals and education. Since that time the Chinese have called themselves Han, but for 2100 years Chinese emperors refrained from donning military garb. Only recently have semi-military jackets returned to fashion.

Chin Shih Huang was no mere ignorant tyrant. He was acting on the basis of a highly developed scientific theory. The origins of that theory apparently went back to Mo Ti, the inventor of the principle, "all for the people" (it was on this basis that his followers abolished art and science as incomprehensible to the people.) Shang Yang gave the theory a sterner character, replacing the vague term "people" with the more precise "state." In the name of the state it was proposed that all archaic institutions—the family, for example—be destroyed, lest family ties interfere with loyalty to the sovereign. Han Fei wrote a brilliant treatise in which man in the hands of the government was compared to a stick of wood in the hands of the artisan. The treatise has survived and been translated into English and French, and excerpts of it can be found in any copy of UNESCO's *Classics of the East*. Han Fei did not compare man to a machine simply because there were no machines then. Actually, he can be considered the forerunner of cybernetics.

And so, both emperors were utopians. Ashoka because he saw in man only a spiritual being, Huang because he saw in man a machine which could be programmed with the help of reward and punishment. Within a schematic framework, the first utopia obviously has to be called reactionary, and the second progressive, because Ashoka relied on religion—as we know always and everywhere a reactionary force—while Chin Shih Huang relied on scientific theory.

And then they both died and turned to dust; and from Chin Shih Huang we have the Great Chinese Wall, while from Ashoka, only the inscription carved in stone: "I, Emperor Ashoka, did battle with the realm of Kalinga and became convinced that 100,000 men would have to be killed, and my heart shuddered."

I am not contending that walls don't have to be built. But I am contending, and completely seriously, that the memory of the shattered heart of Ashoka is a thing without which no people can survive.

The theoretical model parodied by Korzhavin is based on two premises: 1) man's moral aspect has no great meaning; and 2) progress will solve everything.

Both assumptions can be refuted. There exists not only a sequence of facts but a sequence of moral positions which tradition cannot do without. There is the sequence of the slaughtered, the decapitated, the executed, who, having accomplished nothing, have only their moral attitude to pass on to their descendants. The slaughtered Gracchi arose again in France after 2,000 years, and their moral stance, having taken hold of minds, became a force when the revolution began. Neither the Girondists nor the Jacobins were rooted in the soil of justice, but their

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decapitated shadows arose again in the communes of 1871, and the shadows of the communes rose up during the storming of the Winter Palace. In recognition of this heritage, the Soviet government called a liner in the Baltic Fleet "Marat."

There's a saying, "A girl can sing of lost love, a miser of lost money." I venture to say that no people can survive without something to sing about. The peoples who have had something to sing about have borne centuries of oppression and dispersion, only to rise and gather again. But the great Assyrian Empire could not recover after its first defeat; it fell to pieces because Assyrians had nothing in their souls but cults of military valor, of crude military strength. Of all soldier-states it is said in the chronicles: "Perished like Avars, leaving neither tribe nor heir."

I move to the second point. What is progress? If we set aside the value judgments, then the real substance of progress is differentiation. An amoeba differentiated itself and the many-celled organism came into being, but with differentiation came death. The amoeba is deathless in a sense: it divides into two and both halves go on living (if they are not destroyed). But somatic cells, having gone beyond germ cells which preserved their immortality at the expense of all the rest, are mortal from the moment of birth and cannot but die. In this way, progress is linked with certain losses.

It is the same in society. Primitive collectives are amazingly stable, but civilizations have fallen one after another. Therefore not every differentiation is good, only that differentiation which does not lead to disintegration, to the "joint destruction of the embattled classes." Only that differentiation is good in which the integrating factors —memory, ideas, forms, institutions—are reorganized and renewed. Any differentiation, any progress will loosen the old integrating factors. But if they are not renewed, what takes place is what used to be called in the old days "moral decline," and the development no more deserves to be called progressive than does progressive paralysis.

Montaigne said: "Simple peasants are excellent people; philosophers are excellent people; evil lies in half-education." He meant, of course, moral half-education. The peasant is tied to a system of taboos, a system not unlike the tribal system. This system of taboos—the moral experience of the collective—guards the individual incapable of reasoning as a moral being. The philosopher is an intellectually and morally developed man. In ancient times it was said: "The wise man does not need law, he has reason." Or again in the age-old words, "Love God and do as you wish." But to be half-educated is to be what is called in the Bible "a boor." A boor is a man enlightened just enough not to fear breaking taboos, but not enough to reach moral truth through his own mind and experience. As a result of progress, boorishness has become a very severe problem in the 20th century. The peasant masses were torn out of the patriarchal situation in which patriarchal taboos held firm, and they were urbanized. Where development was especially rapid—in the countries of Central Europe, which were latecomers to the path of progress and were hurrying to catch up and overtake—the growth of boorishness was particularly appalling. It threatened the very existence of European civilization.

To what extent was this inevitable? To get the answer, let us compare two neighboring countries, Germany and Denmark. In both countries the same symbolic [moral] system—in which the highest values were tied to the symbols of "Christ," "the immortal soul," and so forth and so on—was formally observed. In both countries the development of capitalism took place. Denmark, it is true, did not have as an additional burden the unification of the country.

The attention of the Danish intelligentsia was directed solely toward the enlightenment of the people, not toward the "training of soldiers to fight the hereditary enemy." Back in Hans Christian Andersen's time, Pastor Grundvik set up the first winter universities of culture, where the peasants were introduced to all the riches created by the human mind; thus the Danish peasant, having ceased being patriarchal, could become educated. But in Germany what developed was the phenomenon that emerged in the 1930's—a violent petty bourgeoisie.

When those rabid petty bourgeois occupied Denmark, the fascist commandant gave a routine fascist order: "All Jews must register and wear yellow stars." A routine order. But then the fairy tale began. The king and queen of Denmark went out for a walk, sporting yellow stars. In half an hour all Copenhagen was sporting them, and in several hours, the whole country. While Hitler's men were figuring out what to do in this situation, all the legitimate wearers of yellow stars were headed in boats for Sweden.

I think it no accident that this fairy tale with its happy ending took place in the homeland of the storyteller, Hans Christian Andersen. Perhaps it was he who told the king and queen to behave the way kings behave only in fairy tales, and the people to behave the way people behave in the plays and stories of Yevgeni Shvarts. But unfortunately in life it is not always thus. In Germany children were obviously raised a bit differently than in Denmark. There it was a Bradbury butterfly [1] which they so hastily squashed.

I hope that I have convinced you and that you have also reached my conclusion: not all progress is good, and not all progress "progressive." On the basis of what has been said, let us try to reach an evaluation of an historic figure or personality who today has been made an object of silence, but whom I want to call by name: Josef Vissarionovich Stalin.

I want to pose two questions. First, was Stalin a progressive figure? And second, where is his spirit, his outlook leading us?

In order to answer the first question we must clearly identify that special mandate which the historical figure must fulfill, his personal obligation. Stalin was given power on certain conditions, and until he made his power absolute, those conditions could not be ignored. He could not [choose] *not* to bring about industrialization and the collectivization of agriculture; he could not [choose] *not* to concern himself with the defense of the country. Anyone designated Secretary General would have tackled the same problems. Therefore it is not important what Stalin did, but how he did it. Pretty badly, I venture to say. On the credit side, his only achievement was industrialization; all the rest is on the debit side. Collectivization was handled in such a way that to this day people have to leave Moscow and go out and harvest potatoes. In the opinion of the important international affairs expert, Ernst Genri, Stalin split the international workers' movement and opened the way for Hitler to come to power. I think this opinion is worth consideration. Finally, as to how Stalin

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prepared the country for war, you can read Nekrich's recently published book.[2] Stalin literally beheaded the army on the eve of the battle.

But that isn't the whole story. Aside from the written mandate—the program of the party—Stalin obeyed unwritten mandates, borne by the wind. As he strengthened his power, those unwritten mandates played a greater and greater role in his activities. First of all there was the mandate Lenin called "the Asiatic." You probably remember Lenin's article "In Memory of Count Heiden": "The serf who is enslaved is not at fault, but the serf who cannot live without a master is a lackey and a boor" (*kholui i kham*). (Correction from the floor, "A lackey and a slave": *kholui i kholop.*) One could also quote another of Lenin's favorite phrases: "A pitiful nation of slaves." Centuries of Tatar rule and serfdom left a rather stifling tradition of lackeying and boorishness. The revolution upset that tradition, but on the other hand it uprooted masses of peasants from their accustomed stations, turned whole layers of patriarchal people into masses without the old foundations and without much mastery of the new ideology. Those masses didn't seek a deepening and strengthening of freedom—they didn't even understand what it was for, individual freedom. They wanted masters and order. Such was Stalin's mandate number two.

The third mandate was the mandate of decapitated religion. The peasant believed in God, and in the Spas icon or in Our Lady of Kazan he found an object of love and selfless devotion (the selfish motives of religious feeling I am inclined to relate to mandate number two). It was explained to the peasant that there was no God, but that did not extinguish religious feelings. So Stalin gave the workers a god, an earthly god, of whom it could not be said that he did not exist. He existed in the Kremlin, and occasionally he would appear on the tribune and wave his hand. He would take care that not a single hair fell from a worker's head. He was the railroad worker's, the athlete's, the ballerina's best friend.

The feeling that gave Stalin his mandate number three was in itself a pure one. The children expressed it best.

I'm just a little girl,
I can dance and sing.
I haven't seen Stalin,
But I love him just the same.

The word "Stalin" here easily becomes a symbol of an all-good, all-powerful, omniscient being, the source of all perfection, or as they used to say, "the inspiration of our victories." It is only a matter of degree.

How could Stalin have realized three such mandates simultaneously—or is our scheme too complex? Well, Stalin had a special talent for hypocrisy, and evidently even for self-deception. And history is filled with examples of dual and ambiguous historical personalities.

J. V. Stalin loved to compare himself with crowned rulers, with Peter the Great and Ivan the Terrible. Therefore let us compare him with another one to his taste, Napoleon. Here's what Tiutchev wrote of Napoleon:

Son of revolution, an awful mother.
Brave in battle, broken you fought on—
The battle impossible, the work in vain,
You carried your mother within.

(Perhaps it would be even better to recall Pushkin's laconic and brilliant characterization, "heir of mutinous freedom and murder.")

Yet this comparison is neither comprehensive nor accurate. I venture to make another comparison, again neither comprehensive nor accurate, a degrading comparison with an uncrowned figure, with Azev. Azev was the leader of the militant organization in the Socialist Revolutionary party and an agent of the secret police. In his capacity as an SR, he organized the murder of his immediate superior in the secret police, the Minister of Internal Affairs, von Plehve. Other acts of terror were successfully carried out under Azev's leadership.

This primitive example suggests an approach, or the model for an approach, to the much more complicated question of evaluating Stalin's personality. Azev carried on activities that could be viewed as services for the revolution, or at least for the SR party. All the same, the provocateur as such deserves no praise; therefore the question as applied to Stalin can be formulated thus: Was Stalin not only ideologically (that is, in words alone) but morally, with all his being, on the level of the movement of which he was a part. If so, then during that [early] period he might have been of some worth. Or was the truth what Lenin wrote in his will, that "J. V. Stalin is a morally foreign body in the leadership of the party"? If so, then he simply claimed and held on to a place belonging to someone worthier, with the help of intrigue and terror. Then on the whole he was harmful, even if in individual instances he was able to make the right decisions.

In seeking an answer to this question, one could collect, note down, and study all the testimony of Stalin's contemporaries—about his exile in 1917, *etc.* Something has been done along these lines, but too little, and the issue remains open.

I move on to the next question. Where is Stalin's spirit leading us? Some comrades have held on to the impression of their youth when they rose up as soldiers to the dagger-fire of machine guns with the words, 'For the Homeland, for Stalin!" In 1943 I myself cried "For the Homeland, for Stalin, forward!" In 1943 "for Stalin" meant against Hitler. History gave us no better choice. It put a whole generation in the position of Pangloss, to whom the officer gave the choice of hanging or going through the lines. No matter how Pangloss objected that neither alternative corresponded to his choice, the officer remained adamant. In real life this was not at all funny. Ehrenburg tells in his memoirs how in 1937 Nikolai Ivanovich Bukharin went off to Paris, without asking permission or saying anything to anybody, and wandered the streets there for several days, breathing the air of freedom. He returned to Moscow, knowing pretty much what was in store for him, but he couldn't stay away. Logic would have forced him to expose Stalin, but Stalin had already managed to seize power in his fatal grasp; and to beat Stalin would have meant to beat the Soviet system, yet the Soviet system was one of the most powerful obstacles in the path of fascism. Not that Stalin didn't like Hitler—perhaps he did—but the logic of the system was stronger than Stalin's will. Because of Hitler, it was impossible to perform the surgical operation necessary to cure the Soviet system. Bukharin was forced to keep silence—and later, to speak.

That's how it was a quarter of a century ago, but *now* "for Stalin" does not mean against Hitler, against fascism.

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Hitler is *kaputt*, and Stalin is dead and unmasked. For better or worse, an unmasked idol cannot be masked again. We could pass some kind of a resolution, but it wouldn't be any more effective than Nicholas I's resolution on the complaint of a landowner whose daughter married without his consent: "The marriage is annulled. The girl will be considered a virgin." Stalin, having turned into a despot and a murderer, can never again be worthy of respect, let alone love. Knowingly to restore respect for Stalin would be to establish something new—to establish respect for denunciation, torture, execution. Even Stalin didn't try to do that. He preferred hypocrisy.

To restore respect for Stalin would mean to raise up a moral monster beside our banner. As yet that has never been done. Abominations have been committed, but the banner has stayed clean. On it is written: "An association in which the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all." Marx, Engels, Lenin have stood beside that banner—all people with human weaknesses, but people. All people of whom it could be said, to use Marx's favorite phrase, "I am a man, and nothing human is alien." Stalin can no longer stand next to them. That would be to sully the banner with mud. One has to be able to separate Stalin as a symbol of the antifascist war from the meaning of the war itself. The heroic feat of the people in the War of 1812 has not become less meaningful because at the head of government stood a "bald fop, an enemy of labor, accidentally shrouded in glory," and the feat of the people in the great antifascist war does not become less meaningful because Stalin happened to be the head of state.

The threat of nihilism, of ideological vacuum, is frightening to some. But unmatured cultures cannot fill a vacuum. They fall like houses of cards. One of the most important reasons for the [present] vacuum is the conflict between religious and scientific world views. A thousand years of mankind's moral development was coded into what are called the world religions. The scientific world view shook the world religions loose, but it couldn't create images of moral beauty compared to Buddha or Christ. Obviously that is the job not of science but of poetry, and the process, which cannot be directed, is a very long process—a century long, perhaps even many centuries long. Therefore, from Red Guard attacks on religion the world Communist movement has moved with the force of events to another form of contact with religion—*to the dialogue*, about which so much has been written in *Problems of Peace and Socialism.* It seems to me that a dialogue with [other] world cultures, which have to their credit the art of Bach, Rublio, and Dante, is a worthier course to take than the restoration of the cult of a despot and murderer. By means of the dialogue we can enlist the strength of the entire intelligentsia and bring to the people genuine enlightenment, genuine meaning—the meaning of a culture that does not have to be mixed up with either atheistic or religious symbols. This will be an authentic culture, an authentic edification—one of the best ways out of the contemporary "vacuum."

[1] A reference to Ray Bradbury, the American science fiction writer.

[2] A reference to A. M. Nekrich's study, *1945:22 iiunia*, Moscow, Academy of Sciences, 1965.

59. Sakharov on Freedom (Excerpt)

NOTE: In the following document asterisks indicate author's footnotes, while numerals indicate explanatory notes inserted by the editors.

An extreme expression of the dangers of modern social development is the growth of racism, nationalism and militarism, and in particular the rise of demagogic, hypocritical and monstrously cruel police dictatorships. Ranking first are the regimes of Stalin, Hitler, and Mao Tse-tung, followed up by a number of reactionary regimes in smaller countries (Spain, Portugal, the United Arab Republic, Greece, Albania, Haiti, and several Latin American countries).

All of these tragic phenomena have had as their source the struggle of selfish interest groups, the struggle for unlimited power, the suppression of intellectual freedom, the dissemination among the people of emotional and intellectually simplified mass myths for the Philistine (in Germany—the myth of race, land and blood, the myth of the Jewish menace, anti-intellectualism, and the concept of "*Lebensraum*"; in the USSR—the myth of intensifying class struggle and proletarian infallibility, upheld by the cult of Stalin and by the exaggeration of contradictions in the capitalist countries; in China—the myth about Mao Tse-tung, extreme Chinese nationalism and a resurrected concept of "*Lebensraum*," anti-intellectualism, rabid antihumanism, and certain prejudices of peasant socialism).

The usual pattern [of dictatorship] involves the resort to demagogy, storm troopers and Red Guards in the first stage, and [the entrenchment of] a terrorist bureaucracy—with reliable "cadres" of the type used by Eichmann, Himmler, Yezhov and Beria—at the height of the deification of unlimited power. The world will never forget the book-burnings in the squares of German cities; the hysterical, cannibalistic speeches of the Fascist "leaders"; and their even more cannibalistic secret plans for annihilating and enslaving whole peoples, including the Russians. The Fascists achieved a partial realization of these plans during the war they unleashed, annihilating prisoners of war and hostages, burning villages, and carrying out a criminal policy of genocide (the main blow of genocide fell on the Jews in the war period, but the policy evidently also had a certain provocative aim, especially in the Ukraine and in Poland).

We will never forget the trenches many kilometers long filled with corpses, the gas chambers, the SS dogs and fanatical doctors, the compressed piles of women's hair, the suitcases with gold teeth, and the fertilizers in the form of "products" from the factories of death.

Analyzing the reasons for Hitler's rise to power, we have not forgotten the role of German and international monopoly capital; neither have we forgotten the criminally sectarian, dogmatically narrow policies of Stalin and his comrades-in-arms, setting Socialists and Communists against one another (this was described very well in E. Genri's famous letter to I. Ehrenburg).

Fascism in Germany lasted 12 years. Stalinism in the USSR lasted twice as long. Although they have many common characteristics, there are also certain differences.

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Stalinism was a much more refined type of hypocrisy and demagogy, relying not on an open, cannibalistic program like Hitler's, but on a progressive, scientific and socialist ideology popular among the workers. This provided a very convenient screen for deceiving the working class and for lulling the vigilance of the intellectuals and other rivals in the struggle for power; [it was coupled] with the insidious and sudden use of the mechanism of a chain reaction of torture, execution and denunciation, intimidating and making fools of millions of people, the majority of whom were neither cowards nor fools. As a consequence of the "specific" character of Stalinism, a terrible blow was struck at the Soviet people, and at its most active, capable and honest representatives. No less than 10-15 million Soviet people perished—in the torture chambers of the NKVD from torment and execution; in camps for exiled kulaks and so-called "semi-kulaks" and members of their families; in camps "without the right of correspondence" (these were in fact prototypes of the Fascist death-camps, where, for example, mass machine-gun shootings of thousands of prisoners took place because of "overcrowding" or on "special orders"); in the mines of Norilsk and Vorkuta, [where death resulted] from cold, hunger, and exhausting work; on countless construction sites, in lumber camps, or on canal-building projects; or simply on the transportation trains, in the boarded-up railway wagons, and in the flooded holds of the "ships of death" on the sea of Okhotsk, when whole peoples were being resettled (the Crimean Tatars, the Volga Germans, the Kalmyks and many Caucasian peoples).

The temporary bosses were replaced (Yagoda, Molotov, Yezhov, Zhdanov, Malenkov, and Beria), but Stalin's inhuman regime remained just as fierce and at the same time dogmatically narrow and blind in its cruelty. The destruction of military and engineering cadres before the war, [Stalin's] blind faith in the "reasonableness" of his brother-in-crime Hitler, and other sources for the national tragedy of 1941 have been treated very well in Nekrich's book,[1] in the notes of Major General Grigorenko, and in a number of other publications—and these cases in point are far from the only examples revealing the [Stalinist] combination of crime, criminal narrowmindedness and shortsightedness.

Stalinist dogmatism and isolation from real life were especially evident in the countryside—in the policy of unrestrained exploitation of the agricultural sector through extortionist state purchases [of farm produce] at "symbolic prices,"[2] combined with almost serf-like enslavement of the peasantry, with the deprivation of the collective farmer's right to use the basic means of mechanization, and with the appointment of kolkhoz chairmen on the basis of obsequiousness and sly resourcefulness. The consequence is apparent in the massive destruction of the [rural] economy and of the whole way of life in the country—[damage] which is difficult to rectify and which, in accordance with the law of "communicating arteries," has also undermined industry.[3]

The inhuman character of Stalinism was clearly evident in the repressions against war prisoners who had survived Fascist imprisonment and were then thrown into Stalinist camps; in the anti-worker "decrees"[4]; in the criminal resettlement of whole peoples condemned to a slow death; in the vulgar, animalistic antisemitism peculiar to the Stalinist bureaucracy and the NKVD (and Stalin personally); in the Draconian laws on the protection of socialist property (five years for "a bag of grain," *etc.*), which mainly served as one of the means to satisfy the demand of the "slave market"; and in the Ukrainophobia that characterized Stalin.

A profound analysis of the genesis and growth of Stalinism is contained in a thoroughgoing (1,000-page) monograph by R. Medvedev. This excellent work, written from a socialist, Marxist position, has not as yet appeared in print, unfortunately. The present writer probably will not get similar compliments from Comrade Medvedev, who will find elements of "Westernism" in the writer's views. Well, if we have to argue, let's argue! The fact is that the views of the writer are deeply socialist, and he hopes that the attentive reader will comprehend this.

The writer is very aware of those ugly phenomena in the area of human and international relations that are engendered by the egotistic principle of capital when it does not feel the pressure of socialist, progressive forces; he feels, however, that progressive people in the West understand this even better than he does and are struggling with such problems. Thus the writer concentrates his attention on what he sees before his eyes, and on what, in his view, hinders progress on the global problem of overcoming divisiveness, as well as [progress] in the struggle for democracy, social progress, and intellectual freedom.

Our country has now entered on the path of self-purification from the obscenity of "Stalinism." "Drop by drop we are squeezing the slave out of ourselves" (to quote A. P. Chekhov); we are training ourselves to express our own opinion without looking to the higher-ups or fearing for our very lives.

The beginning of this path, one that has been difficult and far from straight, appears to date back to N. S. Khrushchev's report to the 20th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. This bold speech, which took Stalin's former accomplices in crime by surprise, as well as a number of accompanying measures—the liberation and rehabilitation of hundreds of thousands of political prisoners, the steps taken toward restoration of the principles of peaceful coexistence, and the moves made toward the revival of democracy—makes us value the historic role of N. S. Khrushchev very highly, despite the number of regrettable mistakes of a voluntarist nature which he committed in later years, and despite the fact that Khrushchev, having held a number of rather important posts while Stalin was alive, was certainly one of his accomplices in crime.

The unmasking of Stalinism is far from over in our country. It is, of course, absolutely necessary that *all* [relevant] authentic materials be published (including the NKVD archives) and that nationwide investigations be carried out. It would enhance the international authority of the CPSU and the ideal of socialism if Stalin, the murderer of millions of party members,* were to be excluded symbolically from the CPSU—as was contemplated in 1964 but "for some reason or other" called off—and if the victims of Stalinism were to be politically rehabilitated.

The influence of neo-Stalinists on our political life must be limited as much as possible. Here we are forced to bring up the issue of one individual. One of the most influential representatives of neo-Stalinism is now the

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head of the scientific department of the Central Committee of the CPSU, S. P. Trapeznikov. The leadership of our country and our people ought to know that the position of this undoubtedly intelligent and shrewd man, whose views and principles are very consistent, is basically a Stalinist one (*i.e.*, it represents, in my opinion, the interests of the bureaucratic elite), and it differs radically from the hopes and aspirations of the largest and most active part of our intelligentsia (which express, I believe, the true interests of *all* of our people and of progressive mankind). The leadership of our country ought to understand that as long as such a man (if I am not mistaken in my evaluation of his views) exercises any influence, there can be no hope of strengthening the position of the party leadership among the scientific and artistic intelligentsia. A hint of this was given in the last election to the Academy of Sciences of the USSR, when S. P. Trapeznikov was blackballed by a considerable majority—but the hint was not "understood" by the leadership. We are not discussing the professional or personal qualities of Comrade S. P. Trapeznikov, about which I know very little, but rather his political line. I base my previous remarks on second-hand information; thus in principle I cannot exclude the possibility that all this may be completely contrary to fact (although I consider it highly improbable). [If such proved to be the case], then in that more pleasant circumstance, I would ask forgiveness and retract everything that I have written above.

* * *

In recent years elements of demagogy, violence, cruelty, and baseness have again taken hold of a great country that had embarked on the path of socialist development. I am speaking, of course, about China. One cannot read without pain and horror about the mass infection of antihumanism being spread by the "great helmsman" and his comrades-in-arms—about the Red Guards who, according to the Chinese radio, "jump for joy" during public executions of "enemies of the ideas" of Chairman Mao. In China the idiocy of the cult of personality has assumed monstrous, grotesque, tragi-comic forms, carrying to absurdity many of the characteristics of Stalinism and Hitlerism. But this absurdity has become an effective means for making fools of tens of millions of people, and for destroying and murdering millions of the more honest and more intelligent of these people. The full picture of the tragedies that have befallen China is not clear. At any rate, it cannot be regarded separately from the internal economic difficulties in China since the failure of the great-leap-forward adventure, or separately from the struggle for power among various groups, or separately from the foreign political situation—the war in Vietnam, the divisiveness in the world, the insufficient and belated character of the struggle against Stalinism in the USSR.

The split in the world Communist movement is often considered to be the greatest damage caused by Maoism. This, of course, is not so. The split is the consequence of a "disease," and to a certain extent points the way to overcome it. In the presence of "disease," formal unity would represent a dangerous and unprincipled compromise that would eventually lead the world Communist movement to a dead end.

The crimes of the Maoists against the rights of man have gone too far; indeed, the Chinese people are more in need of a unity of world democratic forces to defend *their* rights than of a unity of world Communist forces with its Communist masters as conceived in the Maoist sense, to combat the so-called imperialist danger somewhere in Africa or Latin America or in the Near East.

* * *

The threat to intellectual freedom is a threat to the independence and value of the human personality, a threat to the meaning of human life.

Nothing threatens freedom of personality and the meaning of life as much as war, poverty, and terror. However, there are also very serious indirect dangers, only somewhat more removed. One of these dangers is the stultification of man (the "gray mass," according to the cynical definition of bourgeois futurology) through "mass" culture, entailing a deliberate or commercially-motivated lowering of its intellectual level and content, emphasis on entertainment or utilitarianism, and carefully protective censorship.

Another danger is linked to the problems of education. The system of education under government control, the separation of the school from the church, universal free education—all of this represents a great achievement on the path of socialist progress. But there is another side to everything. In this case it is the superfluous unification which has spread to teaching itself, to the curriculum—especially in such subjects as literature, history, social studies, geography—and to the system of examination. One cannot help but see the danger in unwarranted reliance on authority, in a narrowing of the framework for discussion and the intellectual boldness of conclusions, at an age when the formulation of [the student's] convictions is taking place. In old China the system of examinations for jobs led to intellectual stagnation and canonization of the reactionary aspects of Confucianism. It is very undesirable to have anything similar in modern society.

Modern technology and mass psychology have provided all sorts of new opportunities for managing the criteria, behavior, aspirations and convictions of the popular masses. This means management not only by means of information based on the theory of advertising and mass psychology, but also by means of more "technical" methods such as have been described in the foreign press. Examples are biochemical control of the birth rate, biochemical control of psychic processes, and radio-electronic control of psychic processes. In my view, we cannot wholly reject these new methods, we cannot impose a ban in principle on the development of science and technology; but we must clearly understand the terrible danger—fundamental to human values and to the very meaning of life—which lurks in the [potential] abuse of technical and biochemical methods and methods of mass psychology. Man must not be turned into a chicken or a rat, as in certain famous experiments which attempted to induce "electronic pleasure" from electrodes inserted into the brain. Also involved is the problem of the ever-increasing use of tranquilizers and stimulants, authorized or unauthorized narcotics, and so on.

Also, we must not forget the very real danger which [Norbert] Wiener wrote about in his book, *Cybernetics*—the absence in cybernetic technique of stable human cri-

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teria. The tempting, unprecedented power accessible to mankind—or even worse, one or another group of a divided mankind—through the use of the wise counsels of future intellectual aids, artificial "thinking" automatons, may turn into a fatal trap, as Wiener emphasizes; these counsels may turn out to be incredibly insidious, pursuing not human goals, but the solution of abstract problems transformed in the artificial brain in some unforeseen way. Such a danger will become completely real in a few decades, if human values, and primarily freedom of thought, are not reinforced in this period, and if divisiveness is not liquidated. Let us return to the dangers and demands of the present day—to the necessity for intellectual freedom, which would give the people and the intelligentsia the opportunity to control and publicly examine all actions, intentions, and decisions of the ruling group. . . .

Both Marx and Lenin always emphasized the depravity of the bureaucratic system of government as the antithesis of a democratic system. Lenin said that every cook should learn how to run the government. Today the multiplicity and complexity of social phenomena, the dangers confronting mankind, have grown immeasurably, and it is therefore all the more important to insure mankind against the danger of dogmatic and voluntarist mistakes, which are inevitable when problems are decided by the "cabinet method," with the secret advice of "shadow cabinets."

It is no coincidence that censorship problems (in the broad meaning of the word) have been one of the central questions in the ideological struggle of recent years. Here is a quotation from the progressive [American] social scientist, L. Coser:

It would be absurd to attribute the alienation of many *avant garde* authors of the 19th and 20th centuries solely to the battle with the censors, yet one may well maintain that these battles contributed in no mean measure to such alienation. To these authors, the censor came to be the very symbol of the philistinism, hypocrisy, and meanness of bourgeois society. . . . Many an author who was initially apolitical was drawn to the political left in the United States because the left was in the forefront of the battle against censorship. The close alliance of *avant garde* art with *avant garde* political and social radicalism can be accounted for, at least in part, by the fact that they came to be merged in the mind of many as a single battle for freedom against all repression. . . . (Quoted from I. Kon, in *Novyi mir*, No. 1, 1968.)

We all know the passionate and profoundly reasoned appeal dealing with this question [of censorship] by the outstanding Soviet writer, A. Solzhenitsyn. A. Solzhenitsyn, G. Vladimov, G. Svirsky, and other writers who have spoken out on this theme have clearly demonstrated how incompetent censorship aborts the living soul of Soviet literature—indeed, the same thing applies to all the other manifestations of social thought—causing stagnation, dullness, and a complete absence of any fresh and profound ideas; for profound ideas come about only through discussion, in the face of objections, only when there is a potential possibility of expressing not just true but also dubious ideas. This was quite clear even to the philosophers of ancient Greece, and there is hardly anyone today who doubts the fact. Yet after 50 years of undivided rule over the minds of a whole country, our leadership seems to fear even a hint of such discussion. Here we must touch on the shameful tendencies that have emerged in recent years.

We will mention only a few random examples, without attempting to present the whole picture. Once more censorship has been intensified, crippling Soviet artistic and political literature. Scores of profound and brilliant works have not been able to see the light of day—including the best works of A. Solzhenitsyn, which are executed with great artistic and moral force and which contain deep artistic and philosophical generalizations. Isn't this a disgrace?

Widespread indignation has been aroused by the law adopted by the Supreme Soviet of the RSFSR as a supplement to the Criminal Code—a law which directly contradicts the civil liberties proclaimed in our Constitution.[5]

The trial of Daniel and Siniavsky, which was condemned by progressive public opinion at home and abroad (from Louis Aragon to Graham Greene) and which has compromised the Communist system, has not yet been reviewed. The writers themselves are languishing in a camp of severe regimen and are being subjected (especially Daniel) to harsh humiliations and ordeals.* *

It is not a disgrace that Ginzburg, Galanskov, and others were arrested, imprisoned for twelve months without trial, and sentenced to five-to-seven-year terms for activities which really consisted of defending civil liberties and (partly as a symbol) Daniel and Siniavsky personally? On February 11, 1967, the author of these lines appealed to the Central Committee of the CPSU with the request that the case against Ginzburg and Galanskov be dismissed. However, he received no answer whatsoever to his appeal, nor any clarification of the matter. Only much later did he learn that an attempt (evidently on the initiative of the former KGB chairman, Semichastny) had been made to slander him and several other persons with the help of false testimony elicited from one of the accused in the case of Galanskov and Ginzburg. (Subsequently the testimony of this very same person, Dobrovolsky, was used at the trial of Ginzburg and Galanskov as evidence of the connection of these defendents with a foreign anti-Soviet organization—an accusation which cannot fail to raise doubts.)

Is it not a disgrace that Khaustov and Bukovsky were sentenced (to three years in camps) for participating in a meeting in defense of their comrades? Is it not a disgrace that scores of representatives of the Soviet intelligentsia were persecuted in the best style of witchhunting for protesting against the arbitrariness of the judicial and psychiatric agencies? Is it not a disgrace that an attempt was made to force honest people to sign false and hypocritical "retractions," that persons were dismissed from their jobs and blacklisted, that young writers, editors and other members of the intelligentsia were deprived of their livelihood?

Here is a typical example of this sort of "activity."

A woman, a literary editor in the film industry, Comrade B., is summoned to the district committee of the party. First question: "Who gave you the letter to sign in defense of Ginzburg?" "Permit me not to answer that question." "All right, you may go, and we will discuss it." The decision: to expel her from the party, and to recommend that she be removed from her position and forbidden to work in the cultural field.

A party employing such methods of persuasion and

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education can hardly pretend to the role of spiritual leader of mankind.

Isn't it a disgrace to hear a speech at a Moscow party conference by a President of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR who either was too intimidated or too dogmatic in his views?[6] Is it not disgraceful that there has been a recurrent backsliding into antisemitism in personnel policy? (One might add that in the highest bureaucratic elite of our government the stench of narrow-minded antisemitism has never fully disappeared, even after 30 years.) Isn't it a disgrace that the Crimean Tatars, who lost about 46 percent of their population (mainly children and old people) in the Stalinist repressions, continue to be restricted in their rights as a people?* * *

Is it not most disgraceful and dangerous of all that attempts have been made, directly and by means of keeping silent [about the past], to rehabilitate Stalin, his henchmen, his policies, and his pseudo-socialism of terroristic bureaucracy—a socialism of hypocrisy and ostentatious growth, at best a quantitative and one-sided growth accompanied by the loss of many qualitative characteristics?

Although all these disgraceful developments do not approach the horrible scale of the crimes of Stalinism—coming closer in scope to the sadly notorious McCarthyism of the "cold war" era—Soviet society cannot fail to be extremely alarmed and disquieted; we must be vigilant in the face of even insignificant evidences of the possible emergence of neo-Stalinism in our country.

We are certain that world Communist public opinion also reacts negatively to all attempts to revive Stalinism in our country, since [such a revival] would be a terrible blow to the attractive force of Communist ideas throughout the globe.

Today the key to progressive reconstruction of the state system in the interests of mankind lies in intellectual freedom. This has been understood, particularly in Czechoslovakia; without a doubt we must support their [the Czechs'] daring initiative, which is of great import to the fate of socialism and of all mankind (we must support them both politically and, in the first stage, by increasing economic aid).

The censorship situation (*Glavlit*) in our country is such that mere "liberal" directives will hardly help correct it once and for all. What are needed are very far-reaching organizational and legislative measures—for example, the enactment of a special law on *press and information*, which would clearly and cogently define what may or may not be done, and which would place the attendant responsibility in the hands of people who are competent and who are controlled by public opinion. It is very important to increase the exchange of information on an international scale in every way possible (press, tourism, *etc.*); it is also very important to get to know ourselves better, not to stint on funds for sociological, political, and economic research and investigation—which should not be *exclusively* government-controlled programs (in the latter case we might succumb to the temptation of avoiding "unpleasant" themes and problems).

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* More than 1.2 million members of the CPSU—half of the entire party—were arrested in the years 1936-1939 alone. Only 50,000 were freed—the rest were tortured during interrogation, shot (600,000), or perished in camps. Only a few of those rehabilitated were permitted to work in responsible positions; even fewer were able to participate in the investigation of crimes of which they had been witnesses and victims. In recent times there have been frequent appeals "not to pour salt into the wounds." Such appeals usually come from those who had no wounds whatsoever. Actually, only a thorough analysis of the past and its consequences for the present will allow us to wash away all the blood and dirt which soiled our banner. In discussions and in literature, the idea is sometimes advanced that the political evidences of Stalinism were a "superstructure" on top of the economic base of an anti-Leninist "pseudo-socialism," leading to the formation of a special class in our country—the bureaucratic "nomenclature" elite, which appropriated the fruits of social labor with the help of a complicated chain of open and hidden privileges. I cannot deny that there is a certain amount of truth (incomplete in my opinion) in this approach—in particular, it explains the tenacity of neo-Stalinism. But a complete analysis of this train of ideas is beyond the scope of the present article, which is mainly concerned with a different aspect of the problem.

** At the present time the majority of political prisoners are being kept in a group of camps of the Dubrovlag in Mordvinia (including criminals, there are approximately 30,000 prisoners). According to available information, since 1961 the regime in this camp has been continuously more cruel, and the "staff" left over from Stalinist times has assumed even more authority than before. (In all fairness it must be admitted that in very recent times a certain improvement has been reported; let us hope that this change will remain in effect.) The restoration of Leninist principles of public control over places of imprisonment would no doubt be highly advisable. No less important would be a complete amnesty for political prisoners (and not that "token" amnesty which was announced for the 50th anniversary of the October Revolution, reflecting the temporary victory of rightist elements in our leadership), as well as a review of all the political trials which have evoked doubts among progressive people.

*** The problems of nationalities will continue to be a cause of unrest and dissatisfaction unless *all existing* deviations from Leninist principles are recognized and analyzed, and unless a firm course for correcting all the errors is adopted.

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[1] For a discussion of Nekrich's book, see "The Nazi-Soviet Pact," by Vladimir Petrov, *Problems of Communism*, No. 1, 1968.—Ed.

[2] Sakharov is referring here to so-called "confiscatory" prices, far below market levels, which were paid to kolkhozes for compulsory deliveries of produce.—Ed.

[3] Connections between the anterior, interior, and posterior areas of the brain. The expression appears to be a simile for the party's unbroken chain of command within the industrial complex.—Ed.

[4] Between 1938 and 1940, the Soviet government promulgated a series of decrees which stipulated severe punishments for workers who either left their jobs without permission or were guilty of unexcused absences from work for as little as 20 minutes at a time. The penalties ranged from deprivation and reduction of pay to imprisonment. The harshest provisions of these decress have since been repealed. (See Ann Kahl, "The Worker," *Problems of Communism*, No. 2, 1965.)—Ed.

[5] A September 1966 addition to Article 190 penalizing "group activities that grossly violate public order."—Ed.

[6] Speech by M. Keldysh, *Pravda*, April 1, 1968.—Ed.

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II. Writers and Censors

EDITORS' NOTE: Soviet writers and intellectuals have long struggled for a relaxation of the stringent censorship laws under which they have labored ever since Glavlit (Main Administration for Literary Affairs and Publishing) was established on June 6, 1922. But not until May 1967 were the Soviet authorities presented with a demand for the total and unqualified abolition of this reprehensible institution. The demand came from Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, author of One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich, *in the form of an open letter to the Fourth USSR Writers' Congress, and its repercussions—overwhelming support from fellow-writers and a concerted campaign of harassment launched against Solzhenitsyu by the regime in collaboration with bureaucrats from the Union of Writers—are traced in the documents reproduced below. The documents tell a remarkable story of a distinguished writer and free human spirit refusing to bow to the pressures, the cajolements, the abuse, the threats and intimidations of a police regime. His novel* The First Circle *(now published in English, German, and Italian), which deals with the special penal institutions provided by Stalin for politically objectionable members of the technical intelligentsia, has been suppressed, as well as his other novel dealing with the Stalinist era,* Cancer Ward *(recently printed in English by two publishers). On June 26, 1968,* Literaturnaia gazeta *denounced him for his "demagogic behavior," for "attacking the fundamental principles that guide Soviet literature," and for "maliciously slandering the Soviet system," warning him—and one of his supporters, the venerable writer V. Kaverin (see Doc. 67)—to cease their "anti-Soviet" activities. But Solzhenitsyn remains unmoved, his behavior serving as an inspiration to many others in the literary community—as borne out by Documents 71and 72. The address by Svirsky refers explicitly to Solzhenitsyn; and it surely is significant that Voznesensky's bold attack on what may be termed the "literary bureaucracy" came shortly after Solzhenitsyn's plea for the abolition of censorship. The final document (No. 73) is an impassioned defense of underground literature and underground writers in general. It was written in 1966 by Yuri Galanskov, whose long record of activities (including the drafting of a program for a "World Union of Partisans of General Disarmament" in 1961, an attempt to organize an apolitical youth club in 1962, and a unique one-man demonstration three years later in front of the US Embassy in Moscow against American intervention in the Dominican Republic) ended in January 1968, when he was imprisoned for "subverting Soviet authority."*

A. *L'Affaire* Solzhenitsyn

60. Solzhenitsyn to the Fourth Congress of Soviet Writers

To the Presidium and the delegates to the Congress, to members of the Union of Soviet Writers, and to the editors of literary newspapers and magazines:

Not having access to the podium at this Congress, I ask that the Congress discuss:

I. The no longer tolerable oppression, in the form of censorship, which our literature has endured for decades, and which the Union of Writers can no longer accept.

Under the obfuscating label of Glavlit, this censorship—which is not provided for in the Constitution and is therefore illegal, and which is nowhere publicly labeled as such—imposes a yoke on our literature and gives people unversed in literature arbitrary control over writers. A survival of the Middle Ages, the censorship has managed, Methuselah-like, to drag out its existence almost to the 21st century. Of fleeting significance, it attempts to appropriate to itself the role of unfleeting time—of separating good books from bad.

Our writers are not supposed to have the right, are not endowed with the right, to express their cautionary judgments about the moral life of man and society, or to explain in their own way the social problems and historical experience that have been so deeply felt in our country. Works that might express the mature thinking of the people, that might have a timely and salutary influence on the realm of the spirit or on the development of a social conscience, are proscribed or distorted by censorship on the basis of considerations that are petty, egotistical, and—from the national point of view—shortsighted. Outstanding manuscripts by young authors, as yet entirely unknown, are nowadays rejected by editors solely on the ground that they "will not pass." Many members of the [Writers'] Union, and even many of the delegates at this Congress, know how they themselves have bowed to the pressures of the censorship and made concessions in the structure and concept of their books—changing chapters, pages, paragraphs, or sentences, giving them innocuous titles—just for the sake of seeing them finally in print, even if it meant distorting them irremediably. It is an understood quality of literature that gifted works suffer

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[most] disastrously from all these distortions, while untalented works are not affected by them. Indeed, it is the best of our literature that is published in mutilated form.

Meanwhile, the most censorious labels—"ideologically harmful," "depraved," and so forth—are proving short-lived and fluid, [in fact] are changing before our very eyes. Even Dostoevsky, the pride of world literature, was at one time not published in our country (still today his works are not published in full); he was excluded from the school curriculum, made unacceptable for reading, and reviled. For how many years was Yesenin considered "counterrevolutionary"?—he was even subjected to a prison term because of his books. Wasn't Maiakovsky called "an anarchistic political hooligan"? For decades the immortal poetry of Akhmatova was considered anti-Soviet. The first timid printing of the dazzling Tsvetaeva ten years ago was declared a "gross political error." Only after a delay of twenty to thirty years were Bunin, Bulgakov, and Platonov returned to us. Inevitably, Mandelshtam, Voloshin, Gumilev and Kliuev will follow in that line—not to mention the recognition, at some time or other, of even Zamiatin and Remisov.

A decisive moment [in this process] comes with the death of a troublesome writer. Sooner or later after that, he is returned to us with an "explanation of [his] errors." For a long time the name of Pasternak could not be pronounced out loud; but then he died, and since then his books have appeared and his verse is even quoted at ceremonies.

Pushkin's words are really coming true: "They are capable of loving only the dead."

But the belated publication of books and "authorization" [rehabilitation] of names does not make up for either the social or the artistic losses suffered by our people as a consequence of these monstrous delays and the suppression of artistic conscience. (In fact, there were writers in the 1920's—Pilniak, Platonov, Mandelshtam—who called attention at a very early stage to the beginnings of the cult [of personality] and the peculiar traits of Stalin's character; but these writers were silenced and destroyed instead of being listened to.) Literature cannot develop in between the categories of "permitted" and "not permitted," "about this you may write" and "about this you may not." Literature that is not the breath of contemporary society, that dares not transmit the pains and fears of that society, that does not warn in time against threatening moral and social dangers—such literature does not deserve the name of literature; it is only a facade. Such literature loses the confidence of its own people, and its published works are used as waste-paper instead of being read.

Our literature has lost the leading role it played at the end of the last century and the beginning of this one, and it has lost the brilliance of experimentation that distinguished it in the 1920's. To the entire world the literary life of our country now appears immeasurably more colorless, trivial and inferior than it actually is—[or] than it would be if it were not confined and hemmed in. The losers are both our country—in world public opinion—and world literature itself. If the world had access to all the uninhibited fruits of our literature, if it were enriched by our own spiritual experience, the whole artistic evolution of the world would move along in a different way, acquiring a new stability and attaining even a new artistic threshold.

I propose that the Congress adopt a resolution which would demand and ensure the abolition of all censorship, open or hidden, of all fictional writing, and which would release publishing houses from the obligation to obtain authorization for the publication of every printed page.

II. The duties of the Union towards its members.

These duties are not clearly formulated in the statutes of the Union of Soviet Writers (under "Protection of copyrights" and "Measures for the protection of other rights of writers"), and it is sad to find that for a third of a century the Union has not defended either the "other" rights or even the copyrights of persecuted writers.

Many writers have been subjected during their lifetime to abuse and slander in the press and from rostrums without being afforded the physical possibility of replying. More than that, they have been exposed to violence and personal persecution (Bulgakov, Akhmatova, Tsvetaeva, Pasternak, Zoshchenko, Platonov, Aleksandr Grin, Vassili Grossman). The Union of Writers not only did not make its own publications available to these writers for purposes of reply and justification, not only did not come out in their defense, but through its leadership was always first among the persecutors. Names that adorned our poetry of the 20th century found themselves on the list of those expelled from the Union or not even admitted to it in the first place. The leadership of the Union cravenly abandoned to their distress those for whom persecution ended in exile, labor camps, and death (Pavel Vasilev, Mandelshtam, Artem Vesely, Pilniak, Babel, Tabidze, Zabolotsky, and others). The list must be cut off at "and others." We learned after the 20th Party Congress that there were more than 600 writers whom the Union had obediently handed over to their fate in prisons and camps. However, the roll is even longer, and its curled-up end cannot and will not ever be read by our eyes. It contains the names of young prose-writers and poets whom we may have known only accidentally through personal encounters and whose talents were crushed in camps before being able to blossom, whose writings never got further than the offices of the state security service in the days of Yagoda, Yezhov, Beria and Abakumov.

There is no historical necessity for the newly-elected leadership of the Union to share with its predecessors the responsibility for the past.

I propose that all guarantees for the defense of Union members subjected to slander and unjust persecution be clearly formulated in Paragraph 22 of the Union statutes, so that past illegalities will not be repeated.

If the Congress does not remain indifferent to what I have said, I also ask that it consider the interdictions and persecutions to which I myself have been subjected.

1) It will soon be two years since the state security authorities took away from me my novel, *The First Circle* (comprising 35 authors' sheets [*avtorskie listy*]),[1] thus preventing it from being submitted to publishers. Instead, in my own lifetime, against my will and even without my knowledge, this novel has been "published" in an unnatural "closed" edition for reading by an unidentified select circle. My novel has [*thus*] become available to literary officials but is being concealed from most writers. I have been unable to obtain open discussion of the novel within writers' associations and to prevent misuse and plagiarism.

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2) Together with this novel, my literary papers dating back 15-20 years, things that were not intended for publication, were taken away from me. Now, tendentious excerpts from these papers have also been covertly "published" and are being circulated within the same circles. The play, *Feast of the Conquerors*, which I wrote in verse from memory in camp, where I went by a four-digit number—and where, condemned to die by starvation, we were forgotten by society, no one outside the camps coming out against [such] repressions—this play, now left far behind, is being ascribed to me as my very latest work.

3) For three years now, an irresponsible campaign of slander has been conducted against me, who fought all through the war as a battery commander and received military decorations. It is being said that I served time as a criminal, or surrendered to the enemy (I was never a prisoner-of-war), that I "betrayed" my country and "served the Germans." That is the interpretation being put now on the eleven years I spent in camps and in exile for having criticized Stalin. This slander is being spread in secret instructions and meetings by people holding official positions. I vainly tried to stop the slander by appealing to the Board of the Writers' Union of the RSFSR and to the press. The Board did not even react, and not a single paper printed my reply to the slanderers. On the contrary, slander against me from rostrums has intensified and become more vicious within the last year, making use of distorted material from my confiscated papers, and I have no way of replying.

4) My novel, *Cancer Ward* (comprising 25 author's sheets), the first part of which was approved for publication by the prose department of the Moscow writers' organization, cannot be published either by chapters—rejected by five magazines—or in its entirety—rejected by *Novyi mir*, *Zvezda*, and *Prostor*.

5) The play, *The Reindeer and the Little Hut*, accepted in 1962 by the Sovremennik Theater, has thus far not been approved for performance.

6) The screen play, *The Tanks Know the Truth;* the stage play, *The Light That is in You;* [a group of] short stories entitled *The Right Hand;* the series, *Small Bite*—[all these] cannot find either a producer or a publisher.

7) My stories published in *Novyi mir* have never been reprinted in book form, having been rejected everywhere—by the Soviet Writer Publishers, the State Literature Publishing House, and the *Ogoniok* Library. They thus remain inaccessible to the general reading public.

8) I have also been prevented from having any other contacts with readers [either] through public readings of my works (in November 1966, nine out of eleven scheduled meetings were cancelled at the last moment) or through readings over the radio. Even the simple act of giving a manuscript away for "reading and copying" has now become a criminal act (ancient Russian scribes were permitted to do this five centuries ago).

Thus my work has been finally smothered, gagged, and slandered.

In view of such flagrant infringements of my copyright and "other" rights, will the Fourth Congress defend me—yes or no? It seems to me that the choice is also not without importance for the literary future of several of the delegates.

I am of course confident that I will fulfill my duty as a writer under all circumstances—even more successfully and more unchallenged from the grave than in my lifetime. No one can bar the road to truth, and to advance its cause I am prepared to accept even death. But may it be that repeated lessons will finally teach us not to stop the writer's pen during his lifetime?

At no time has this ennobled our history.

A. I. SOLZHENITSYN

May 16, 1967.

[1] "Author's sheets" are printed pages, each containing 40,000 typographical characters, used in the Soviet Union for computing the author's fee.—Ed.

61. Antokolsky to Demichev

To Comrade P. N. Demichev, Secretary of the CPSU Central Committee

Dear Piotr Nilych!

Like other delegates to our congress, I too have received the famous letter written by Aleksandr Isaevich Solzhenitsyn, and it has perturbed me, as it has several other comrades.

As an old writer and a Communist, I feel obliged to share my feelings with you.

I consider Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn a writer endowed with rare talent, a rising hope of our realistic literature, an heir to the great and humanistic traditions of Gogol, Lev Tolstoy and Aleksei Maksimovich Gorky. We ought to cherish such contributors to our culture. Criticism of those works of Solzhenitsyn which have been published has shocked me because it is biased, unjust and unconvincing.

The ban on Solzhenitsyn's manuscripts, described in detail in his letter, strikes one as an incredible occurrence unworthy of our socialist society and our Soviet state. It is all the more dreadful in view of the fact that the same thing happened several years ago to the manuscript of the second part of the novel by the late Vassili Grossman.

Is it possible that such reprisals against the manuscripts of our writers are threatening to become a custom sanctioned by law in our country?

This cannot and must not happen!

Such savagery toward works of art is incompatible with our fundamental laws and unthinkable in any normal human community.

If Solzhenitsyn's works contain controversial and unclear elements, if political mistakes have been discovered in them, they should be submitted to the public for open discussion. Writers have many opportunities to do this.

I have worked in the field of literature for 50 years. I have written many books and lived out my life, a life full of vicissitudes. I have experienced periods of burning anxiety for the fate of our entire literature, and sometimes for various comrades: Bulgakov, Pasternak, Titsian

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Tabidze—I recall the names of those who were close to me.

Having lived out my life, I would never have thought that such anxiety would recur in the evening of my days, and on the eve of the great and glorious anniversary!

If a Soviet writer is compelled to turn to his fellow writers with a letter like Solzhenitsyn's, this means that we are all morally responsible to him and to our own readers. If he cannot tell his readers the truth, then I too, old writer that I am, have no right to look my readers straight in the eye.

PAVEL ANTOKOLSKY

[n.d.]

62. Solzhenitsyn to Writers' Union

To the Secretariat of the Board of the Union of Writers of the USSR—All Secretaries

Even though supported by more than a hundred writers, my letter to the Fourth Congress of the Union of Writers has been neither published nor answered. The only thing that has happened is that rumors are being spread in order to assuage public opinion. These rumors—highly uniform and evidently coming from a centralized source—aver that *Cancer Ward* and a book of [my] stories are being printed. But as you know, this is a lie.

In a conversation with me on June 12, 1967, [some of the] secretaries of the Board of the Union of Writers of the USSR—G. Markov, K. Voronkov, S. Sartakov, and L. Sobolev—declared that the Board of the Union of Writers deemed it a duty to refute publicly the base slander that has been spread about me and my military record. However, not only has this refutation failed to materialize, but the slanders continue: at instructional meetings, at activist meetings, and at seminars, a new batch of fantastic nonsense is being disseminated about me—[*e.g.*,] that I have run off to the Republic of Arabia or to England (I would like to assure the slanderers that it is rather they who will be doing the running). Prominent persons persistently express their regret that I did not die in the camp, that I was liberated. (Incidentally, immediately following *Ivan Denisovich*, the same regret was voiced. This book is now being secretly withdrawn from circulation in [public] libraries.)

These same secretaries of the Board promised at least to "examine the question" of [approving] publication of my latest novel, *Cancer Ward*. But in the space of three months—one-fourth of a year—no progress has been made in this direction either. During these three months, 42 secretaries of the Board have been unable to make an evaluation of the novel or to make a recommendation as to whether it should be published. The novel has been in this same strange and equivocal state—no direct prohibition, no direct permission—for over a year, since the summer of 1966. While the journal *Novyi mir* would now like to publish the story, it lacks the permission to do so.

Does the Secretariat believe that my novel will silently disappear as a result of these endless delays, that I will cease to exist, and that [therefore] the Secretariat will not have to decide whether to include it or exclude it from Soviet literature? While this is going on, the book is being read avidly everywhere. At the behest of the readers, it has already appeared in hundreds of typewritten copies. At the June 12 meeting I apprised the Secretariat that we should make haste to publish the novel if we wish to see it appear first in Russian, that under the circumstances we cannot prevent its unauthorized appearance in the West.

After the senseless delay of many months, the time has come to state that if the latter does happen, it will clearly be the fault (or perhaps the wish?) of the Secretariat of the Board of the Union of Writers of the USSR.

I insist that my story be published without delay.

SOLZHENITSYN

September 12, 1967

63. Secretariat Meeting with Solzhenitsyn

Proceedings of a Session of the Secretariat of the Union of Soviet Writers, September 22, 1967

The session was attended by approximately 30 secretaries of the Union of Writers and by Comrade Melentiev of the Cultural Department of the Central Committee. K. A. Fedin was chairman. The session, which discussed letters written by Solzhenitsyn, started at 1:00 p.m. and ended after 5:00 p.m.

FEDIN: I have been shaken by Solzhenitsyn's second letter. His claim that things have come to a standstill seems to me to be without foundation. I feel that this has been an insult to our collective. By no means is three and a half months a long time to spend examining his manuscript. I have sensed something in the nature of a threat [in the letter]. This strikes me as offensive! Solzhenitsyn's second letter seems to urge us to take up his manuscripts in all haste and to publish them immediately. The second letter continues the line of the first, but the first letter spoke more concretely and with more fervor about the fate of the writer, while the second, I feel, was offensive. Where do we stand with regard to the complex question of publishing Solzhenitsyn's things? None of us denies that he is talented. [Yet] the tenor of the letter veers in an impermissible direction. His letter is like a slap in the face: it is as if we are reprobates and not representatives of the creative intelligentsia. In the final analysis, he himself is slowing down the examination of the question with these demands. I did not find the idea of literary comradeship in his letters. Whether we want to or not, today we must get into a discussion of Solzhenitsyn's works, but it seems to me that generally speaking we should discuss the letters.

Solzhenitsyn requests permission to say a few words about the subject of discussion. He reads a written statement:

It has become known to me that in preparation for the

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discussion of *Cancer Ward*, the secretaries of the Board were instructed to read the play, *Feast of the Conquerors*, which I myself have long since renounced; I have not even read it for ten years. I destroyed all copies of it except the one that was confiscated and that has now been reproduced. More than once I have explained that this play was written not by Solzhenitsyn, member of the Union of Writers, but by nameless prisoner Sh-232 in those distant years when there was no return to freedom for those arrested under the political article, at a time when no one in the community, including the writers' community, either in word or deed spoke out against repression, even when such repression was directed against entire peoples. I now bear just as little responsibility for this play as many other authors bear for speeches and books they wrote in 1949 but would not write again today. This play bears the stamp of the desperation of the camps in those years when man's conscious being was determined by his social being and at a time when the conscious being was by no means uplifted by prayers for those who were being persecuted. This play bears no relationship whatsoever to my present works, and the critique of it is a deliberate departure from a businesslike discussion of the novel, *Cancer Ward*.

Moreover, it is beneath a writer's ethics to discuss a work that was seized in such a way from a private apartment. The critique of my novel, *The First Circle*, is a separate matter and should not be substituted for a critique of the story, *Cancer Ward*.

KORNEICHUK: I have a question to put to Solzhenitsyn. How does he regard the licentious bourgeois propaganda that his [first] letter evoked? Why doesn't he dissociate himself from it [the propaganda]? Why does he put up with it in silence? How is it that his letter was broadcast over the radio in the West even before the congress started?

Fedin calls upon Solzhenitsyn to reply. Solzhenitsyn replies that he is not a schoolboy who has to jump up to answer every question, that he will deliver a statement like the others. Fedin says that Solzhenitsyn can wait until there are several questions and then answer them all at the same time.

BARUZDIN: Even though Solzhenitsyn protests against the discussion of *Feast of the Conquerors*, we shall have to discuss this play whether he wants to or not.

SALYNSKY: I would like Solzhenitsyn to tell us by whom, when, and under what circumstances these materials were removed. Has the author asked for their return? To whom did he address his request?

Fedin asks Solzhenitsyn to answer these questions. Solzhenitsyn repeats that he will answer them when making his statement.

FEDIN: But the Secretariat cannot begin the discussion until it has the answers to these questions.

VOICES: If Solzhenitsyn wants to refuse to talk to the Secretariat at all, let him say so.

SOLZHENITSYN: Very well, I shall answer these questions. It is not true that the letter was broadcast over the radio in the West before the congress: it was broadcast *after* the congress closed, and then not right away. (*The following is verbatim:*) Very significant and expressive use is made here of the word "abroad," as if it referred to some higher authority whose opinion was very much cherished. Perhaps this is understandable to those who spend much creative time traveling abroad, to those who flood our literature with sketches about life abroad. But this is alien to me. I have never been abroad, but I do know that I don't have time enough left in my life to learn about life there. I do not understand how one can be so sensitive to opinion abroad and not to one's own country, to pulsing public opinion here. For my entire life I have had the soil of my homeland under my feet; only *its* pain do I hear, only about *it* do I write.

Why was the play, *Feast of the Conquerors*, mentioned in the letter to the congress? This is apparent from the letter itself: in order to protest against the illegal "publication" and dissemination of this play against the will of the author and without his consent. Now, concerning the confiscation of my novel and archives. Yes, I did write several times beginning in 1965 to protest this matter to the Central Committee. But in recent times a whole new version of the confiscation of my archives has been invented. The story is that Teush, the person who was keeping my manuscripts, had some tie with another person who is not named, that the latter was arrested while going through customs (where is not mentioned), and that something or other was found in his possession (they do not say what); it was not something of mine, but they decided to protect me against such an acquaintanceship. All this is a lie. Teush's friend was investigated two years ago, but no such accusation was made against him. The items I had in safekeeping were discovered as a consequence of [police] surveillance, wiretapping, and an eavesdropping device. And here is the remarkable thing: barely does the new version [of the confiscation] appear than it crops up in various parts of the country. Lecturer Potemkin has just aired it to a large assemblage in Riga; and one of the secretaries of the Union of Writers has passed it on to writers in Moscow, adding his own invention—that I supposedly acknowledged all these things at the last meeting at the Secretariat. Yet not a single one of these things was discussed. I have no doubt that I will soon start getting letters from all parts of the country about the dissemination of this version.

VOICE: Has the editorial board of *Novyi mir* rejected or accepted the novel, *Cancer Ward?*

ABDUMOMUNOV: What kind of authorization does *Novyi mir* require to print a story, and from whom does it come?

TVARDOVSKY: Generally, the decision to print or not to print a particular thing is a matter for the editorial board to decide. But in the situation that has developed around this author's name, the Secretariat of the Union must decide.

VORONKOV: Not once has Solzhenitsyn appealed directly to the Secretariat of the Union of Writers. After Solzhenitsyn's letter to the congress, some of the comrades in the Secretariat expressed the desire to meet with him, to answer questions, to talk [with him] and help. But after the letter appeared in the dirty bourgeois press and Solzhenitsyn did not react in any way. . .

TVARDOVSKY [*interrupting*]: Precisely like the Union of Writers!

VORONKOV: . . . this desire died. And now the second letter has come. It is written in the form of an ultimatum; it is offensive and a disrespect to our writers' community. Just now Solzhenitsyn referred to "one of the secretaries"

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who addressed a party meeting of Moscow writers. I was that secretary. [*To Solzhenitsyn*]: People were in a hurry to inform you but they did a bad job of it. As to the confiscation of your things, the only thing I mentioned was that you had admitted at the last meeting that the confiscated items were yours and that there had been no search made of your house. Naturally, after your letter to the Congress, we ourselves asked to read all your works. But you should not be so rude to your brothers in labor and writing! And you, Aleksandr Trifonovich [Tvardovsky], if you consider it necessary to print this story, and if the author accepts your corrections, then go ahead and print it yourself; why should the Secretariat be involved?

TVARDOVSKY: And what happened in the case of Bek?[1] The Secretariat was also involved then and made its recommendations, but all the same nothing was published.

VORONKOV: What interests me most of all now is the civic person Solzhenitsyn: Why doesn't he give answer to the malicious bourgeois propaganda? And why does he treat us as he does?

MUSREPOV: I have a question, too. How can he possibly write in his letter: "Prominent persons persistently express regret that I did not die in the camp? What right does he have to write such a thing?

SHARIPOV: And by what channels could the letter have reached the West?

Fedin asks Solzhenitsyn to answer these questions.

SOLZHENITSYN: What other things have been said about me? A person who right now occupies a very high position publicly declared that he is sorry he was not one of the triumvirate that sentenced me in 1945, that he would have sentenced me to be shot then and there! Here [at the Secretariat] my second letter is interpreted as an ultimatum: either print the story, or it will be printed in the West. But it isn't *I* who presents this ultimatum to the Secretariat; life presents this ultimatum to you and me both. I write that I am disturbed by the distribution of the story in hundreds—this is an approximate figure—in hundreds of typewritten copies.

VOICE: How did this come about?

SOLZHENITSYN: My works are disseminated in one way only: people persistently ask to read them, and having received them to read, they either use their spare time or their own funds to reprint them and then give them to others to read. As long as a year ago the entire Moscow section [of the Writers' Union] read the first part of the story, and I am surprised that Comrade Voronkov said here that they didn't know where to get it and that they asked the KGB. About three years ago my "short stories" or poetry in prose were disseminated just as rapidly: barely had I given them to people to read when they quickly reached various cities in the Union. And then the editors of *Novyi mir* received a letter from the West from which we learned that these stories had already been published there.[2] It was in order that such a leak might not befall *Cancer Ward* that I wrote my insistent letter to the Secretariat. I am no less astonished that the Secretariat could fail to react in some way to my letter to the congress before the West did. And how could it fail to respond to all the slander that surrounds me? Comrade Voronkov used here the remarkable expression "brothers in writing and labor." Well, the fact of the matter is that these brothers in writing and labor have for two and a half years calmly watched me being oppressed, persecuted, and slandered. . .

TVARDOVSKY: Not everyone has been indifferent.

SOLZHENITSYN: . . . and newspaper editors, also like brothers, contribute to the web of falsehood that is woven around me by not publishing my denials. (*Verbatim*): I'm not speaking about the fact that people in the camps are not allowed to read my book. It was banned in the camps, searches for it were conducted, and people were put in punishment cells for reading it even during those months when all the newspapers were loudly acclaiming *A Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* and promising that "this will not happen again." But in recent times, the book is secretly being withdrawn from libraries outside [the camps] as well. I have received letters from various places telling me of the prohibition against circulating the book: the order is to tell the readers that the book is in the bindery, that it is out, or that there is no access to the shelves [where the book is kept], and to refuse to circulate it. Here is a letter recently received from the Krasnogvardeiskii Region in the Crimea:

In the regional library, I was confidentially told (I am an activist in this library) of an order that your books be removed from circulation. One of the women workers in the library wanted to present me with *A Day* in a journal-newspaper as a souvenir, since the library no longer needs it, but another woman immediately stopped her rash girl friend: "What are you doing, you mustn't! Once the book has been assigned to the Special Section, it is dangerous to make a present of it."

I am not saying that the book has been removed from *all* libraries; here and there it can still be found. But people coming to visit me in Riazan were unable to get my book in the Riazan Oblast Reading Room! They were given various excuses but they did not get the book. . . .

The circle of lies becomes ever wider, knowing no limits, even charging me with having been taken prisoner and having collaborated with the Germans. But that's not the end of it! This summer, in the political education schools, *e.g.*, in Bolshevo, the agitators were told that I had fled to the Republic of Arabia and that I had changed my citizenship. Naturally, all this is written down in notebooks and is disseminated one hundred times over. And this took place not more than a few miles from the capital! Here is another version. In Solikamsk (PO Box 389), Major Shestakov declared that I had fled to England on a tourist visa. This is the deputy for political affairs—who dares disbelieve him? Another time, the same man stated: "Solzhenitsyn has been *forbidden* to write officially." Well, at least here he is closer to the truth.

The following is being said about me from the rostrums: "He was set free ahead of time, for no reason." Whether there was any reason can be seen in the court decision of the Military Collegium of the Supreme Court, Rehabilitation Section. It has been presented to the Secretariat. . . .

TVARDOVSKY: It also contains the combat record of Officer Solzhenitsyn.

SOLZHENITSYN: And the expression "ahead of time" is used with great relish! After the eight-year sentence, I served a month in deportation prisons, but of course it is considered shameful to mention such a petty detail. Then, without being sentenced, I was permanently exiled. I spent three years in exile with that eternal feeling of doom. It was only because of the 20th Congress that I

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was set free—and this is called "ahead of time!" The expression is so typical of the conditions that prevailed in the 1949-53 period: If a man did not die beside a camp rubbish heap, if he was able even to crawl out of the camp, this meant that he had been set free "ahead of time"—after all, the sentence was for eternity and anything earlier was "ahead of time."

Former Minister Semichastny, who was fond of speaking on literary issues, also singled me out for attention more than once. One of his astonishing, even comical accusations was the following: "Solzhenitsyn is materially supporting the capitalist world; else why doesn't he claim his rights [*i.e.*, collect his fee] from someone or other for his well-known book?" Obviously, the reference was to *Ivan Denisovich*, since no other book of mine had been published [at that time]. Now if you knew, if you had read somewhere that it was absolutely necessary for me to wrest the money from the capitalists, then why didn't you inform me about it? This is a farce: whoever collects fees from the West has sold out to the capitalists; whoever does not take the fees is materially supporting them. And the third alternative? To fly into the sky. While Semichastny is no longer a minister, his idea has not died: lectures of the All-Union Society for the Dissemination of Scientific Information have carried it further. By way of example, the idea was repeated on July 16 of this year by Lecturer A. A. Freifeld at the Sverdlovsk Circus. Two thousand persons sat there and marveled: "What a crafty bird, that Solzhenitsyn! Without leaving the Soviet Union, without a single kopek in his pocket, he contrived to support world capitalism materially." This is indeed a story to be told at a circus.

We had a talk on June 12, right here, at the Secretariat. It was quiet and peaceful. We seemed to make some progress. A short time passed, and suddenly rumors were rampant throughout all of Moscow. Everything that actually took place was distorted, beginning with the fabrication that Tvardovsky had been shouting and waving his fist at me. But everyone who was there knows that nothing like that took place. Why these lies, then? And right now we are all simultaneously hearing what is said here, but where is the guarantee that after today's meeting of the Secretariat everything will not be distorted again? If you really are "brothers in writing and work," then my first request is that when you talk about today's session, don't fabricate and distort things.

I am one person; my slanderers number in the hundreds. Naturally I am never able to defend myself, and I never know against whom I should defend myself. I wouldn't be surprised if I were declared to be an adherent of the geocentric system and to have been the first to light the pyre of Giordano Bruno.[3]

SALYNSKY: I shall speak of *Cancer Ward*. I believe that it should be printed—it is a vivid and powerful thing. To be sure, it contains descriptions of diseases in pathological terms, and the reader involuntarily develops a phobia about cancer—a phobia which is already widespread in our century. Somehow this [aspect of the book] should be eliminated. The caustic, topical-satirical style should also be eliminated. Another negative feature is that the destinies of almost all the characters are connected with the camp or with camp life in one form or another. This may be all right in the case of Kostoglotov or Rusanov, but why does it have to be applied to Valim, to Shulubin, and even to the soldier? At the very end we learn that he is no ordinary soldier from the army, that he is a camp guard. [Still] the basic orientation of the novel is to discuss the end of the difficult past. And now a few words about moral socialism [a concept expounded in the novel]. In my opinion, there is nothing so bad about this. It would be bad if Solzhenitsyn were preaching *a*moral socialism. If he were preaching national socialism or the Chinese version of national socialism—it would be bad. Each person is free to form his own ideas on socialism and its development. I personally believe that socialism is determined by economic laws. But of course there is room for argument. Why not print the story then? (*He subsequently calls upon the Secretariat to issue a statement decisively refuting the slanders against Solzhenitsyn.*)

SIMONOV: I do not accept the novel, *The First Circle*, and oppose its publication. As for *Cancer Ward*, I am in favor of publishing it. Not everything in the story is to my liking, but it does not have to please everyone. Perhaps the author should adopt some of the comments that have been made, but naturally he cannot adopt all of them. It is also our duty to refute the slander about him. Further, his book of stories should be published. The foreword to the latter book would be a good place in which to publish his biography, and in this way the slander would die out of its own accord. Both we and he himself can and must put an end to false accusations. I have not read *Feast of the Conquerors*, nor do I desire to do so, since the author doesn't wish it.

TVARDOVSKY: Solzhenitsyn's position is such that he cannot issue a statement. It is we ourselves, the Union, who must make a statement refuting the slander. At the same time, we must sternly warn Solzhenitsyn against the inadmissible, unpleasant way in which he addressed the congress. The editorial board of *Novyi mir* sees no reason why *Cancer Ward* should not be printed, naturally with certain revisions. We only wish to receive the Secretariat's approval or at least word that the Secretariat does not object. (*He asks Voronkov to produce the Secretariat's draft communique which was prepared back in June.*)

Voronkov indicates that he is in no hurry to produce the communique. During this time voices are heard: They still haven't decided. There are those who are opposed!

FEDIN: No, that isn't so. It isn't the Secretariat that has to print or reject anything. Are we really guilty of anything? Is it possible, Aleksandr Trifonovich, that you feel guilty?

TVARDOVSKY (*quickly, expressively*): I?? No.

FEDIN: We shouldn't search for some trumped-up excuse to make a statement. Mere rumors don't provide sufficient grounds for doing so. It would be another matter if Solzhenitsyn himself were to find a way to resolve the situation. What is needed is a public statement by Solzhenitsyn himself. [*To Solzhenitsyn:*] But think it over, Aleksandr Isaevich—in the interest of *what* will we be publishing your protests? You must protest above all against the dirty use of your name by our enemies in the West. Naturally, in the process you will also have the opportunity to give voice to some of the complaints you've uttered here today. If this proves to be a fortunate and tactful document, we will print it and help you. It is precisely from this point that your acquittal must proceed, and not from your works, or from this bartering as to how many months we are entitled to examine your manuscript

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—three months? four months? Is that really so terrible? It is far more terrible that your works are used there, in the West, for the basest of purposes.

(*Approval expressed among members of the Secretariat.*)

KORNEICHUK: We didn't invite you here to throw stones at you. We summoned you in order to help you out of this trying and ambiguous situation. You were asked questions but you declined to answer. By our works we are protecting our government, our party, our people. Here you have sarcastically referred to trips abroad as if they were pleasant strolls. We travel abroad to wage the struggle. We return home from abroad, worn out and exhausted but with the feeling of having done our duty. Don't think that I was offended by the comment concerning travel sketches. I don't write them. I travel on the business of the World Peace Council. We know that you suffered a great deal, but you are not the only one. There were many other comrades in the camps besides you. Some were old Communists. From the camps they went to the front. Our past consists not of acts of lawlessness alone; there were also acts of heroism—but you didn't notice the latter. Your works consist only of accusations. *Feast of the Conquerors* is malicious, vile, offensive! And this foul thing is disseminated, and the people read it! When were you imprisoned? Not in 1937. In 1937 *we* went through a great deal, but nothing stopped us! Konstantin Aleksandrovich was right in saying that you must speak out publicly and strike out against Western propaganda. Do battle against the foes of our nation! Do you realize that thermonuclear weapons exist in the world and that despite all our peaceful efforts, the United States may employ them? How then can we, Soviet writers, not be soldiers?

SOLZHENITSYN: I have repeatedly declared that it is dishonest to discuss *Feast of the Conquerors*, and I demand that this argument be excluded from our discussion.

SURKOV: You can't stop everyone from talking.

KOZHEVNIKOV: The long time lapse between the receipt of Solzhenitsyn's letter and today's discussion is in fact an expression of the *seriousness* with which the Secretariat approaches the letter. If we had discussed it at the time, while the impact was still hot, we would have treated it more severely and less thoughtfully. We ourselves decided to find out just what kind of anti-Soviet manuscripts these were, and we spent a good deal of time reading them. The military service of Solzhenitsyn has been confirmed by relevant documents; yet we are not now discussing the officer but rather the writer. Today, for the first time, I have heard Solzhenitsyn renounce the libelous depiction of Soviet reality in *Feast of the Conquerors*, but I still cannot get over my first impression of this play. For me, this moment of Solzhenitsyn's renunciation of *Feast of the Conquerors* still does not jibe with my perception of the play. Perhaps this is because in both *The First Circle* and *Cancer Ward* there is a feeling of the same vengeance for past suffering. And if it is a question of the fate of these works, the author should remember that he is indebted to the organ that discovered him. Some time ago, I was the first to express apprehension concerning "Matriona's House."[4] We spent time reading your gray manuscript, which you did not even venture to give to any editorial board. *Cancer Ward* evokes revulsion from the abundance of naturalism, from the surfeit of all manner of horrors. All the same, its basic orientation is not medical, but rather social. . . . And it is apparently from this that the title of the work is derived. In your second letter, you demand the publication of your story, which still requires further work. Is such a demand worthy of a writer? All of our writers willingly listen to the opinions of the editors and do not hurry them.

SOLZHENITSYN: (*Verbatim.*) Despite my explanations and objections, despite the utter senselessness of discussing a work written 20 years ago, in another era, in an incomparably different situation, by a different person—a work, moreover, which was never published or read by anyone, and which was stolen from a drawer—some of the speakers have concentrated their attention on this very work. This is much more senseless than—*e.g.*, at the First Congress of Writers—rebuking Maksim Gorky for "Untimely Thoughts" or Sergeev-Tsensky for the *osvagovskie* correspondence,[5] which had been published a good 15 years earlier. Korneichuk has stated here that "such a thing has never happened and will not happen in the history of Russian literature." Precisely!

OZEROV: The letter to the Congress proved to be a politically irresponsible act. First of all, the letter reached our enemies. It contained things that were incorrect. Zamiatin was put in the same heap together with unjustly repressed writers. As regards the publication of *Cancer Ward*, we can make an agreement with *Novyi mir* that the thing be printed only if the manuscript is corrected and the corrections are discussed. There remains some other very important work to be done. The story is uneven in quality. There are good and bad points in it. Most objectionable is the penchant for sloganeering and caricatures. I would ask that quite a number of things be deleted, things which we simply do not have time to discuss now. The philosophy of moral socialism does not belong merely to the hero. One senses that it is being defended by the author. This cannot be permitted.

SURKOV: I, too, have read *Feast of the Conquerors*. The mood of it is: "be damned, the whole lot of you!" The same mood pervades *Cancer Ward* as well. Having suffered so much, you had a right to be angry as a human being, Aleksandr Isaevich, but after all you are also a writer! I have known Communists who were sent to camps, but this in no measure affected their world-view. No, your story does not approach fundamental problems in philosophical terms, but in political terms. And then there is [the reference to] that idol in the theater square, even though the monument to Marx had not yet been erected at that time.

If *Cancer Ward* were to be published, it would be used against us, and it would be more dangerous than Svetlana's memoirs. Yes, of course it would be well to forestall its publication in the West, but that is difficult. For example, in recent times I have been close to Anna Andreevna Akhmatova. I know that she gave [her poem] "Requiem" to several people to read.[6] It was passed around for several weeks, and then suddenly it was printed in the West. Of course, our reader is now so developed and so sophisticated that no measly little book is going to alienate him from communism. All the same, the works of Solzhenitsyn are more dangerous to us than those of Pasternak: Pasternak was a man divorced from life, while Solzhenitsyn, with his animated, militant, ideological temperament, is a man of principle. We represent the first revolution in the history of mankind that has changed neither its slogans nor its banners. "Moral socialism" is a philistine [*burzhuaznyi*] socialism. It is old

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and primitive, and (*speaking in the direction of Salynsky*) I don't understand how anyone could fail to understand this, how anyone could find anything in it.

SALYNSKY: I do not defend it in the least.

RIURIKOV: Solzhenitsyn has suffered from those who have slandered him, but he has also suffered from those who have heaped excessive praise on him and have ascribed qualities to him that he does not possess. If Solzhenitsyn is renouncing anything, then he should renounce the title of "continuer of Russian realism." The conduct of Marshal Rokossovsky and General Gorbatov is more honest than that of his heroes.[7] The source of this writer's energy lies in bitterness and wrath. As a human being, one can understand this. [*To Solzhenitsyn:*] You write that your things are prohibited, but not a single one of your novels has been censored. I marvel that Tvardovsky asks permission from us. I, for example, have never asked the Union of Writers for permission to print or not to print. (*He asks Solzhenitsyn to heed the recommendations of* Novyi mir *and promises page-by-page comments on* Cancer Ward *from "anyone present."*)

BARUZDIN: I happen to be one of those who from the start has not been captivated by the works of Solzhenitsyn. "Matriona's House" was already much weaker than the first thing [*One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*]. And *The First Circle* is much weaker, so pitifully naive and primitive are the depictions of Stalin, Abakumov and Poskrebyshev. But *Cancer Ward* is an antihumanitarian work. The end of the story leads to the conclusion that "a different road should have been taken." Did Solzhenitsyn really believe that his letter "in place of a speech" would be read [from the rostrum of] the congress? How many letters did the congress receive?

VORONKOV: About 500.

BARUZDIN: Well! And would it really have been possible to get through them in a hurry? I do not agree with Riurikov: it is proper that the question of permission be placed before the Secretariat. Our Secretariat should more frequently play a creative role and should willingly advise editors.

ABDUMOMUNOV: It is a very good thing that Solzhenitsyn has found the courage to repudiate *Feast of the Conquerors*. He will also find the courage to think of ways of carrying out the proposal of Konstantin Aleksandrovich [Fedin]. If we publish his *Cancer Ward*, there will be still more commotion and harm than there was from his first letter [to the Congress]. Incidentally what's the meaning of [the expression] "sprinkled tobacco into the eyes of the Rhesus monkey—just for the hell of it?" Why the "just for the hell of it"? This is against our entire style of narration. In the story there are the Rusanovs and the great martyrs from the camp—but is that all? And where is Soviet society? One shouldn't lay it on so thick and make the story so gloomy. There are many tedious passages, turns, and naturalistic scenes—all these should be eliminated.

ABASHIDZE: I was able to read only 150 pages of *Cancer Ward* and therefore can make no thoroughgoing assessment of it. Yet I didn't get the impression that the novel should not be published. But I repeat, I can't make a thorough assessment. Perhaps the most important things are farther on in the book. All of us, being honest and talented writers, have fought against embellishers even when we were forbidden to do so. But Solzhenitsyn tends to go to the other extreme: parts of his work are of a purely essayist, exposé nature. The artist is like a child, he takes a machine apart to see what is inside. But genuine art begins with putting things together. I have noticed him asking the person sitting next to him the name of each speaker. Why doesn't he know any of us? Because we have never invited him. The proposal of Konstantin Aleksandrovich was correct: let Solzhenitsyn himself answer, perhaps first of all for his own sake.

BROVKA: In Belorussia there are also many people who were imprisoned. For example, Sergei Grakhovsky was also in prison for 20 years. Yet he realized that it was not the people, not the party, and not Soviet power that were responsible for illegal acts. The people have already seen through Svetlana's notes—that fishwife twaddle—and are laughing at them. But before us stands a generally acknowledged talent, and therein lies the danger of publication. Yes, you feel the pain of your land, even to an extraordinary degree. But you don't feel its joys. *Cancer Ward* is too gloomy and should not be printed. (*Like all preceding and subsequent speakers, he supports Fedin's proposal that Solzhenitsyn himself speak out against the Western slander concerning his letter.*)

YASHEN: The author is not tortured by injustice; he is rather poisoned by hatred. People are outraged that there is such a writer in the ranks of the Union of Writers. I would like to propose his expulsion from the Union. He is not the only one that suffered, but the others understand the tragedy of the time better. The hand of a master is discernible in *Cancer Ward*. The author knows the subject better than any physician or professor. As for the siege of Leningrad, he now blames "still others" besides Hitler. Whom? We don't know. Is it Beria? Or today's outstanding leaders? He should speak out plainly. (*All the same, the speaker supports Tvardovsky's courageous decision to work on the story with the author,* [*remarking that*] *it can then be shown to a limited number of people.*)

KERBABAEV: I read *Cancer Ward* with a feeling of great dissatisfaction. Everyone is a former prisoner, everything is gloomy, there is not a single word of warmth. It is downright nauseating to read. Vera offers the hero her home and her embraces, but he renounces life. And then there is [the remark,] "twenty-nine weep and one laughs"—how are we to understand this? Does this refer to the Soviet Union? I agree with what my friend Korneichuk said. Why does the author see only the black? Why don't I write about the black? I always strive to write only about joyful things. It is not enough that he has repudiated *Feast of the Conquerors*. I would consider it courageous if he would renounce *Cancer Ward*. Then I would embrace him like a brother.

SHARIPOV: I wouldn't make any allowances in his case—I'd expel him from the Union. In his play, not only everything Soviet but even Suvorov is presented negatively. I completely agree: let him repudiate *Cancer Ward*. Our republic has reclaimed virgin and disused lands and is proceeding to score one success after another.

NOVICHENKO: The letter with its inadmissible appeal was sent to the congress over the head of the formal addressee. I approve Tvardovsky's stern words that we should decisively condemn this kind of conduct. I disagree with the principal demands of the letter: it is impossible to let everything be printed. Wouldn't that also mean the publication of *Feast of the Conquerors*? Concerning *Cancer Ward*, I have complicated feelings. I am no child, my time will come to die, perhaps in an agony like that

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of Solzhenitsyn's heroes. But then the crucial issue will be: How is your conscience? What are your moral reserves? If the novel had been confined to these things, I would have considered it necessary to publish it. But there was the base interference in our literary life— the caricatured scene with Rusanov's daughter, which is not congruent with our literary traditions. The ideological and political sense of moral socialism is the negation of Marxism-Leninism. All these things are completely unacceptable to us, to our society and to our people. Even if this novel were put into some kind of shape, it would not be a novel of socialist realism, but only an ordinary competent work.

MARKOV: This has been a valuable discussion. (*The speaker notes that he has just returned from Siberia, where he spoke before a mass audience five times.*) I must say that nowhere did Solzhenitsyn's name create any particular stir. In one place only was a note submitted to me. I ask your forgiveness, but this is exactly the way it was written: "Just when is this Dolzhenitsyn [sic!] going to stop reviling Soviet literature?" We await a completely clear answer from Solzhenitsyn to the bourgeois slander; we await his statement in the press. He must defend his honor as a Soviet writer. As for his declaration with regard to *Feast of the Conquerors*, he took a load off my mind. I view *Cancer Ward* in the same light as Surkov does. After all, the thing does have some worth on some kind of practical plane. But the social and political settings in it are utterly unacceptable to me. Its culprits remain nameless. What with the excellent collaboration that has been established between *Novyi mir* and Aleksandr Isaevich, this story can be finished, even though it requires very serious work. But of course it would be impossible to put it into print today. So what next? [Let me suggest some] constructive advice: That Aleksandr Isaevich prepare the kind of statement for the press that we talked about. This would be very good just on the eve of the holiday.[8] Then it would be possible to issue some kind of communiqué from the Secretariat. All the same, I still consider him our comrade. But, Aleksandr Isaevich, it's your fault and no one else's that we find ourselves in this complicated situation. As to the suggestions concerning expulsion from the Union—given the conditions of comradeship that are supposed to prevail, we should not be unduly hasty.

SOLZHENITSYN: I have already spoken out against the discussion of *Feast of the Conquerors* several times today, but I shall have to do so again. In the final analysis, I can rebuke all of you for not being adherents of the theory of development, if you seriously believe that in twenty years' time and in the face of a complete change in all circumstances, a man does not change. But I have heard an even more serious thing here: Korneichuk, Baruzdin and someone else mentioned that "the people are reading *Feast of the Conquerors*, as if this play was being disseminated." I shall now speak very slowly; let my every word be taken down accurately. If *Feast of the Conquerors* is being widely circulated or printed, I solemnly declare that the full responsibility lies with the organization which had the only remaining copy—one not read by anyone—and used it for "publication" of the play during my lifetime and against my will; it is this organization that is disseminating the play! For a year and a half, I have repeatedly warned that this is very dangerous. I imagine that there is no reading room there, that one is handed the play and takes it home. But at home there are sons and daughters, and desk drawers are not always locked. I had already issued a warning before, and I am issuing it again today!

Now, as to *Cancer Ward*. I am being criticized for the very title [of the story], which is said to deal not with a medical case but with some kind of symbol. I reply that this symbol is indeed harmful, if it can be perceived only by a person who had himself experienced cancer and all the stages of dying. The fact is that the subject is specifically and literally cancer, [a subject] which is avoided in literature, but which those who are stricken with it know only too well from daily experience. This includes your relatives—and perhaps soon someone among those present will be confined to a ward for cancer patients, and then he will understand what kind of a "symbol" it is.

I absolutely do not understand why *Cancer Ward* is accused of being antihumanitarian. Quite the reverse is true—life conquers death, the past is conquered by the future. By my very nature, were this not the case I would not have undertaken to write it. But I do not believe that it is the task of literature, with respect to either society or the individual, to conceal the truth or to tone it down. Rather, I believe that it is the task of literature to tell people the real truth as they expect it. Moreover, it is not the task of the writer to defend or criticize one or another mode of distributing the social product, or to defend or criticize one or another form of government organization. The task of the writer is to select more universal and eternal questions, [such as] the secrets of the human heart and conscience, the confrontation between life and death, the triumph over spiritual sorrow, the laws in the history of mankind that were born in the depths of time immemorial and that will cease to exist only when the sun ceases to shine.

I am disturbed by the fact that [some] comrades simply did not read certain passages of the story attentively, and hence formed the wrong impressions. For example, "twenty-nine weep and one laughs" was a popular camp saying addressed to the type of person who would try to go to the head of the queue. Kostoglotov comes out with this saying only so that he may be recognized, that's all. And from this people draw the conclusion that the phrase is supposed to apply to the entire Soviet Union. Or the case of "the Rhesus monkey." She appears twice [in the story], and from the comparison it becomes clear that this evil person who spills tobacco in people's eyes is meant to represent Stalin specifically. And why the protest over my "just for the hell of it?" If "just for the hell of it" does not apply, does that mean that this was normal or necessary?

Surkov surprised me. At first I couldn't even understand why he was talking about Marx. Where does Marx come into my story? Aleksei Aleksandrovich, you are a poet, a man with sensitive artistic taste, yet in this case your imagination played a dirty trick on you. You didn't grasp the meaning of this scene. Shubin cites Bacon's ideas and employs his terminology. He says "idols of the market," and Kostoglotov tries to imagine a marketplace and in the center a gray idol; Shubin says "idols of the theater," and Kostoglotov pictures an idol inside a theater —but that doesn't work, and so it must be an idol in a theater square. How could you imagine that this referred to Moscow and to the monument to Marx that had not yet even been built? . . .

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Comrade Surkov said that only a few weeks after [Akhmatova's] "Requiem" had been passed from hand to hand, it was published abroad. Well, *Cancer Ward* (Part I) has been in circulation for more than a year. And this is what concerns me, and this is why I am hurrying the Secretariat.

One more piece of advice was given to me by Comrade Riurikov—to repudiate Russian realism. Placing my hand on my heart, I swear that I shall never do it.

RIURIKOV: I did not say that you should repudiate Russian realism but rather [that you should repudiate] your role as it is interpreted in the West.

SOLZHENITSYN: Now concerning the suggestion of Konstantin Aleksandrovich. Well, of course I do not welcome it. Publicity is precisely what I am relentlessly trying to attain. We have concealed things long enough—we have had enough of hiding our speeches and our transcripts under seven locks. Now, we had a [previous] discussion of *Cancer Ward*. The Prose Section decided to send a transcript of the discussion to interested editorial boards. Some likelihood of that! They have hidden it; they barely agreed to give me, the author, a copy. As for today's transcript, Konstantin Aleksandrovich, may I hope to receive a copy?

Konstantin Aleksandrovich asked: "What interest would be served should your protests be printed?" In my estimation, this is clear: the interest of Soviet literature. Yet it's strange that Konstantin Aleksandrovich says that I should resolve the situation. I am bound hand and foot and my mouth is closed—how am I to resolve the situation? It seems to me that this would be an easier matter for the mighty Union of Writers. My every line is suppressed, while the entire press is in the hands of the Union. Still, I don't understand and don't see why my letter was not read at the congress. Konstantin Aleksandrovich proposes that the fight be waged not against the causes but rather against the effects and against the furor in the West surrounding my letter. You wish me to print a refutation—of what, precisely? I can make no statement whatsoever concerning an unprinted letter. And most important, my letter contains a general part and a personal part. Should I renounce the general part? Well, the fact is that I am still of the same mind as I was then, and I do not renounce a single word. After all, what is the letter about?

VOICES: About censorship.

SOLZHENITSYN: You haven't understood anything if you think it is about censorship. This letter is about the destiny of our great literature, which once conquered and captivated the world but which has now lost its standing. In the West, they say: the [Russian] novel is dead, and we gesticulate and deliver speeches saying that it is not dead. But rather than make speeches we should publish novels—such novels as would make them blink as if from a brilliant light, and then the "new novel" would die down and then the "neo-avantgardists" would disappear. I have no intention of repudiating the general part of my letter. Should I then declare that the eight points in the personal part of my letter are unjust and false? But they are all just. Should I say that some of the points [I protested about] have already been eliminated or corrected? But not one of them has been eliminated or corrected. What, then, can I declare? No, it is you who must clear at least a little path for such a statement: first, publish my letter, issue the Union's communiqué concerning the letter, and indicate which of the eight points are being corrected. Then I will be able to make my statement, willingly. If you wish, you can also publish my statement today concerning *Feast of the Conquerors*, even though I neither understand the discussion of stolen plays nor the refutation of unprinted letters. On June 12, here at the Secretariat, I was assured that the communiqué would be printed unconditionally, and yet today conditions are posed. What has changed [the situation]?

My book *Ivan Denisovich* is banned. New slanders continue to be directed at me. You can refute them, but I cannot. The only comfort I have is that I will never get a heart attack from this slander because I've been hardened in the Stalinist camps.

FEDIN: No, this is not the proper sequence. You must make the first public statement. Since you have received so many approving comments on your talent and style, you will find the proper form, you can do it. Your idea of our acting first, then you, has no sound basis.

TVARDOVSKY: And will the letter itself be published in this process?

FEDIN: No, the letter should have been published right away. Now that foreign countries have beat us to it, why should we publish it?

SOLZHENITSYN: Better late than never. So nothing will change regarding my eight points?

FEDIN: We'll see about that later.

SOLZHENITSYN: Well, I have already replied and I hope that everything has been accurately transcribed.

SURKOV: You should state whether you renounce your role of leader of the political opposition in our country—the role they ascribe to you in the West.

SOLZHENITSYN: Aleksei Aleksandrovich, it really makes me sick to hear such a thing—and from you of all persons: an artist with words and a leader of the political opposition? How does that jibe?

Several brief statements follow, demanding that Solzhenitsyn accept what was said by Fedin.

VOICES: Well, what do you say?

SOLZHENITSYN: I repeat once again that I am unable to provide such a statement, since the Soviet reader would have no idea as to what it is all about.

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[1] A novel by Aleksandr Bek was reportedly first approved, then rejected, for publication in the May 1968 issue of *Novyi mir*. (See Biographic Notes.)—Ed.

[2] Four prose poems by Solzhenitsyn were published in *The New Leader* (New York), Jan. 18, 1965.—Ed.

[3] A 16th-century philosopher, burned by order of the Inquisition for disputing a number of ecclesiastical dogmas, including the concept of a geocentric universe.—Ed.

[4] An English translation appeared in *Encounter* (London), May 1963.—Ed.

[5] Gorky's column, "Untimely Thoughts," which appeared in the paper *Novaia zhizn* (Petrograd) during 1917-18, criticized the Revolution as "premature" and warned that Lenin's policies could result in a return to "barbarism" and "oriental despotism." Sergeev-Tsensky also expressed initial misgivings about the Revolution, though in time he wrote with growing optimism of the Soviet era.—Ed.

[6] The poem was dedicated to the memory of Stalin's victims; it appeared in the Soviet Union in heavily-censored form.—Ed.

[7] General Gorbatov's memoirs have appeared in English under the title *Years of My Life*, New York, Norton, 1967.—Ed.

[8] A reference to the 50th anniversary of the October Revolution.—Ed.

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64. Zimianin on Solzhenitsyn *et al.*

NOTE: The following are excerpts from remarks made by M. V. Zimianin, Editor-in-Chief of Pravda, *during a private meeting with Soviet journalists at Leningrad in October 1967.*

Recently there has been a great deal of slander in the Western press against several of our writers whose works have played into the hands of our enemies. The campaign by the Western press in defense of [Valeri] Tarsis ceased only when he went to the West, where it became evident that he was not in his right mind.

At the moment, [Aleksandr] Solzhenitsyn occupies an important place in the propaganda of capitalist governments. He is also a psychologically unbalanced person, a schizophrenic, Formerly he had been a prisoner and, justly or unjustly, was subsequently subjected to repressions. Now he takes his revenge against the government through his literary works. The only topic he is able to write about is life in a concentration camp. This topic has become an obsession with him. Solzhenitsyn's works are aimed against the Soviet regime, in which he finds only sores and cancerous tumors. He doesn't see anything positive in our society.

I have occasion to read unpublished works in the course of my duties, and among them I read Solzhenitsyn's play, *Feast of the Conqueror.* The play is about repressions against those returning from the front. It is genuine anti-Soviet literature. In the old days, people were even imprisoned for works of this kind.

We obviously cannot publish his works. Solzhenitsyn's demand that we do so cannot be honored. If he writes stories which correspond to the interests of our society, then his works will be published. He will not be deprived of his bread and butter. Solzhenitsyn is a teacher of physics; let him teach. He very much likes to make public speeches and often appears before various audiences to read his works. He has been given such opportunities. He considers himself a literary genius.

Among the other names which come up quite often in the Western press, one must not forget [Yevgeni] Yevtushenko and [Andrei] Voznesensky. We have beautiful poetry and a great many poets who write wonderful poems. But in the West they basically recognize only these two because they find in their works passages worth using in their propaganda. We, of course, cannot consider the works of these poets to be anti-Soviet like those of Solzhenitsyn. They write good patriotic works, too. They are not that young any longer, although everyone thinks of them as being young; their works, however, lack the necessary political maturity. That is why they sometimes play into the hands of our enemies. I know them and have spoken with them about this. But they also consider themselves geniuses.

Take Yevtushenko. Recently, during a closed meeting, he was criticized by [Sergei] Pavlov, the Secretary of the Central Committee of the VLKSM (Komsomol). So Yevtushenko replied in words which were four times more powerful, ten times more powerful. He made fun of Pavlov in a poem. In this way, he branded him forever.

Then there is the tale of Voznesensky. Last year he went to the USA; he read his poetry there in front of large audiences. He had a great success and also profited financially. He was getting ready to go on a tour of American cities again this year. His trip was already arranged; it was publicized in the USA, and his visa was reserved at the American Embassy. At this time the war in the Middle East broke out. Our relations with the USA deteriorated. The board of administration of the Writers' Union clearly hinted to Voznesensky that it would be better for him not to go to the USA at that time. Simultaneously, the administration told the American Embassy that the poet was ill.

What did Voznesensky do? I came to the office on Monday morning and glanced through my mail. There was a letter from Voznesensky accusing the Writers' Union. I telephoned him at home. I was told that he had left and that his destination was unknown. I telephoned the Central Committee. They answered that they, too, had received a letter from Voznesensky and that they also had telephoned him at home but had not been able to locate him. One day went by, then another. No Voznesensky. Then suddenly I learned that the BBC had broadcast Voznesensky's letter to *Pravda.* He did not appear until a week later. Apparently he had been sitting it out at a dacha on the outskirts of Moscow. I invited him to come and see me. He denied having given the letter to Western journalists.

I told him that he might get off with a reprimand the first time, but if he ever did it again, he would be ground to dust. I myself would see to it that not a trace of him remained.

Some thought that we should have published his letter and given him an answer. But why make this sordid story a topic of general discussion?

65. Writers' Union to Solzhenitsyn

[Letter] No. 3142
To: Comrade A. I. Solzhenitsyn
November 25, 1967

Dear Aleksandr Isaevich!

At the meeting of the Secretariat of the Board of the Union of Writers of the USSR on September 22 of this year, at which your letters were discussed, in addition to sharp criticism of your act, the comrades expressed the well-intentioned thought that you should have sufficient time to reflect carefully on all that was discussed at the Secretariat and only then make a public statement clarifying your position on the anti-Soviet campaign surrounding your name and your letters that has been launched by hostile foreign propaganda. Two months have passed.

The Secretariat would like to know what decision you have reached.

Respectfully,
N. Voronkov

(On behalf of the Secretariat)
Secretary, Board of the Union
of Writers of the USSR

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66. Solzhenitsyn to Writers' Union (2)

[There are a number of things] I am unable to understand from your (letter) No. 3142 dated November 25, 1967:

1) Does the secretariat intend to defend me against the slander (calling it unfriendly would be an understatement) which has been going on without interruption for three years in my homeland? (New facts: On October 5, 1967, at a very crowded assemblage of listeners at the House of the Press in Leningrad, the editor-in-chief of *Pravda*, Zimianin, repeated the tiresome lie that I had been a prisoner of war, and he also tried the old trick used against those who have fallen from grace in announcing that I am a schizophrenic, and that my labor camp past is an obsessive idea. The MGK (Ministry of State Control) also set forth new false versions to the effect that I allegedly "tried putting together in the army" either a "defeatist" or a "terrorist" organization. It is incomprehensible why the military collegium of the Supreme Court did not detect this in my case.)

2) What measures did the secretariat take to nullify the illegal ban on the use of my published works in libraries and the censorship decree prohibiting any mention of my name in critical articles? (*Voprosy literatury* applied this ban even to . . . a translation of a Japanese article. At the University of Perm, sanctions were invoked against a group of students who sought to discuss my published works in their academic review.)

3) Does the secretariat wish to prevent the unchecked appearance of *Cancer Ward* abroad, or does it remain indifferent to this menace? Are any steps being taken to publish excerpts from the novel in *Literaturnaia gazeta*, and (to publish) the whole novel in *Novyi mir?*

4) Does the secretariat intend to appeal to the government to join the International Copyright Convention? Doing so would enable our authors to obtain reliable means of protecting their works from foreign pirating and shameless commercial competition.

5) In the six months since I sent my letter to the [Writers'] Congress, has circulation of the unauthorized "edition" of excerpts from my papers been discontinued, and has this "edition" been destroyed?

6) What measures has the secretariat taken to return to me these papers and the novel, *The First Circle*, which they impounded, apart from giving public assurances that they already had been returned (Secretary Ozerov, for instance)?

7) Has the secretariat accepted or rejected K. Simonov's proposal to publish a volume of my stories?

8) Why is it that, to date, I have not received for my perusal the September 22 stenographic report of the meetings of the secretariat?

I would be very grateful to have an answer to these questions.

A. Solzhenitsyn

December 1, 1967

67. Kaverin to Fedin

OPEN LETTER

To Konstantin Fedin:

We have known each other forty-eight years, Kostia. We were childhood friends. We have the right as friends to judge one another. It is more than a right, it is an obligation. Your former friends have pondered more than once what motives could have prompted your behavior in those unforgettable events in our literary life which strengthened some of us but transformed others into obedient bureacrats far removed from genuine art.

Who doesn't remember, for example, the senseless and tragic history of Pasternak's novel, which did a great deal of damage to our country? Your involvement in that affair went so deep that you were forced to pretend that you didn't know of the death of the poet who had been your friend and had lived alongside you for 23 years. Perhaps the crowd of thousands that accompanied him, that carried him on outstretched arms past your house, was not visible from your window. How did it happen that you not only did not support *Literaturnaia Moskva*, an anthology that was indispensable to our literature, but crushed it?[1] After all, on the eve of the meeting of 1500 writers in the cinema actors' building, you supported its publication. With an already prepared and dangerously treacherous speech in your pocket, you praised our work without finding even a trace of anything politically undesirable in it.

This is far from everything, but I do not propose in this letter to summarize your public activities, which are widely known in writers' circles. Not without reason, on the 75th birthday of Paustovsky, [the mention of] your name was greeted with complete silence. After the banning of Solzhenitsyn's novel *Cancer Ward*, which had already been set in type by *Novyi mir*, it will not surprise me if your very next appearance before a wide audience of writers is received with whistles and foot-stamping.

Of course, your position in literature should have prepared us to some degree for this staggering fact. One must go very far back to discover the very first point at which the process of spiritual deformation and irreversible change began. For years and years it went on beneath the surface and did not come into any striking contradiction to your position—a position which at times, although one could not exactly approve of it, could somehow be explained in historical terms. But what is pushing you along that path *now*, with the result that once again our literature will suffer gravely? Don't you understand that the mere act of publishing *Cancer Ward* would relieve the unprecendented tension in the literary world, break down the undeserved distrust of writers, and open the way for other books that would enrich our literature? A. Bek's superb novel, which was first authorized and then forbidden although unconditionally approved by the best writers in the country, just lies there in manuscript form. So do the war diaries of K. Simonov. One could scarcely find a single serious writer who does not have in his desk a manuscript that has been submitted, deliberated upon, and prohibited for unclear reasons that exceed the bounds of common sense. Thus, behind the scenes of the imagi-

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nary well-being proclaimed by the leadership, a strong, original literature is growing—the spiritual treasure of the country which it (the country) urgently and keenly needs. Don't you really see that our tremendous historical experience demands its own embodiment [in literature], and that you are joining forces with those who, for the sake of their own well-being, are trying to halt this inevitable process?

But let's return to Solzhenitsyn's novel. There is now no editorial board or literary organization where it is not being said that [Georgi] Markov and [Konstantin] Voronkov were *for* the publication of the novel, and that the typesetting was broken up only because you spoke out decisively against it. This means that the novel will remain in thousands of (separate) pages, passing from hand to hand and selling, it is said, for a good sum of money. It also means that it will be published abroad. We will be giving it away to the reading public of Italy, France, England and Western Germany; that is to say, the very thing that Solzhenitsyn himself repeatedly and energetically protested against will occur.

Perhaps there can be found in the leadership of the Writers' Union people who think that they will be punishing the author by giving his book away to foreign publishers. They will punish him by [giving him] a worldwide notoriety which our opponents will use for political ends. Or do they think that Solzhenitsyn will "mend his ways" and begin to write in another way? This is ridiculous in reference to an artist who is a rare example, who persistently reminds us that we are working in the literary tradition of Chekhov and Tolstoy.

But your path has still another meaning, too. You are taking upon yourself a responsibility, apparently without realizing its immensity and significance. A writer who throws a noose around the neck of another writer is one whose place in the history of literature will be determined not by what he himself may have written, but by what was written by his victim. Perhaps without even suspecting it yourself, you will become the focus of hostility, indignation and resentment in literary circles.

This can be altered only if you find in yourself the strength and courage to repudiate your decision.

You undoubtedly understand how difficult it is for me to write you this letter. But I do not have the right to keep silent.

V. KAVERIN

January 25, 1968

[1] Two volumes of the anthology *Literaturnaia Moskva* appeared in late 1956 and early 1957. See Hugh McLean and Walter N. Vickery (eds.), *The Year of Protest—1956*, New York, Vintage Russian Library, 1961, for translations of most of the contents.—Ed.

68. Solzhenitsyn to *Literaturnaia gazeta*

I have learned from a news story published in *Le Monde* on April 13 that extracts and parts of my novel, *Cancer Ward*, are being printed in various Western countries, and that the publishers—Mondadori (Italy) and The Bodley Head (England)—are already fighting over the copyright to this novel—since the USSR does not participate in the Universal Copyright Convention—despite the fact that the author is still living!

I would like to state that no foreign publisher has received from me either the manuscript of this novel or permission to publish it. Thus I do not recognize as legal any publication of this novel without my authorization, in the present or the future, and I do not grant the copyright to anyone. I will prosecute any distortion of the text (which is inevitable in view of the uncontrolled duplication and distribution of the manuscript) as well as any unauthorized adaptation of the work for the cinema or theater.[1]

I already know from my own experience that all the translations of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* were spoiled by haste. Evidently the same fate awaits *Cancer Ward* as well. But besides money, there is literature.

A. SOLZHENITSYN

April 21, 1968

[1] Before this letter was published in *Literaturnaia gazeta* on June 26, 1968, it had already appeared in *L'Unità* (Rome) on June 4. In the latter version, this particular sentence read as follows: "All distortions of the text (which are inevitable in view of the uncontrolled duplication and distribution of the manuscript) are harmful to me; I denounce and forbid any arbitrary adaptation of the work for the cinema or theater."

69. Solzhenitsyn to Writers and Newspapers

To: The Secretariat of the Union of Writers of the USSR
The journal *Novyi mir*
Literaturnaia gazeta
Members of the Union of Writers

At the editorial offices of *Novyi mir* I was shown the [following] telegram:

IMO177. Frankfurt-am-Main. Ch 2 9 16.20. Tvardovsky. *Novyi mir*. This is to inform you that the Committee of State Security, acting through Victor Louis, has sent one more copy of *Cancer Ward* to the West, in order thus to block its publication in *Novyi mir*. Accordingly we have decided to publish this work immediately. The editors of the journal *Grani*.

I should like to protest both against the publication [of the work] in *Grani* and against the actions of V. Louis, but the turbid and provocative nature of the telegram requires, first of all, the clarification of the following:

1) Whether the telegram was actually sent by the editors of the journal *Grani* or whether it was sent by a fictitious person (this can be established through the international telegraph system; the Moscow telegraph office can wire Frankfurt-am-Main).

2) Who is Victor Louis, what kind of person is he, of what country is he a citizen? Did he really take a copy of *Cancer Ward* out of the Soviet Union, to whom did he give it, and where else are they threatening to publish it?

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Furthermore, what does the Committee of State Security have to do with this?

If the Secretariat of the Writers' Union is interested in establishing the truth and in stopping the threatened publication of *Cancer Ward* in Russian abroad, I believe that it will help to get prompt answers to these questions.

This episode compels us to reflect on the terrible and dark avenues by which the manuscripts of Soviet writers can reach the West. It constitutes an extreme reminder to us that literature must not be brought to such a state where literary works become a profitable commodity for any scoundrel who happens to have a travel visa. The works of our authors must be printed in their own country and must not become the plunder of foreign publishing houses.

SOLZHENITSYN

April 18, 1968

70. Solzhenitsyn to Writers

To the Members of the Union of Writers of the USSR:

Almost a year has passed since I sent my unanswered question to the Writers' Congress. Since that time, I have written to the Secretariat of the Union of Writers and have been there three times in person. Nothing has changed to this very day: my archives have not been returned, my books are not being published, and my name is interdicted. I have urgently informed the Secretariat of the danger of my works being taken abroad since they have been extensively circulated from hand to hand for a long time. Not only did the Secretariat not assist in the publication of *Cancer Ward*, which had already been set up in type at *Novyi mir*, but it has stubbornly acted against such publication and even hindered the Moscow prose section from *discussing* the second part of the story.

A year has passed and the inevitable has happened: recently, chapters from *Cancer Ward* were published in the [London] *Times Literary Supplement*. Nor are further printings precluded—perhaps of inaccurate and incompletely edited versions. What has happened compels me to acquaint our literary community with the contents of the attached letters and statements, so that the position and responsibility of the Secretariat of the Union of Writers of the USSR will be clear.

The enclosed transcript of the Secretariat's meeting of September 22, 1967, written by me personally, is of course incomplete, but it is absolutely accurate and will provide sufficient information pending the publication of the entire transcript.

SOLZHENITSYN

Enclosures:

1. My letter to all (42) secretaries of the Writers' Union dated September 12, 1967.
2. Transcript of the session of the Secretariat, September 22, 1967.
3. Letter from K. Voronkov, February 25, 1967.
4. My letter to the Secretariat, December 1, 1967.

B. Additional Documents

71. Speech by G. Svirsky

Two years ago the Moscow writers informed Comrade Demichev, Secretary of the Central Committee, of the difficulties facing social literature. As the activities report of the party committee stated, the censorship had become inexplicably powerful: the works of Soviet writers were being either proscribed or mutilated. Comrade Demichev agreed that no one could live and work under such conditions. "We are going to correct them," he promised.

And what has happened? Has the censorship been brought back within legal bounds? Does it now concern itself only with military and state secrets? Not at all!

Cruel and unsparing as a flood, it has invaded all social literature. The Writers' Union has tried to save at least some books by great artists—Solzhenitsyn, Bek, and others. So what? The opinion of the writers' collective means nothing today. Figuratively speaking, the Writers' Union has been engulfed by the flood, like the city of Kitezh.[1] Only the spires emerge above the floodwaters of the censorship. . . .

An official act of the government gave our collective farms the right to decide for themselves what they would plant and cultivate. Economic reform is under way in industry. Many people are being called on to take part in public life. Only the Writers' Union stands outside this natural and healthy process.

Every writer has his conscience as a citizen. The Communist writer also has a party conscience. He must answer for what he writes. But the right of answering to the people for what he writes has been taken from him. The writer is humiliated, stripped of the one essential thing—the right to make his inner thoughts and feelings known to the people, and to speak responsibly without the intervention of a pseudo-secret authority which has arrogated to itself the right to decide everything for him, striking out whatever it pleases. The sociological writer today feels that he is a second or third-class citizen. He is crushed by a life without the protection of law, crushed by the militant primitivism of the censorship authorities.

But is all this perhaps not true? Do the censorship authorities perhaps have the right to do what they are doing? Let us examine things calmly, on the basis of fact. Calmly and thoughtfully.

In Leningrad the play, *Dion*, was prohibited; in Moscow it was authorized.[2] The film, *Before the Tribunal of History*, was authorized in Moscow and Leningrad, but it was prohibited in Gorky and some other cities and towns. One of the Moscow literary reviews was forbidden to mention the name of Solzhenitsyn, even in an article devoted to Soviet literature abroad. But an editorial office in a neighboring street was permitted to do so. (*Stir in hall.*)

In the last few decades, V. Pomerantsev's best stories have been cut out of his books. Concerning one of them, for example, the official conclusion was that it "discredited the Soviet procuracy." A few months later, the same story appeared in the semi-official review of the procuracy of the USSR, *Socialist Legality*. (*Noise in the hall.*)

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Arbitrary action on the part of the decision-making authorities has become customary. Thus, Simonov's and Ordynsky's film, *If Your Home is Dear to You,* is enthusiastically received by movie-goers, but is banned for the Army. And M. Shatrov's play, *The Bolsheviks,* has never been officially authorized; yet it is being performed without the permission of Glavlit.[3]

The uncontrolled manipulation of texts and the elimination of whole chapters have become the rule. Let one start talking to any writer about the censor's whims, and one will soon be interrupted with: "That's nothing! Take me, for example. . . ." (*Laughter in the hall.*)

When one hears about all this, and even more when one experiences it himself, one involuntarily thinks of the tank attack described by Tvardovsky:

Lying in the trench. . .
The heart breaks at the thought
Of being crushed blindly
The tank, after all, cannot see. . .

But is Glavlit really so deaf and blind? Or does it perhaps see very clearly those whom it crushes beneath its wheels? Is some rule followed as to what is authorized, and what prohibited? What targets are placed under fire —and annihilating fire at times?

Solzhenitsyn hasn't been printed for years; that is a known fact. Nor have the works of [Yevgeniia] Aksionova-Ginzburg, or of other Communists who came out of Beria's jails and recounted what they had endured. This was a shameful decision—and, as time has shown, a stupid one.[4]

The Communists of Western parties often say today that Aksionova-Ginzburg's book has proven the most effective weapon against the book of the renegade Svetlana Allilueva. In an attempt to protect her father, Svetlana Allilueva asserts that it was not he but the system that was to blame—the Soviet Communist system.[5] To judge by the Western press, the book by Aksionova-Ginzburg, a Communist, refutes Allilueva's slander. The image of the Bolshevik woman portrayed in Aksionova-Ginzburg's book—a woman who, as the Italian newspaper *L'Unità* writes, even in the camps kept her "faith in man, in the party, and in the indestructible force of Leninist truth"—this image struck the Western reader and, for many, neutralized to a great extent the harmful influence of Allilueva's writings. Nearly every newspaper and journal in Europe testifies to this: the French Communist journal *La Nouvelle Critique,* the Italian journal *Rassegna Sovietica,* the Austrian Communist review *Tagebuch,* and some ten other Communist, Socialist, and even bourgeois publications. The British Communist paper *Morning Star,* in particular, devoted an article to Aksionova-Ginzburg under the title, "The Heroism of a Soviet Woman." The article unequivocally states: "Every Communist must read this book." The German magazine *Der Spiegel* published a picture of Yevgeniia Ginzburg with the caption "Faithful to the System."

And in our country? What didn't they say [here] about Aksionova-Ginzburg when, to the author's own surprise, her book appeared in the West! With what sarcasm Semichastny spoke of her in one of his speeches! We could not even weigh such a book as this soberly. . . . Moreover, even today when everyone knows what importance the work of the Communist writer Aksionova-Ginzburg has assumed, it is still prohibited here.

I have dwelt on the theme of the camps because it is being hunted down today with particular fury. And what do they expunge from the books that *are* published, your books and mine? They put the branding iron to anything that seeks to eliminate the deadly consequences of the personality cult, sometimes even to indirect mention that the personality cult once existed. Glavlit did not even permit the dramatist M. Chatrov, in his work *The Bolsheviks,* referred to earlier, to bring on stage such Bolshevik party figures as Kollontai, Yenukidze, Petrovsky, and others. . . . In demanding that Comrades Yenukidze and Petrovsky be eliminated from the play, Nazarov, the Deputy Chief of Glavlit, invoked the charges made against them in 1937. Nothing could sway Glavlit, not even an article in *Pravda,* the central organ of our party, in which these revolutionaries were described as loyal Leninists.

Glavlit's most dreaded enemy has become the appeal to the word of truth. Here is the freshest example, from November 1967. In the anthology *Day of Poetry,* written in Georgian, the censors categorically ruled out these lines, which crowned a composition by the highly talented Georgian poet Mikhail Kvilividze:

Everything will be repaid, both Good and Evil. . .
And one word will be enough,
One just, courageous word,
To justify a whole life!

How they must hate the truth to prohibit these lines!

What do they tell writers, both Communist and outside the party, when the latter attempt to defend their works? What do they tell them when there is nothing substantive to object to? They say: "This is not the time!" "Circumstances do not permit it!" "You must wait!" "Wait a while!" Wait—Shchedrin was already familiar with that "notion." . . .

[Svirsky here quoted a passage from Shchedrin's novel, *Contemporary Idyll,* explaining that "to wait" means "to know how to keep quiet at the right moment, to forget, to think of something other than what you usually think of, to occupy yourself with something other than what you usually do." For example: "Walk more; eat. . . . Write letters to your parents, and in the evening play cards or lotto. That is what it means 'to wait' "!]

And so it is that we sometimes wait. We wait a year, two years, ten years.

But it suddenly becomes apparent that not everything is banned. Not all writers are advised to "wait." On the contrary, a considerable amount of prose and poetry directly related to the personality cult of Stalin is not only not banned, but is printed in huge editions and thrust into the firing line. For example, *The Creation of the World,* Vol. 2, a novel by Zakrutkin, was authorized and published in the magazine *Oktiabr,* Nos. 6 and 7, 1967.

"Do not touch Stalin," the positive hero says in a menacing voice to an opponent of Stalin—and Zakrutkin does not correct the hero's statements. "We know why Stalin has stuck in your throats. . . . Because he defends Lenin's ideas and thwarts all attempts to betray Lenin. . . . That is precisely the reason you fear Stalin as you fear fire." One would say that Zakrutkin knows nothing of the party documents on the struggle against Trotskyism, of the fact that this struggle was led by the Central Committee and that it was Ordzhonikidze who delivered the report "on the opposition" at the 15th Congress. He gives a single

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man credit for the defeat of the opposition. But what, then, about everything the party has said of Stalin? After all, this [Zakrutkin's book] is something published not in the 1930's but today, in 1967.

V. Zakrutkin answers this question in advance, and he answers it unequivocally. "Who knows," muses Dolotov, Zakrutkin's hero, thinking of Stalin in a melancholy, touching way, "perhaps the prisons, the exile, the solitude of the *taiga*, the cold and the hunger—all that he endured—truly hardened his soul, made him brusk and coarse, but he is loyal and devoted to Lenin like a soldier! With all his strength and determination, he defends the teaching of Lenin against the opposition riffraff and watches over the purity and discipline of the party."

And so, to believe Zakrutkin, there was no 20th Congress. For him, it was nothing but a bad dream, as they say.

[Svirsky goes on to cite another example of homage to Stalin: some verses by the Moscow poet Sergei Smirnov, published in the magazine *Moskva* in October 1967, in particular the following: "It was he (Stalin) who in the years of trial never left his post of command. And we, in our own way, rightly did honor, through him, to our own strength; we made of him a living icon to which we turned and prayed." Or again, alluding to the many Moscovites who died at the time of Stalin's funeral: "And then, lifted above each of us, it was not he alone who left us. Hundreds of souls of citizens crushed underfoot fashioned a funeral wreath for him." According to Svirsky, these "disgraceful and servile" verses contradicted the themes of the party Central Committee for the commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the October Revolution, from which he quotes a passage condemning the personality cult. Nevertheless, these verses by Smirnov were the object of an enthusiastic eulogy—also quoted by Svirsky—from the writer Mikhail Alekseev, in an article published in the newspaper *Literaturnaia Rossiia.*]

Well! What has Glavlit's attitude been on this subject? As we see it, Glavlit gave its blessing to both S. Smirnov and M. Alekseev. That is in print. Mikhail Alekseev is not a private individual; he is one of the most influential leaders of the Writers' Union of the RSFSR and, as you know, has for several years been rising rapidly in the hierarchy. Thus, Smirnov's anti-party discourses have been flaunted, like a victory banner, not only by Glavlit, but also by one of the leaders of the Writers' Union of the RSFSR.

But, Comrades, is all this perhaps just accidental? An oversight, or the doings of a small clique? A matter of friendship? In a word, a special case? No!

Not just S. Smirnov, but any writer or poet who shares such opinions is encouraged and praised. All he has to do is to take an unequivocal stand against the line of the 20th Party Congress.

Do many of you know the young poet F. Chuev? As a poet, he has as yet done nothing to enrich literature. All we know is that he is being sponsored by someone on the Komsomol Central Committee, and that that person has, in particular, recommended him for a trip abroad. But now Chuev has shown his political face: he has begun to write about Stalin. And to write in such a way that various organizations have had to turn their attention to him right away. In a section of the Army, an officer has been severely punished by the party for distributing Chuev's verse.

Has Chuev quieted down? No! He has been going around to various institutions causing scandals by reading his verses, in which this central theme serves as the refrain: "Put Stalin back on his pedestal!"

For the 50th anniversary of the October Revolution, Chuev was awarded a government decoration—the medal "for distinction in work." That, then, is how Chuev has distinguished himself!" . . . .

Kaverin has not distinguished himself. Bek has not distinguished himself. That is why they have not been rewarded. But Chuev has distinguished himself! Who will take responsibility for the fact that the Central Committee has been led into error? Who, specifically, just *who* are the mentors of this Red Guard in the Writers' Union—and in the publishing houses?

When all is said and done, are we going to answer for the cadres who are being reared among us?

When people try to evade criticism of survivals of the past, they sometimes say: "You must not stir up the past," you must not "reopen wounds" or "rub salt in the wound," and so on.

But these very people—V. Zakrutkin, S. Smirnov, F. Chuev, and their ilk—are the ones who are "reopening wounds" and "stirring up the past," thereby drawing the irritated attention of the public to the past and tearing people away from their current concerns.

Lenin said that one must not lie, even to one's enemies. Here at home, people lie to friends. How people have lied these past few years! They lied about Pasternak, about Solzhenitsyn, about Voznesensky, about Yevtushenko, about Yevgeniia Ginzburg, about Bulat Okudzhava. They lied by saying that these writers were not patriots, that they were encouraging backward elements. What haven't they lied about? We have gotten so used to lies that sometimes we do not even worry about a semblance of truth. And we have drawn writers themselves into this lying—they are forced to tell untruths, to lie in the name, as the saying goes, of a higher discipline.

[Svirsky goes on to reproach the poet Sergei Smirnov for having stated with "striking cynicism," in the same poem: "Nowadays there are no forbidden themes." "There are no forbidden themes," he remarks, "specifically for Smirnov, Zakrutkin, and their ilk," while the rest are asked "not to stir up the past."]

I know that irresponsible elements are going to start trumpeting—for the *n*th time—that the writers, especially those of Moscow, demand so-called freedom of the press for everyone, from monarchists to anarchists. Look, what more do you want?

So, then, is the old Bolshevik Drabkina, who worked with Lenin, an anarchist? Her memoirs, *Through the Mountains in Winter*, which were unanimously approved by our party organization, are being endlessly withheld. Or what about A. Bek, author of *The Volokolamsk Highway;* is he perhaps a monarchist? Then, how are we to brand those who howl about our literature?

Yes, we demand freedom! But not freedom outside the party, the party of which we are the flesh and blood. The party's interests are our interests. We demand to be freed from the perversions of the party line brought about with impunity by the militant cliquists. Ideological subversion by foreign enemies of our country has become more frequent in recent times. In the past, too, our enemies shrank from nothing—neither from turncoats of the Allilueva variety, nor from calumniators.

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The chairman of the meeting: You have talked for twenty minutes.

Voices: Let him go on!

[*Svirsky resumes:*] Now it is our own home-grown reactionaries that are being used as weapons. They are being eagerly quoted abroad. Their position could not jibe better with the enemy's contention that the perversions of the period of the Stalin personality cult are organically inherent in the Communist system. The enemy has understood that there is no more terrible nor more explosive idea in the world than the assertion—above all when it appears in certain Soviet books—that Stalin was a faithful Leninist, that he always defended Lenin's ideas. This arch-slanderous thought is a real gold mine for our enemies. Because today they tie it in with the great tragedy of the Chinese people, with the countless murders of Communists perpetrated under the slogans: "Long live Mao Tse-tung! Long live Stalin!"

We call ourselves internationalists. Yet, in what a position we are putting our comrades—the Communists of Italy, France, and the rest of the world—who have to defend us before their readers, who are informed from every source!

How many years we have been talking about cliquishness in the Writers' Union. We inveigh against it; we demand reconciliation between groups. . . . Some say that writers are divided by genres, others that they are divided by age, and still others allude to literary prejudices and publishing connections.

All that is empty twaddle. We must talk straight. Yes, there are two groups of writers in the Union. But they are not divided by genres, by age, or by literary prejudices. The dividing line between them is the 20th Party Congress. (*Applause.*)

And when we talk about unification, let us speak the whole truth, the real party truth: there can be no unification of writers—Communist and non-party alike—outside the context of the key question of our times: the question of the 20th Party Congress. How do you believe? Were you, along with the party and the people, deeply moved by the great decisions of that Congress, or are you a degenerate who plots to betray them. Unification, yes, but only on a party basis! No unprincipled blocs and cliques!

It remains for us to examine the most important question. Why do these anti-party tendencies endure? Who galvanizes them? And above all, why?

It is simply that those who loudly call for the rehabilitation of Stalin recently have sprung to life again. Among them are certain literati, men of letters, mainly persons who got ahead in the past by means quite remote from literature. *For Stalin are all those who hold personal privileges dearer than the interests of the party and people.*

These people need the order established under Stalin, even though they know full well that that order cost the lives of millions of their fellow citizens. *In essence, they need an arbitrary system.*

People of bad faith may say that I am now focusing attention on Stalin, on the past.

But—let us ignore the people of bad faith. As you see, I am speaking of today's literature, of today's real danger, and of those who at times do not themselves hide the fact that what matters is not the name but just one thing: the right to arbitrary power. That is why there is such cruel persecution of books which certainly make no mention of Stalin or of the camps, but which analyze the machinery and psychology of all that is arbitrary in the day-to-day life of our society. Allow me to take one single example, my own. I did not want to talk about myself, but excuse me, it really is quite painful.

Thirteen years ago, in 1954, I wrote a novel called *State Examination.* It is about the fate of cybernetics between 1949 and 1953, about the courage of the scientists who defended science against insult, about the scientists who in the end launched the Sputnik.

For thirteen years now, this book has not been allowed to appear. Even though it was given the imprimatur of the "Soviet Writer" publishing house, it has been withheld by the censor—withheld like so many other books exposing the daily arbitrariness of officialdom. Who answers for it? No one! The propaganda office of the Central Committee says: "Ask the publishing house!" The publishing house points the finger at Glavlit. . . .

The elimination of books that discuss issues is a particularly dangerous symptom. It means that people who think are not needed. In an arbitrary system, anyone who thinks is a potential heretic.

Architects are familiar with the concept of the "Jesuit style." The outer wall of a church is extended to the upper story, but only as a false wall for decorative purposes. What lies behind the wall is completely different from what one would expect at first glance.

This Jesuit style, inherited from years gone by, is not always overcome in our ideological work. Moreover, it is not always possible to eliminate it since the very organic structure of the arts-administration has remained unchanged. Outside—a decorative facade: righteous speeches, promises, citations. But behind them, behind the facade—Glavlit, ideology's open secret. Glavlit, which has been given unheard-of rights; Glavlit, which more often than not is incompetent, but which is always vested with the right to ban. Why does this style, so long discredited, still exist? One has the impression that Glavlit often misinforms the Central Committee's Politburo, using quotations taken out of context, statements by anti-heroes, etc.

How essential it is that those in charge of ideological work, the members of the Central Committee Politburo, should occasionally come here to the Writers' Union and talk with us without middlemen (*applause*)—middlemen who are not always objective, as experience has shown.

I wish to address this anguished question to my comrades: When will the barriers in the path of literature that studies life be lifted?

Perhaps we have made enough concessions to the interdictors who have disgraced the lofty name of Communist; the time has come to wage war against those who give no thought to their people or to the international Communist movement, and who damage our country's dignity and prestige. (*Applause.*)

G. Ts. Svirsky

January 16, 1968
(Stenographic account)

[1] According to the legend on which the Rimsky-Korsakov opera, *The Invisible City of Kitzezh,* was based, the mythical

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city was inundated but could still be seen shimmering below the surface of the water.—Ed.

[2] Written by Leonid Zorin, the play recounts the relationship between the Roman Emperior Domitian and two writers, Dion and Publius, with allusions to present-day Soviet literary life. The play opened in November 1965 and was closed down in March 1966.—Ed.

[3] The play is one of a trilogy specially prepared for the Sovremennik Theater—where it is still running—to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the 1917 revolution. Its central concern is an argument among Bolsheviks in the early years of their power as to whether it would be morally right to institute a reign of Chekist terror against the enemies of the revolution; the losers fear that terror might become a way of life.—Ed.

[4] Yevgeniia Semionovna Ginzburg, *Journey into the Whirlwind*, New York, Harcourt Brace, 1967.—Ed.

[5] ". . . of course I disapprove of many things, but I think that many other people who still are in our Central Committee and Politburo should be responsible for the same things for which he alone was accused. And if I feel somewhat responsible for those horrible things, killing people unjustly, I feel that responsibility for this was and is the party's, the regime's and [that of] the ideology as a whole." (*New York Times*, April 27, 1967).—Ed.

72. Voznesensky to *Pravda*

For nearly a week now I have been living in an atmosphere of blackmail, confusion, and provocation.

On June 16 I received an official notification from the Union of Writers that my trip to New York to give a reading at the Arts Festival there on June 21 (this was to be the only poetry reading at the festival, and it had been allotted to a Soviet poet) was "inadvisable."

I warned the leadership of the Union of Writers of the consequences of cancellation: the evening had been advertised for six months ahead, posters had been put up and tickets sold, and it would be too late to arrange an alternative program. Despite my conviction that the Union's decision was extremely unwise, after talking with them I immediately sent a cable to the United States saying that I could not come.

But what does a poetry evening matter? That is not the main point. Let's also forget that at first (until June 16) everybody had been in favor of it and then they suddenly changed their minds. What is intolerable is the lying and total lack of scruples that went with all this.

Here I have been working, taking part in functions organized by the Union of Writers, going to the theater, receiving foreign writers at the request of the Novosti agency, only to learn that for three days now the Union of Writers has been telling journalists that I am seriously ill. Of course, the leaders of the Union of Writers must know what they are talking about, but why haven't they at least informed me that I was sick? It is difficult to imagine anything more idiotic. It is an insult to elementary human dignity.

I am a Soviet writer, a human being made of flesh and blood, not a puppet to be pulled on a string.

Why is it that I suddenly have to learn from foreign broadcasts that "the government of the USSR has allowed Voznesensky to go to the festival. The ban has been lifted, and he has received his visa. It now is only a matter of his getting a ticket. . ."?

But at this very same moment the Union tells me: "Your trip is off. In reply to questions, we are saying you are ill." In other words, they tell one lie to me and another to the world at large. What sort of position does that put me in? What am I supposed to tell people? Why, during all this, has nobody in the leadership of the Union of Writers bothered to call me and explain what was going on, or at least tell me what the official reasons were for my non-departure? Why do they pull the wool over everybody's eyes by saying (variously) that I'm ill, that I let things go until too late to get a ticket, or—now that everybody knows that it's too late for me to get to the poetry reading—that I am just about to leave? Why compromise a Soviet poet in the eyes of thousands of lovers of Soviet poetry? Why lead people to think that the reading might take place after all? Why involve the organizers of the evening in further expense? And why, in general, create all this fuss about my trip at such a crucial time as this in world affairs?

It is not a question of myself personally, but of the fate of Soviet literature, its honor and prestige in the outside world. How much longer will the Union of Writers go on using methods like these?

Clearly the leadership of the Union does not regard writers as human beings. This lying, prevarication, and knocking of people's heads together is standard practice. This is what they do to many of my comrades. Letters to us often do not reach us, and sometimes replies are sent in our names. What boors, what chameleons they are! We are surrounded by lies, lies, lies, bad manners and lies.

I am ashamed to be a member of the same union as these people.

That is why I am writing to your newspaper, which is called "Truth" [*Pravda*].

A. A. Voznesensky

June 22, 1967

73. Galanskov on Sholokhov

In his speech to the 23rd Congress of the Union of Soviet Writers [March 1966], Delegate M. Sholokhov stated:

I would like to say a few words concerning the writer's place in public life. Today the question posed by Maxim Gorky rings from former times for the writers of the whole world: "Whose side are you on, masters of culture?" . . .

[Later] at the same congress, in connection with the Siniavsky-Daniel affair, Mr. Sholokhov said:

Some people, protecting themselves with words about humanism, deplore the severity of the sentence. I see here delegates who are party members in the Soviet Army. How would they have acted if traitors had been found in their midst? Our soldiers know very well that humanism is by no means gibberish. And another thing: if these young people with black consciences had lived in the memorable 1920's, when people were

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judged not in law courts but by revolutionary tribunals—oh, what a different punishment would have been handed the accused! Yet here they speak of the "severity of the sentence."

All this insane vulgarity was met with enthusiastic applause. . . . It might very well be that the laws of a military tribunal are severe. And let us assume that in "our battles" for humanism we have learned nothing more than the fact that "humanism is by no means gibberish." But what was the speaker getting at? Maybe Mr. Sholokhov cannot envision the Soviet government as anything other than a military encampment and would like to picture Siniavsky and Daniel, in their turn, as spies who have suddenly made their way into one of the barracks, namely the Union of Soviet Writers. . . .

Yes, in the "memorable 1920's," any "leaders of revolutionary consciousness" would have been shot without a word. These men, however, were tried not by a military tribunal but by an ordinary civil law court, and they haven't been shot (as they would have been in the memorable 1920's and the even more memorable 1937). They have simply relinquished their personal freedom for five and seven years [respectively], because they dared to exercise creative independence in their literary work and tried to publish their works abroad! While in contemporary Russia creative freedom and the freedom to publish are guaranteed in words, in fact all that is guaranteed is the mockery of freedom by police and bureaucrats.

Mikhail Sholokhov . . . is still speculating upon the revolutionary humanistic concepts of party, nation, and Soviet man, at a time when the "revolutionary-humanistic concepts of the party" have ceased to be humanistic, when the people have been reduced to a bestial condition and the mythical Soviet man has had no more success than Soviet power. . . . That Sholokhov thinks of Russia as a monolithic territory in which all people belong, from birth, to a military department based on serfdom, that in his imagination the Union of Soviet Writers is a unit in this territory—this is understandable. However, what is absolutely incomprehensible is how Siniavsky and Daniel qualify as traitors. For Siniavsky and Daniel never registered in Sholokhov's territory and never pledged allegiance to its military laws. They never bowed before its military-police apparatus, which to this day stifles freedom in Russia.

But Sholokhov is not interested in truth. It was necessary for him to accuse Siniavsky and Daniel of treason and slander. Why? Probably because the State Prosecutor did not have the moral authority to do so. And thus, having thrown on the scale the full weight of his authority, the Nobel Prize laureate delivered his shameful "speech for the prosecution." One Russian author writes the following in his "letter to an old friend":

Just think, old friend. In the courage of Siniavsky and Daniel, in their nobility and their victory, there is a drop of our blood, our sufferings, our battle against humiliation and lies, against murderers and traitors of all sorts.

What is slander? You and I remember the Stalin era—the concentration camps on an unprecedented, super-Hitlerian scale, Auschwitzes without ovens, where millions perished. We know the corruption, the bloody corruption of those in power who, having repented, to this day do not want to tell the truth, even about the Kirov case. For how long? Can there be a point where the truth about our past life becomes slander? I submit there cannot. I submit that the concept of slander cannot be applied to Stalin's times. The human brain is incapable of comprehending the crimes that were committed. . . .

Is this not well put, dear reader? I would like to add that our conception of slander cannot be applied to a political regime in which basic democratic and personal freedoms are entirely suppressed. . . .

You, citizen Sholokhov, are no longer a writer. Once you were an average novelist, but you have long since ceased to be even that; now you are an ordinary political demagogue. . . . It is hard to take your writing seriously when you say:

A very strange picture evolves when a writer writes one thing at home and has something entirely different published abroad. He employs the same Russian language, but in one case he uses it to mask himself, while in the other he uses this same language with rabid ill will, with hatred for all that is Soviet, for all that is dear to us, for everything sacred. . . .

Is it possible to imagine a greater travesty on the Russian language than this? Could one insult it further? Could one lose the spirit of that language any more completely? . . . I strongly urge you, Mr. Sholokhov, not to use the Russian language to say the revolting things you do—or you may lose not only all your readers, but your bosses as well. . . . The Siniavsky-Daniel trial showed that the Russian literary intelligentsia has separated into two camps, and that the absolute majority of this intelligentsia stands in the camp of creative freedom. Had it not been for the weight of government pressure, the scales would have tipped the other way, and Siniavsky and Daniel would have been carried out of the court in triumph.

Events have shown that slanderous attacks in the official press failed to discredit the accused. Letters defending Siniavsky and Daniel are arriving in a continuous stream at official organizations and editorial offices. Every honest writer and scholar has considered it his duty to speak up on behalf of the accused. These protests reached their apex in an open student demonstration in Pushkin Square on December 5th [1965]. Do you know what all this means? It means, first of all, that people like you have no support in society except the machinery of power. It also means that the machinery of power is itself losing its support. This in turn indicates that neither you nor the power apparatus will have any ground left to stand on as soon as basic freedoms are restored in Russia. . . . And it is in this context that your despicable speech of prosecution will be viewed by your contemporaries and by history.

The Siniavsky-Daniel trial provided an important focal point for the literary world. . . . It tied the strained strands of our literary life in a deadly knot. The knot will have to be either untied or broken. Creative freedom must be established in Russia, or Russia will secure that freedom for herself. For without freedom in general, and creative freedom in particular, further successful development in Russia is impossible. This Gordian knot will have to be untied, or an Alexander the Great will appear who will break it by force. . . .

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In any other country where basic democratic freedoms are actually upheld and not merely paid lip service, people would have demanded the release of the accused and would have protested the government's action openly. Had the case occurred in a democratic society, a number of literary figures would have left the Union of Soviet Writers in protest and perhaps have established a rival union, for instance a Union of Russian Writers. But in our country people wrote plaintive letters asking the leadership for permission to defend freedom and justice, acting as though they were some kind of criminals. So far this is still the protest of slaves, but it is a protest nevertheless. So far there is still slavery, but at least there is a movement afoot to defend freedom and justice.

The members of the Soviet Writers' Union hardly represent the true potential of the Russian creative intelligentsia. It is just one of the subdivisions of Sholokhov's encampment, where the "bag of gold" buys and stifles talent at the root. In this fashion [the Writers' Union] has almost completely succeeded in killing Russian literature in a few short decades. Some courageous souls had to be physically destroyed in the 1920's, in 1937, and in 1950. We can all understand the meaning of physical destruction, but very few people comprehend the way life can slowly be drained from Russian literature. . . . The writer is hypnotized by general Communist ideals on the one hand, while on the other hand he cannot accept the disgusting aspects of a Communist reality which includes Stalinist concentration camps. The Communist concentration camps prevent him from praising Communist ideals, and the same ideals prevent him from criticizing the concentration camps. . . . This vicious circle either produces a state of creative paralysis, or else he must cheat and swindle. . . . In either case, as a writer, he dies.

Unfortunately, there are people in the West who, like the duly respected secretary of the European Writers' Union, Giancarlo Vigorelli, think that Soviet underground literature, "if it exists at all, is no more than an occasional manuscript, some leaflets, *etc.*," and that "it has no significance." [They believe] that the main literary products are published in the "light of day" by the official organizations.

Vigorelli should know his subject better before he talks about it. The Union of Soviet Writers and the official publishing organizations of contemporary Russia are instruments of atrophy for the writer and his literature; they ruin taste and stupefy the reader. Literature, after all, is the most specific, concrete and available way of learning about the world. It is the most effective means of developing feelings and shaping points of view. . . . Fortunately for Russia, and quite naturally, today's Russians do not read their contemporary native literature. Or if they read it, they do so with great selectivity; otherwise stupefaction and atrophy of feelings would have become general. As basic fare, Russians read native and foreign classics and current foreign literature in translation. Only since 1960 have we begun to read Pasternak widely, as well as Akhmatova, Tsvetaeva, Khlebnikov, Mandelshtam, Bulgakov, *etc.* Such reading has come about not thanks to but rather despite the Union of Soviet Writers and despite the official publishing societies; [the literature has been circulated] almost illegally, in fear and trembling of administrative and moral reprisals, and often under the threat of legal repercussions. It may interest you to know that the typescript production of the best examples of contemporary Russian literature has reached unprecedented proportions since 1960. It is this kind of underground literature—*i.e.*, literature not published openly, ranging from the unpublished writers of the 1920's through the works of Siniavsky and Daniel—which has had the most significant meaning in our national culture. Conversely, the output of the official publishing trade, with the possible exception of an occasional volume, has had no part whatsoever in the awakening of our national conscience, nor any positive significance in our culture. And if anyone in the West is under the misapprehension that the creativity of Yevtushenko or Voznesensky has had an influence on the development of the new Russian literature, they are deeply mistaken. [Such work] is all so very insignificant, and of such doubtful value, that one wonders whether anything at all of worth [gets into print], or whether we can hope that something of value will appear in the future. Personally, I think that true works of literature will continue to escape organizations like the Writers' Union and official publications so long as freedom of expression, freedom of the press, and freedom of organization are not reestablished. . . . And until such time, literature can develop only outside of the Union and the publishing agencies—in other words, underground. I see no other possibility. In today's Russia, only dishonest literature can develop in "the light of the day"—meaning phony literature such as the writings of Mikhalkov, who openly stated, "It is good to have security forces to protect us from people like Siniavsky and Daniel." . . . Such literature—with the "Mikhalkovs" at the helm—relies on the organs of the KGB to "protect" it from any manifestation of creative freedom, and any significance it has at all is only negative. . . .

Literary Russia today is like a Sleeping Beauty who has just awakened from an ideological trance without yet having had time to clear her eyes. So the Secretary of the European Writers' Union declares, "Don't pay any attention to her; the main thing is the literary swindlers and speculators with their victories in print." But life itself played a trick on Vigorelli. The underground activity of Siniavsky and Daniel [leading to their arrest, which in turn sparked widespread protest from European leftist intellectuals] forced the Secretary to come to Moscow and defend this very activity [the significance of which he had denied]. Yes, our right hand is still in shackles while the left shows the scars of handcuffs. For the present, the work of Siniavsky and Daniel is the work of the left hand only. But it will yet be possible in Russia to read with amazement true works of art—including future works of Siniavsky and Daniel, if their talent survives in the camps, which are not as they were in Stalin's day. . . .

Comrade Sholokhov, you never led the fight against tyranny, and now you are defending [tyranny's] successors. I, on the other hand, have always defended the just against tyranny and tyrants. But if you really wish to "support and develop" anti-tyrannical criticism in fact as well as in words, I'll chance it and count on your help. When my modest contribution to the development of such criticism meets with lack of support, with bureaucratic and police obstacles, the way Siniavsky's did when he wrote his superb article on Socialist Realism, I shall count on your extraordinarily exaggerated authority as a

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great prize winner, because I have nothing else to depend on. For in today's Russia there are no free organizations, no free press, no free court. In contemporary Russia everything is left to the power of the state. I, of course, am reliant on you, but I think that maybe I shouldn't put too much faith in you, and therefore I shall affix a pseudonym at the bottom of this document instead of my own name. But what pseudonym shall I choose? I never thought about it before. Well, I will just sign,

YU. GALANSKOV

Go ahead, laugh at me for this. But you know, [the "pseudonym"] is somehow more comfortable. You see, because of poor health I have to avoid all bureaucratic and judicial reprisals. Yes, and my mother's health is too poor for it also. And then there is the question of losing job and study opportunities—though I am aware, of course, that all citizens of my country are constitutionally entitled to work and to receive an education, and I am an honest citizen of Great Russia—I hope you personally believe that. And then there is the Mordvinian camp where, by the way, Siniavsky is, and where, despite his brilliance and his talent as a writer and literary critic, there is no chance for him to exercise either of these gifts. Do you know that in the Mordvinian camp a writer has to do the same hard labor as any ordinary criminal, on half-starvation rations? That one is allowed, after completing half his sentence, to receive additional food packages twice a year, but no more often? And that the package is limited to five kilograms [11 pounds]? That's very clever and humane, isn't it? Especially when we only know one thing about humanism—that it is "by no means gibberish"? Imagine—in the Mordvinian camp, as in all other prisons and camps for political prisoners, there is no possibility of involving oneself in problems of national culture or politics, the war in Vietnam, or revisionism, disarmament and peace. If I tell you that I am an avowed social-pacifist, you will understand that I don't wish any violence. By the way, I am also an underground writer—meant in the sense of a human underground, the sense in which Dostoevsky expressed it. I recommend that you read him. Do you know what an underground author is? A social-pacifist, not an underground millionaire. He doesn't even own a typewriter, let alone money. An underground writer works like a common laborer for a piece of bread and peers about, fearful that someone might disturb him. And really, the devil knows what this government is going to do. You yourself must be able to comprehend that it is difficult to be an underground author—especially one who composes an essay about a highly respected but stupid prizewinner who is threatening to stunt the flowering of the national culture, setting Russia's development back several decades. Finally—an underground author is beyond any question a citizen of Russia and a man of honor, and that's why he cannot just stand by and watch the humiliation of his country and her finer sons.

Incidentally, I give you the address of my pseudonym: Moscow, Zh-180. 3rd Golutvinsky Lane, House 7/9, Apt. 4.

YURI TIMOFEEVICH GALANSKOV

1966

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III. In Defense of Czechoslovakia

EDITORS' NOTE: Anatoli Marchenko appears to be one of the most fascinating young dissidents to emerge within the past year. A worker by birth, Marchenko spent six years in a labor camp, an experience which led him to speak out against the injustices of the Soviet system. In Document 74, written almost a month to the day before the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, Marchenko avows his support for the Czechoslovak reform program and condemns the attempts of the Soviet government and press to conceal the true nature of events in Czechoslovakia from the Soviet public. Documents 75 and 76 are protests in defense of Marchenko, who was arrested on July 29 on the pretext of a passport violation.

Document 77 was written in the beginning of August, at least two weeks before the invasion. It is interesting to note that the petition's authors express extreme fear of armed intervention in Czechoslovakia.

*Gorbanevskaia's letter (Doc. 78) describes the arrest of six participants in an August 25, 1968, demonstration in Red Square protesting the invasion. Miss Gorbanevskaia—as she relates in her letter—was released, but the others were brought to trial in early October and charged with violating article 190 of the RSFSR Criminal Code. As in the case of Ginzburg and Galanskov in January of this year, the trial was held in a minuscule courtroom to which—with a few exceptions—only a carefully-selected audience, stridently hostile to the defendants, was admitted. The sentences, however, were comparatively milder, as well as strikingly reminiscent of the punishment meted out to revolutionaries in Tsarist times: Pavel Litvinov, the grandson of the late Soviet Foreign Minister, was sentenced to five years of exile (*ssylka*) in a remote region of the country; Larisa Bogoraz-Daniel, wife of the imprisoned writer Yuli Daniel, was banished for four years, and Konstantin Babitsky, a 40-year old linguist, for three years. The two other defendants, Vladimir Dremliuga and Vadim Delone (a poem by the latter appears on p. 110 of this issue) were sentenced respectively to three and two-and-one-half years in jail. The final statements of Litvinov and Larisa Daniel appear as Documents 79 and 80.*

It is known that many other Soviet citizens have denounced the invasion of Czechoslovakia, but as of the time this issue goes to press, only one of these protests has reached the outside world: Yevgeni Yevtushenko's telegram to Brezhnev and Kosygin (81). Since Yevtushenko has been granted considerable latitude during his recent travels abroad, his protest reportedly has caused extreme consternation in official Moscow circles. Moreover, it comes as somewhat of a surprise inasmuch as Yevtushenko, unlike other prominent liberal writers, made no statement in support of the writers tried and imprisoned within the past year.

74. Letter by A. Marchenko

To: *Rude pravo, Literarni listi, Prace*
Copies to: *L'Humanité, L'Unità, Morning Star*, BBC

OPEN LETTER

At the recently concluded session of the Supreme Soviet of the RSFSR, all the deputies dwelt upon one question: the events in Czechoslovakia. The deputies unanimously supported the CPSU Central Committee Plenum on this question and also unanimously approved the Warsaw letter of the five Communist parties to the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia. They approved and supported the entire policy of the party and government on this question.

If Communists [wish to] endorse this policy as a model of proper Marxist-Leninist policy in relations between fraternal parties, that is their business and a matter of their party conscience. But here at the session, this policy was unanimously endorsed by the deputies to the RSFSR Supreme Soviet who [supposedly] express the opinion of the voters, *i.e.*, of the people, the overwhelming majority of whom—including myself—are not Communists.

Even before *Izvestia* had had time to reach the entire population with its reports on the work of the [Supreme Soviet] session, the paper suddenly launched a campaign in its succeeding issues in support of the decisions adopted by the session on behalf of "all" the people and "all the workers." I have my opinion in this regard and would like to avail myself of the right, guaranteed me by the Constitution, to express my opinion and stand on this question.

I am closely (as far as this is possible in our country) following the events in Czechoslovakia, and I cannot look calmly and indifferently upon the reaction that these events are evoking in our press. For half a year our newspapers have been trying to misinform public opinion in our country and, at the same time, to misinform world public opinion on our people's attitude toward these events. The newspapers represent the position of the party leadership as the position—even the unanimous position—of all the people. All Brezhnev had to do was to pin the labels of "imperialist intrigue," "menace to socialism," "offensive by anti-socialist elements," etc. on the current developments in Czechoslovakia, and in a

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flash the entire press and all resolutions began chorusing these expressions, even though today, just as half a year ago, our people essentially do not know the real state of affairs in Czechoslovakia. Workers' letters to the newspapers and the resolutions of mass meetings are only repetitions of prepared formulas handed down from "above" and are not expressions of independent opinion based on a knowledge of concrete facts. Obedient voices repeat after the party leadership: "The waging of a resolute battle to preserve the socialist order in Czechoslovakia is not only the task of the Czechoslovak Communists, it is our common task as well"; or "I support the conclusions of the Plenum on the necessity of waging the struggle for the cause of socialism in Czechoslovakia," etc. (*Izvestia*, No. 168).

The authors of these letters and declarations probably did not even ask themselves why decisions concerning the struggle for socialism in *Czechoslovakia* are being made by a CC Plenum of the *CPSU*. It probably did not occur to them that our appeal to the "healthy forces" in Czechoslovakia might possibly be an appeal to anti-government elements and an incitement to armed attack on the legal government. They probably did not realize that the words "this is our task" could mean, at the very least, political pressure on a sovereign nation and, at the worst, possible intervention by our troops in the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic. It is probable, too, that the authors of these letters, in endorsing the policy of the CC-CPSU, did not realize that this policy is strikingly reminiscent, for example, of the US policy in the Dominican Republic, which was denounced a hundred times in our press.

On the basis of articles in the Czechoslovak press, of Western radio reports, and the few facts that have been reported in our press, I believe that the CSR has been making genuine progress toward the development of a healthy society. [There is] a struggle of ideas and opinions, freedom to criticize, an attempt to implement in practice the declared ideals of socialism that up to now have everywhere existed only in the form of slogans or promises for the distant future. This is why the Warsaw letter of the five Communist parties and the decisions of the CC Plenum of the CPSU, unanimously supported by our press, have evoked a feeling of outrage and shame in me.

In view of all the talking we have done about the need for a people to decide its own fate, just why is the fate of the Czechs and Slovaks being decided not in Prague but rather in Warsaw and Moscow? What leads Brezhnev and Ulbricht to believe that they can make a better assessment of the situation in Czechoslovakia than Dubcek and the Czechs and Slovaks themselves?

I do not believe either the mythical imperialist plots against the CSR or the [alleged] "offensive of internal forces of reaction." I don't think that even the authors of these myths believe them. . . .

Are our leaders really disturbed by what is happening in the CSR? In my opinion, they are not merely disturbed, they are scared—not because what is happening poses a threat to socialist development or to the security of the Warsaw Pact nations, but because the events in the CSR could undermine the authority of the leaders of these nations and discredit the very principles and methods of government that are presently dominant in the socialist camp.

One might ask what could be more horrible and scandalous than Chinese communism. Every day our newspapers expose the bloody Chinese terror, the ruin of the economy, the theoretical errors of the Chinese Communist Party, etc. The Chinese leaders reply in kind. There is no longer any question of the [normal] cooperation between recent brothers and great peoples. Yet no meeting or plenum of the CC-CPSU has adopted a resolution on the need to defend the cause of socialism in China, nor has there been any discussion of the responsibility of the fraternal parties toward their own peoples, or toward the people of China, who have been drowning in blood for several years now. To be sure, the Communist Party of China has not relinquished the reins of government. But what of it? Are the results of this government better than the prospects offered by a free, democratic development in the CSR? Is the open hostility of the Chinese CP toward our nation better than friendly relations with the present Czechoslovak government?

Yet our leaders do not remind the Chinese leadership that we liberated China from Japanese militarism and do not lay claim, on that basis, to the role of defender of the Chinese people against internal reaction. We do not appeal to "healthy forces" and "true Communists" in China with promises ". . . that Communists and all Soviet people, in fulfillment of their international duty, will lend those forces all manner of aid and support!" (Speech by N. V. Podgorny at the third session of the RSFSR Supreme Soviet on July 19, 1968, in *Izvestia*, No. 168.) However, our Chinese brothers who are being physically destroyed probably need this aid more than the "true Communists" in the CSR, who not only are free and secure but also enjoy the same freedom of speech as all citizens. With respect to China our leaders take the position of detached observers, and there has been no joint initiative, such as that of Party Committee Secretary V. Prokopenko, Brigade Leader Akhmatseev, and Candidate of Sciences Antosenkov (*Izvestia*, No. 168), to offer "all-out" aid to the Chinese people. Can it really be that our sense of collective responsibility is less aroused by the bloody terror which the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party has unleashed against its own people than by the basically peaceful development of democracy in Czechoslovakia? How can one explain such a contradictory reaction?

In my opinion, the first explanation is that we dare not talk to China from a position of strength, whereas from force of habit we permit ourselves to speak to Czechoslovakia in domineering tones.

No less important is the fact that despite Chinese hostility toward the CPSU, China's internal policy strengthens rather than undermines the position of the CC-CPSU within our own country. "In China there are public executions; in our own country, none!" our press rejoices (see Chakovsky's "Answer to a Reader," *Literaturnaia gazeta*). Compared with the regime in China, our present regime is not one of terror but merely one of suppression—it is almost liberal, almost as much so as [the Russian regime] in the 19th century. But if Czechoslovakia should really succeed in organizing democratic socialism, then there would be no justification for the absence of democratic freedoms in our country, and then, for all we know, our workers, peasants and intelligentsia might demand freedom of speech in fact and not merely on paper.

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What the Warsaw letter really meant is "we cannot allow" and has nothing at all to do with a mythical threat to socialism in Czechoslovakia.

Our leaders have voiced concern about the "true Communists" who supposedly were being slandered and subjected to "moral terror" by Czechoslovak anti-socialists who had seized the machinery of propaganda (one would think that there had been an armed seizure of the postal, telegraph, and radio services in Prague). But somehow they forget to mention that these Communists themselves have had the opportunity to refute these slanders publicly. To be sure, the justifications uttered by Dr. Urvalek, the former Chairman of the Supreme Court of the CSR, for example, sound unconvincing—but how does this have anything to do with anti-socialists? He [Urvalek] said all that he wanted to say and all that he could say. It is understandable [however] why our leaders hasten to intercede for the likes of Urvalek and Novotny: the precedent of making party and government leaders personally responsible before the people is a dangerous and contagious one. What if our own leaders should suddenly be required to account for deeds that have shamefully been termed "errors" and "excesses" or, still milder and more obscure, "difficulties experienced in the heroic past" (when it was a matter of millions of people unjustly condemned and murdered, of torture in KGB dungeons, of entire peoples declared to be enemies, of the collapse of the nation's agriculture and similar *trivia*)?. . . .

In their Warsaw letter to the Czechoslovak CP, the five parties . . . proposed the use of all means available in the arsenal of the socialist nations to combat "anti-socialist" forces. It is too bad that the fraternal parties were not more specific—that they did not say concretely what kind of means: Kolyma? Norilsk? Khunviiny? "Open" courts? Political concentration camps and prisons? Or merely conventional censorship and non-judicial reprisals such as discharging people from their jobs?

And in the face of the situation that has developed, we still are offended that Czechoslovakia has demanded the withdrawal of Soviet troops from its territory! Indeed, after our pronouncements and resolutions, and the presence of our military units on CSR soil, these are no longer the troops of an ally; they are a threat to a nation's sovereignty.

In this letter I should also like to express my own stand on these events, which disagrees with the "unanimous" support of the decisions of the CC-CPSU Plenum. The newspaper campaign of recent weeks has aroused in me the apprehension that this may be paving the way for intervention under any pretext that may arise or be artificially created.

I would like to remind the authors of the letters and the participants in the meetings and gatherings supporting the policy of the CC-CPSU that all of the so-called "errors" and "excesses" in our nation's history took place amidst stormy, sustained applause turning into an ovation—amidst shouts of unanimous approval by our highly conscientious citizens. It turned out that obedience was the most cherished civic virtue.

And I should also like to recall more remote historical events: how the valorous Russian Army, having freed the peoples of Europe from Napoleon, just as valorously drowned the Polish uprising in blood. Davydov, the Russian hero of the War of 1812, was more proud of his feats in the reprisals against the Polish patriots than he was of his feats in the patriotic war.

I am ashamed for my country, which is once more assuming the shameful role of gendarme of Europe.

I would also be ashamed for my countrymen if I believed that they were truly unanimous in supporting the policy of the CC-CPSU and the government with respect to Czechoslovakia. But I am confident that this is not the case, and that my letter is not the only one—such letters are [just] not published in our country. In this case, too, the unanimity of our citizens is being artificially created through the violation of the same freedom of speech that is being upheld in the CSR.

But even if I were the only one with this opinion, I still would not renounce it, for it is the dictate of my conscience. In my estimation, conscience is a more reliable guide than the constantly changing line of the CC and the resolutions passed by various assemblies in keeping with the fluctuations of this general line.

Permit me to tender my admiration and sympathy for the process of democratization in your country.

A. T. MARCHENKO

USSR, Aleksandrov, Vladimir Oblast
Novinskaia, St., Bldg. No. 27
July 22, 1968

75. In Defense of Marchenko: Petition

To the Prosecutor of Timiriazevskii Region, City of Moscow

We have learned that on the morning of July 29 our friend, Anatoli Tikhonovich Marchenko, was detained by the militia on a suspected identity-card violation (Article 192-1, Criminal Code of the RSFSR) and is being held in a pretrial detention cell at the 64th station [*otdeleniie*].

We consider this detention illegal for the following reasons:

1) In this case there was no identity-card violation because Anatoli Marchenko departed from Aleksandrov, where he lives, on the eve of July 27 (this can be corroborated by his landlady in Aleksandrov), and did not even spend the three days in Moscow that are allowed under the law.

2) Even though, formally, this is Marchenko's third detention, the first two warnings were in fact also illegal: in the first instance, Marchenko had undergone one and a half months of hospital treatment and was suffering the aftereffects of an operation. In the second instance, he was detained on the very day he arrived in Moscow; he had been invited to attend a literary evening at the Central House of Writers.

3) Even if there really had been a case of identity-card violation, this would be no reason to hold him in a pretrial detention cell, since such a violation is not by nature a dangerous crime; it endangers no one and there is no reason to believe that Marchenko would have sought to evade investigation: he is employed and has a fixed place of residence.

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In addition to the foregoing, we also wish to point out that a search was made of the apartment of L. Bogoraz [Daniel], where Marchenko was staying in Moscow and where he was keeping his personal papers. During the search, not only Marchenko's [legal] papers and medical records but also his private files—personal letters; protest letters concerning the situation in camps for political prisoners; replies to these letters from official sources; rough drafts; synopses of the works of Marx, Engels, Plekhanov, and Lenin; articles from politico-economic journals; and articles pertaining to literary criticism—were confiscated. Such confiscation of documents can have no relation whatsoever to an identity-card violation.

Also confiscated were papers and a book belonging to L. Bogoraz personally; these were in her own briefcase.

All these things go to show that the charge of identity-card violation, lodged against Anatoli Marchenko, is merely a pretext for political reprisals against a man who is known to our society as the author of a documentary book on political camps, the author of a number of protests against the treatment of political prisoners in our nation.

We demand the immediate release of Anatoli Marchenko and an investigation into the circumstances of his detention.

P. Litvinov
P. Grigorenko
I. Rudakov
I. Belogorodskaia
L. Bogoraz [Daniel]

[Return address:]
Moscow, V-261, Leninskii Prospekt,
Bldg. No. 85, Apt. 3

76. In Defense of Marchenko: Protest

CITIZENS!

On July 29, 1968, Anatoli Marchenko was arrested in Moscow. We, his friends, consider it our duty to tell what preceded and caused his arrest.

Anatoli Marchenko is a worker. He is 30 years old. He spent six of these years—from 1960 to 1966—in political camps and prisons. He learned firsthand what a camp in the post-Stalin era is like: he emerged deaf, suffering from bleeding intestines and severe headaches. During these six years, he thought of how he would write about all he had seen once he was released from the camp. In 1967 he wrote a book entitled *My Testimony*. "Today's Soviet camps for political prisoners are just as horrible as those under Stalin," he wrote. "Some things are better, others are worse. It is essential that these things be known by everyone—by those who want to know the truth, but who instead are fed on slick, mendacious newspaper articles; and by those who do not want to know, who close their eyes and ears so that someday, after emerging cleansed from this filth, they may again justify themselves [with the words] 'My God, but we knew nothing about it. . . .'"

After Marchenko completed his book, he was once again in danger of arrest. Several times KGB agents detained him and told him that he wouldn't "get away with this book." But Marchenko continued to do everything in his power to inform everybody about the situation political prisoners were in: he appealed to newspapers, to writers, to scientists, and to the Red Cross. His last letter before his arrest was sent to the Czechoslovak newspapers. "It is understandable why our leaders hasten to intercede for the likes of Urvalek and Novotny," he wrote. "The precedent of making party and government leaders personally responsible before the people is a dangerous and contagious one. What if our own leaders should suddenly be required to account for deeds that have shamefully been termed 'errors' and 'excesses' . . .?" On July 29 the letter was transmitted to the Czechoslovak Embassy in Moscow, and on the very same day Marchenko was arrested.

Marchenko's enemies have many ways to sentence him to a new term under any false pretext. They can do this secretly or slander him in the newspapers. They can deprive him of defenders or intimidate them. We, his friends, have only one way of helping him: publicity. May as many people as possible know of his courageous struggle and his new arrest.

If you do not want to put up with this tyranny in the future, if you understand that Marchenko has been fighting for all of us and that all of us must fight for Marchenko, we ask you to defend him in the way that you yourselves deem necessary.

Liudmila Alekseeva (Tel. 258 70 34)
Larisa Bogoraz [Daniel] (Tel. 134 68 93)
Viktor Krasin (Perevo pole, Shkolnaia St., 44)
Pavel Litvinov (Tel. 299 38 05)

You may write or telephone any of us if you wish additional information.

77. In Defense of Czechoslovakia: Declaration

TO THE COMMUNISTS OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA
TO ALL THE CZECHOSLOVAK PEOPLE

Dear Friends!

The Soviet party-government leadership, alarmed by the development of internal political events in your country, has recently made a number of pronouncements and has undertaken actions that have been assessed by the overwhelming majority of the world community, including the Communist community, as an attempt at interference in the internal affairs of Czechoslovakia. Fear has even been and is being expressed that the ruling circles of our nation are planning—assuming that the development of events appears to be unfavorable from their point of view—to use the armed forces to halt such a development.

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This is furthered by the unobjective and one-sided reporting on the events in Czechoslovakia, which those among our people who think for themselves cannot agree with.

We Soviet Communists, knowing full well the mood of our people, its love of peace and its feeling of genuine friendship for your people, consider such fears unfounded. A party-government leadership which would start a war in Europe, and particularly a war against a friendly socialist country, would quickly be discredited and would lose the confidence of the people.

Observing the activities of the new leadership of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia, we feel more and more admiration for its courageous, wise, and uncompromising struggle to reestablish the party's prestige which was lost as a result of the unwise policies of its previous leaders. We have the greatest respect for and confidence in the Communists of Czechoslovakia, in its working people, and in all socialist forces in your nation.

A. E. Kosterin
P. I. Grigorenko
Sergei P. Pisarev
I. A. Yakhimovich
V. A. Pavlichuk

78. Letter by Natalia Gorbanevskaia

To: The Editors-in-Chief of *Rude pravo*, *L'Unità*, *The Morning Star*, *The Times*, *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, and all the newspapers of the world that publish this letter.

I urge you to print in your newspaper my letter about a demonstration [that took place] in Red Square in Moscow on Aug. 25, 1968, since I am the only participant in the demonstration presently at liberty.

Those who took part in the demonstration were Konstantin Babitsky, a linguist; Larisa Bogoraz-Daniel, philologist; Vadim Delone, poet; Vladimir Dremliuga, worker; Pavel Litvinov, physicist; Viktor Feinberg, art critic; and I—Natalia Gorbanevskaia, poet.

At noon we sat down on the parapet on Lobnoe Mesto and unfurled banners proclaiming: "Long live a free and independent Czechoslovakia!" (in the Czech language); "Shame on the occupiers!"; "Hands off the CSSR!" [Czechoslovak Socialist Republic]; and "For your and our friendship!" Almost immediately, whistles were heard from all corners of the square and plainclothes agents of the KGB came running toward us. They had been on duty in Red Square awaiting the departure of the Czechoslovak delegation from the Kremlin.

As they ran up to us they shouted, "These are all dirty Jews [*zhidy*]!" and "Beat the anti-Soviets!" We sat quietly and offered no resistance. They tore the banners from our hands and beat Viktor Feinberg in the face until the blood flowed, breaking some of his teeth. Pavel Litvinov was beaten on the face with a heavy bag.

A small Czechoslovak flag was ripped from my hands and destroyed. They shouted: "Get out of here, you scum!" We remained seated.

After several minutes, some automobiles approached and everyone except me was pushed into them. I had my three-month-old son with me and for this reason they did not seize me immediately. I remained on the parapet of Lobnoe Mesto for about 10 minutes. [Then] I was beaten up in a car.

My baby also was taken to the police station, and I was not allowed to nurse him for more than six hours. Arrested with us were several persons from the surrounding crowd who had expressed sympathy for us. They were released late that evening.

All who had been detained were searched that night under charges of "group activities in flagrant violation of public order." One of us, Vadim Delone, had earlier been given a suspended sentence under the relevant article [190-3] of the Criminal Code of the Russian Republic for participation in a demonstration on Jan. 22, 1967, in Pushkin Square.

After the search I was released, apparently because I must care for my children. But I continue to be summoned to give evidence. I refused to give evidence about the organization and carrying out of the demonstration since it was a peaceful one that did not violate public order. But I did give testimony about the arrest and illegal actions of those who seized us, and I am ready to testify about this to world public opinion.

My comrades and I are happy that we were able to take part in this demonstration and that we were able, even briefly, to break through the sludge of unbridled lies and cowardly silence, and thereby demonstrate that not all the citizens of our country are in agreement with the violence carried out in the name of the Soviet people.

We hope that the people of Czechoslovakia have learned or will learn about this. The belief that the Czechs and Slovaks, when thinking about the Soviet people, will think not only about the occupiers but also about us gives us strength and courage.

Natalia Gorbanevskaia

Moscow, 13/3 Novopeschanaia St., Apt. 34
August 28, 1968

79. Final Trial Statement by Larisa Bogoraz-Daniel

Moscow, Oct. 11, 1968

I am obliged to begin my final plea with what I said at the start: Many of my relatives have not been allowed into the courtroom, and none of my friends. However, there are many people here who are not known to the defendants. This is a breach of procedure.

In my final legal plea, I was not able to speak of my attitude toward the invasion of Czechoslovakia. I shall just speak of my motives. Why, disagreeing with the policy of my government, did I not content myself with my notification to my place of work instead of **going to** Red Square? [1]

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JUDGE: Do not speak of your beliefs. That has nothing to do with the court.

MRS. DANIEL: I have to speak of my motives, since this question was asked of me. I did not act on impulse. I thought about what I was doing, and fully knew what the consequences might be. I do not consider myself a public person, still less a political one. There was much that I had to suppress within myself to do what I did—my general inertia and disgust at public exhibition. I am fond of my freedom and value life. I would have preferred not to do what I did, but rather to give anonymous support to other people who think the way I do and have greater weight in our society.

I thought some of our public personages might speak out publicly, but they did not. I was faced with the choice of acting on my own or keeping silent. For me to have kept silent would have meant joining those who support the action with which I did not agree. That would have been tantamount to lying.

I do not consider my way of belief the only right one, but for myself it is the only one. It was all the meetings and items in the press telling of uniform support that caused me to say openly that I was against the action. If I had not done this, I would have had to consider myself responsible for the error of our government. Feeling as I do about those who kept silent in a former period, I consider myself responsible.

The above photo shows former Major General Piotr Grigorenko talking to newsmen outside the courthouse in Moscow where Pavel Litvinov, Larisa Bogoraz-Daniel, and three other Soviet citizens went on trial October 9 for demonstrating against the Soviet-bloc invasion of Czechoslovakia. Right afterward, Grigorenko began collecting signatures on a petition protesting the barring of the public from the trial. Grigorenko's participation in previous protests is covered in detail in Part I (July-August issue).

—United Press International Photo

PROSECUTOR: The defendant has no right to speak of things that have nothing to do with the accusation, and no right to speak of the actions of the Soviet government and people. I demand that defendant Bogoraz be denied the right to continue with her final plea.

DEFENSE COUNSEL: The defendant is explaining her motives. The court must take them into account before rendering its verdict.

JUDGE (*to Mrs. Daniel*): This is my third reprimand to you. You are trying to speak of your beliefs.

MRS. DANIEL: So far, I have not touched on my beliefs in the Czechoslovak question. I thought a great deal before I went to Red Square. There were reasons against it, above all the utter futility of my act. But for me the results were not what mattered, only my attitude on this question.

I do not admit myself guilty, but have I any regrets? To some extent, I do.

I regret very deeply the fact that with me on this bench is a young man whose personality is still unformed. I am speaking of [defendant Vadim] Delone, whose character may be crippled by being sent to a prison camp. The rest of us are adults. I regret, too, that the gifted and honest scholar Babitsky will be torn away from his work.

VOICE FROM COURTROOM: Speak about yourself.

(*The judge called the court to order and instructed Mrs. Daniel to speak only about her own case.*)

MRS. DANIEL (*to the judge*): Perhaps you would like me to show you the notes for my final plea before I deliver it . . . The prosecutor ended his summation by suggesting that the verdict will be supported by public opinion. I, too, have something to say about public opinion. I do not doubt that public opinion will support this verdict, as it would approve any other verdict. We will be depicted as social parasites and outcasts and people of alien ideology.

Those who do not approve of the verdict, if they should state their disapproval, will also find their way here.

I know the law, but I also know it in practice. And therefore, today, in this my final plea, I ask nothing of this court.

[1] Mrs. Daniel had written to the administration of her place of employment on August 21, the day after the invasion of Czechoslovakia, that she considered herself on strike—Ed.

80. Final Trial Statement by Pavel Litvinov

Moscow, Oct. 11, 1968

I will not take your time by going into legal details; the attorneys have done so. Our innocence of the charges is self-evident; and I do not consider myself guilty. At the same time, that the verdict against me will be "guilty" is just as evident to me.

I knew this beforehand, when I made up my mind to go to Red Square. Nothing has shaken these convictions, because I was positive that the employes of the KGB

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would stage a provocation against me. I know that what happened to me is the result of provocation.

I knew that from the person who followed me. I read my verdict in his eyes when he followed me into the metro. The man who beat me up on Red Square was one whom I had seen many times before. Nevertheless, I went out into Red Square.

I shall not speak of my motives. There was never any question for me whether I should go to Red Square or not. As a Soviet citizen, I deemed it necessary to voice my disagreement with the action of my government, which made me very indignant.

I knew my verdict as I signed the protocol at the police station, in which it was stated that I had committed a crime under Article 190.

"You fool," said the policeman, "if you had kept your mouth shut, you could have lived peacefully." He had no doubt that I was doomed to lose my liberty. Well, perhaps he is right and I am a fool.

The act of which we are accused is not considered by the law a grave crime. Therefore, taking us into custody was unlawful. Surely they could not have thought we would run away after what we did.

The pretrial investigator, too, acted as though everything was a foregone conclusion. He collected only those facts that he considered necessary.

Nobody asked me whether I believed in the opinions I expressed. But if I did believe in them, the count under Article 190, Section One, on spreading willful lies, would have to be dropped automatically. I not only believed, but I was convinced.

The indictment is too abstract. It does not say what, in actual fact, was subversive to our social and state systems in the slogans we displayed. The formulation of our crime in the pretrial investigation was more concrete.

The prosecutor also says that we were against the policy of the party and government but not against the social and state system. Perhaps there are people who consider all our policies and even our political errors as the logical outcome of our state and social system. I do not think so.

I do not think that the prosecutor himself would say this, for then he would have to say that all the crimes of the Stalin era resulted from our social and state system.

As for the trial itself, the official procedures were violated. Our friends were not allowed in. My wife was admitted only with great difficulty. There are people here who surely have less right to be here than our friends.

The prosecutor reversed the sense of Article 125 of the Constitution. He said that liberties are to be used if they work in the interests of the state. But it is in the interests of socialism and of the toilers that people are given these rights.

(*The prosecutor interrupted to complain that this argument was not relevant.*)

This *is* relevant. Who is to judge what is in the interest of socialism and what is not? Perhaps the prosecutor who spoke with admiration, almost with tenderness, of those who beat us up and insulted us . . .

This is what I find menacing. Evidently it is such people who are supposed to know what is socialism and what is counter-revolution.

This is what I find terrible, and that is why I went to Red Square. That is what I have fought against and what I shall continue to fight against for the rest of my life, by all lawful methods known to me.

81. Yevtushenko on the Invasion

NOTE: The following is the text of a telegram reported to have been sent by Yevgeni Yevtushenko to Premier Kosygin and CPSU General Secretary Brezhnev on August 21, 1968.

I don't know how to sleep. I don't know how to continue living. All I know is that I have a moral duty to express to you the feelings which overpower me.

I am deeply convinced that our action in Czechoslovakia is a tragic mistake and bitter blow against Soviet-Czech friendship and the world Communist movement. It lowers our prestige in the world and in our own eyes. It is a setback for all progressive forces, for peace in the world, and for humanity's dreams of future brotherhood.

Also, it is a personal tragedy for me because I have many personal friends in Czechoslovakia, and I don't know how I will be able to look into their eyes if I should ever meet them again.

I also feel that it is a great gift to all reactionary forces in the world and that we cannot foresee the consequences of this action.

YEVGENI YEVTUSHENKO

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Literature of the Underground

I. Historical and Political Essays

Selections from *Russkoe slovo* (July 1966)

PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT

On July 13 of this year [1966], the 140th anniversary of the execution of those founders of Russian freedom—Ryleev, Pestel, Muravev, Bestuzhev-Riumin and Kakhovsky—a meeting of the Ryleev Club took place on the grounds of the former Andronikovsky monastery in Moscow at which the following decisions were made:

1) To adopt Ryleev's poem "The Citizen" and his article "Culture and Man" as the philosophical basis for our activity.

2) To elect an administrative board of the Ryleev Club.

3) To conduct our work under the slogan, "Culture, Truth, Honor."

The Ryleev Club was established on June 6, 1964, as a humanitarian society of a socio-literary and cultural-historical nature, and as a successor to the Decembrists' literary "Society of the Russian Word," of which Ryleev was the leader.

The Administrative Board of the Ryleev Club
July 13, 1966

THIS ISSUE OF THE LITERARY AND POLITICAL MAGAZINE RUSSKOE SLOVO IS PUBLISHED AFTER AN INTERRUPTION OF ONE CENTURY

The monthly magazine *Russkoe slovo* was published originally in St. Petersburg in 1859 by Count Kushelov-Bezborodko. After 1962, publication was under the direction of the radical journalist Grigori Yevlampievich Blagosvetlov, who was a "*Shestidesiatnik*" [man of the 1860's], a staunch democrat, but not a socialist. From that time on, young authors with radical tendencies, such as D. Pisarev, V. Zaitsev, N. Shelgunov, and A. Shchapov, wrote for the magazine. *Russkoe slovo* became one of the legal journals of the Russian radical-democratic movement; it was a mouthpiece for the revolutionary Populists' philosophy of the intelligentsia-*raznochintsy*, the so-called "nihilists." After Dimitri Karakozov's attempt upon the life of Emperor Aleksandr II, the magazine, as well as *Sovremennik*, was closed in May 1866 by order of Muravev The Hangman.

In May of this year [1966], the Ryleev Club, organized on June 6, 1964, by Vladimir Voskresensky and Yevgeni Kushev, adopted a decision to revive the magazine *Russkoe slovo* (this is the only action taken by the Ryleev Club during the two years of its existence). The magazine is devoted to literature, art, culture, history, philosophy, as well as to discussions of various themes.

Thus, the present issue of *Russkoe slovo* is the first after more than a century-long interruption.

THE EDITORS
Moscow, July 1966

Culture and Man

To Russia's youth—those who are fighting, winning, suffering defeats, searching, observing, approaching the truth and again retreating from it—we send brotherly greetings.

To Russia's youth—in cities and villages, in colleges and schools—we send unalterable, friendly, and cordial greetings.

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Greetings to you, young workers, boys and girls.

You are the successors of the noble tradition of the freedom-loving Russian proletarians who gave to the world many heroes, among them Piotr Moiseev and Stepan Khalturin, the workers Alekseev and Obnorsky, and the first Russian Social-Democrats, those heroes of the Obukhovskaia Defense, as well as the pure people who fell on "Bloody Sunday" in 1905, those who established barricades at Presna and those who overturned the autocracy in 1917.

Greetings to you, young farm boys and farm girls! You whose family trees originate with Razin, Bolotnikov, and Pugachev—you are the most cherished hope of our Russian land, you who live on the farms, mothers and bread-winners of Russia!

Greetings to you, young Russian intelligentsia—on you rests the splendid mission of the battle for truth and for light, the battle for the reorganization and revival of Russia, to make her educated, enlightened, happy, deserving to take first place in the future within the universal, free, socialist society.

This mission has been passed on to you by the great Russian celebrities such as Radishchev and the Decembrists, Belinsky, Chernyshevsky, Dobroliubov, Lavrov, Bakunin, Mikhailovsky, Plekhanov, Lenin, by the great Russian writers such as Pushkin and Lermontov, Nekrasov and Turgenev, Dostoevsky and Tolstoy, Chekhov and Korolenko, Tiutchev and Biusov, Blok and Yesenin, Platonov and Pasternak.

To educate the Russian youth in the spirit of these noble, patriotic, and truth-seeking ideals of social thought is the sole task of our times.

This objective cannot be fulfilled by the efforts of individuals; the unified efforts of many thousands of people are required to meet this objective. We need a wide cultural movement, reaching into the very midst of the masses of the Russian people, who are burning with genuine enthusiasm and who are inspired by great traditions.

Let the sacred name of Kondrati Ryleev—a romantic, a martyr, a great and enthusiastic patriot, a teacher of national valor and democratic consciousness—be the star to guide us on this difficult path, just as the *North Star* guided the Decembrists and illuminated for them all that was best among the Russian people.

Who among the young people is not familiar with Lenin's words written jn printer's ink on the covers of student textbooks: "The most important task for us today is learning, learning, learning!"

In Lenin's time, in a country of universal illiteracy, this was an appeal to master reading and writing. But even after mastering these skills, the Russian intelligentsia, the Russian people—as well as many other people of the world—are still far from being genuinely cultured. For culture to become a possession of the people, to reach like "Lenin's lamp" into each remote village, an immense cultural revolution must take place.

The cultural revolution must begin first of all among the intelligentsia, because to whom if not to them are the following words best suited: "Physician, heal thyself!"

During the years of the Soviet regime, the structure of the intelligentsia was widened considerably, embracing representatives from many social spheres to which education had been denied. This new segment of the intelligentsia eventually came to constitute its largest component. However, this increase in the size of the intelligentsia was the result of a lowering of standards. Today, a young person, after graduating from college, is very often nothing more than a highly qualified specialist: he knows his profession and nothing else, and therefore he quite often displays gross ignorance of everything that is outside his own professional province. He displays a complete lack of social awareness or of independent thought, and at the same time he is a profligate, a drunkard, a user of profanity—in short, a boor.

Let it not be said that we are making groundless accusations against these people. Although they are ethically deficient, they can develop into highly valuable workers if they use their natural intellect, common sense, and kind hearts. But such intellectuals cannot be educators or teachers.

Therefore, when we call for a cultural revolution, what we mean is a rebirth of humanitarian education *everywhere*, because it is only this kind of education that can broaden the mental outlook, awaken aspirations toward truth, elevate spiritual qualities, and teach us to understand human beings and to become human beings. It is necessary to give young people a genuine knowledge of Russian and foreign classics, rather than the lifeless rhetoric and platitudes which, as presented in our schools today, are more capable of inspiring aversion than love for literature. An interest in philosophical problems and historical questions should be awakened in the minds of young people because, without this knowledge, they cannot understand themselves.

It is also imperative that a moral wave of purification flood away debauchery, excessive drinking, and hooliganism. Certain results could be achieved by fighting these social problems with laws, with administrative methods, and newspaper articles; however, these methods will not eliminate "the root of the evil"—that is, the ignorance which debases human character and drives people to violate morality. For the complete elimination of these abnormal characteristics from our society, the heroic dedication of our youth is needed, as well as the development of a strong character which will value noble actions and such social virtues as sincerity, veracity, and fearlessness. In no case should one speak words in which he himself does not believe, or associate with something in which he does not believe. One must be courageous and brave; it is a disgrace for a man to be a coward, a hypocrite, and a traitor! . . . .

What we have just offered is a philosophy of life and a genuine culture. The dissemination, broadening,

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and preservation of this philosophy are what constitute a cultural revolution.

Attempts to prescribe formulas by which this revolution could be accomplished would appear inexcusably ridiculous and pedantic; a revolution is called a revolution precisely because it destroys all types of formulas, canons, and dogmas.

Free discussions, comradely conversations, deep and comprehensive studies of both Russian and foreign culture should at the present time be the concern of the Ryleev Club's socio-literary, cultural-historical, and humanitarian society.

Let the wonderful motto of this club serve the cause of the moral and cultural rebirth of man, citizen, and patriot!

Serno

By N. Eidelman

We know very little about one of the most splendid persons in Russian history.

What legacy has he left us? A few poems that are noble but artistically weak, about ten draft projects, and some articles.

But there was something else. He was one of those who constituted the very soul of a movement.

About this, however, he remained silent. Indeed there were not many, fortunately, who knew and talked about it.

The lot of the historian is strange. The more the regime learns and writes down, the larger the output of scholars. So it was with the Decembrists.

The *Shestidesiatniki*, however, said less, and we know less about them. Chernyshevsky kept silent, and to this day there are many things we do not know—we only know that many things did take place. Hertzen kept to himself the secrets of his correspondents and assistants.

Serno-Solovevich, too, kept silent. However, the records of his interrogations do remain. Also a few letters. These records and the letters are probably the most unusual of all his works.

In one of his photographs he stands leaning on a chair—tall, calm, but somehow light and wiry. There is, perhaps, something of a Rakhmetov or a Bazarov about him—but only in the eyes and, certainly, in his gestures.

One is reminded of a letter once written to the Tsar by a revolutionary, saying: "Your Majesty, if you meet a person with an intelligent and honest face on the street, be assured that he is your enemy."

The record of the interrogations starts as it is supposed to start: "Serno-Solovevich, Nikolai Aleksandrovich, a nobleman by birth, 27 years old . . ."

Having earned a silver medal, he graduated from the Aleksandrov Lyceum with a respectable rank. And at the age of 23, he was already a counselor, only five or six ranks below Gorchakov and Korfa. Then things began to happen. On February 18, 1855, Nikolai I, unable to endure the Crimean defeat and the consequent weakening of the monarchy, died.

That day people gathered in the streets, glanced around, joyfully shook one another by the hand, and glanced around again. And then, after 30 years of Nikolai's "winter," Aleksandr's "thaw" began. The word "liberal" ceased to be a curse word. The bulk of the population, who had not thought before, began to think. The few who had already been thinking now began preparing to act.

The young official, Serno-Solovevich, had an unusual nature. He could in no way understand two very simple things: first of all, how it is possible to say one thing and do another; secondly, why one should depend upon others to act if one is capable of acting oneself.

Added to this was his manner of speaking directly, bluntly . . . His first real enemies began to appear. They were the first to express and to inscribe the word "revolutionary" in certain newspapers.

Serno-Solovevich wrote later: "This type of enemy is dangerous in a country which knows no civil rights, and where public opinion is so underdeveloped. Such an enemy always manages to arouse prejudice against a person, and then that person's actions are judged by noted circles of society on the basis of this prejudice. I had an opportunity to experience this myself."

But a man like Serno was not frightened by his enemies. The opposite occurred. He soon noticed that it did not make sense to waste his efforts fighting his enemies. Serno understood that a good wheel not only is useless in a bad mechanism, but is sometimes positively harmful—which means that it is better under such circumstances not to be a wheel at all. Rather, one should tear apart the mechanism or, to put it more cautiously, "become engaged in private activities." The question remains—how? One has to think, study, discuss and experiment.

And so Serno went abroad. It was the year 1860. He was to be arrested in 1862. Such a person can do a great deal in two years. If all his conspiratorial letters, meetings, contacts, appearances, and conversations had been published or recorded, they would comprise many books. But we hardly know one-tenth of what actually transpired.

In February 1860 he was a guest in London with the exiled Hertzen and Ogarev.

"Yes," writes Ogarev, "he is a public figure, and perhaps also an organizer!" And later in Petersburg, Chernyshevsky wrote to Dobroliubov: "Be happy, Serno-Solovevich and I are the closest of friends. . . ."

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Nikolai and his younger brother Aleksandr Serno-Solovevich were among those who maintained contact between the revolutionary center in London (where Hertzen was) and the underground in Russia.

On February 18, 1861, after thousands of secret deliberations, serfdom was abolished in Russia. Almost instantaneously, the incorrigible Serno-Solovevich traveled from Petersburg to Berlin, where he published in Russian "The Final Solution to the Agricultural Question," after which he returned to Petersburg. He wrote as he thought—sharply, directly, plainly.

The fact that Serno-Solovevich signed his work with his real name made a great impression. "I am publishing this project under my name because I think that it is time to cease being afraid. If we wish not to be treated like children, we should stop acting like children, because he who seeks truth and justice must be able to stand up fearlessly for them." Government officials were so astonished that they decided not to arrest him immediately. However, they made note of the incident and began waiting for another to occur.

In the fall of 1861 and the spring of 1862, the matter of Nikolai's defiant behavior approached the moment of reckoning. We know or surmise that Nikolai and his brother Aleksandr participated in almost everything in which the underground was involved at that time. In London, the appeal "What the People Need" was being prepared for publication at Hertzen's printing house. Nikolai was one of the authors. The large revolutionary party "Land and Freedom" was organized, and the brothers were among the organizers. During the year 1862, the clouds thickened. The infuriated government gathered its strength. At the end of June, about 20 people met in Hertzen's London apartment—among them the owner of the apartment, Ogarev, and Bakunin. Another guest was Pavel Aleksandrovich Vetoshnikov, an employee of a steamship company. The next day he was to leave for Russia, and Hertzen, Bakunin, and Ogarev decided to have him carry an important letter for them. But also among the guests was an agent of the secret police, Perets. . . .

There are many kinds of joy in the world, and among them is the joy felt by a police agent: the joy of a hunter who with cold detachment sets out to destroy another person. No doubt the agent, Colonel Rakeev, experienced such feelings on July 7, 1862, when he went to arrest Chernyshevsky; and so did the agent, General Levental, who waited in Serno-Solovevich's apartment for the owner's return.

From July 7, 1862, Serno's path to freedom was closed forever—from that time on he was imprisoned in cell No. 18 of Alekseev's section of Petropavlovskaia Fortress. Chernyshevsky was in cell No. 14.

Before their interrogations began, prisoners were kept in solitary cells, in whose senseless silence horror would be born. Some of the prisoners would break down. Petropavlovskaia Fortress crushed and depressed them. And so it would often happen that words were uttered which should never have been uttered, and that friends would thus be betrayed. Another might defend himself, then grow frightened, his courage subdued; a third might become mentally disturbed; others perhaps did not betray their friends but stated instead that they did not know Hertzen and the other troublemakers, and that they disagreed with the sedition these persons advocated.

Nikolai was called for his first interrogation in the middle of October, after a hundred days in prison.

During the first interrogation, the commission was taken aback by his calmness, his incredibly firm self-confidence. "I did not communicate with the exiles and their accomplices in London; I did not spread any propaganda hostile to the government; I did not know and do not know any accomplices."

In the succeeding interrogations the commission tried to "trip up" the prisoner, but in doing so it was obliged to employ information received from others.

In the end, the commission did not find out anything new, while the prisoner learned much from the questions he was asked. He answered them skillfully, carefully, and thoughtfully.

Meanwhile 1863 arrived, and bad news reached Serno from the outside: the revolutionary movement had been suppressed, and the Polish rebels were being mowed down. To Serno this information was ten times harder to take than the deprivations of prison life.

His main task was to be and to remain a man!

Finally, the interrogating commission wrote its report and passed it on to the Supreme Court for examination. Of the 32 prisoners, Serno alone knew his legal rights and requested a copy of the report. His request was met. The other prisoners were the kind of people who from childhood had believed that the government was free to do as it pleased, that the citizen had no recourse, and could not even expect to understand the crimes with which he was charged.

Serno read the enormous volume and gradually grasped what the enemy knew and what he did not know. He compiled a long report of 55 paragraphs, the so-called "Signed Testimony" which, according to custom, had to be addressed to the Tsar.

Serno admitted certain things—but somewhat vaguely so that no harm would come to any of his fellow conspirators. Then he explained the reasons for his views and for his defense. His report was so skillfully written that it was difficult to recognize the point at which he went over to the attack. He wrote very simply and clearly. People, he said, have different opinions, and they must be allowed to argue and discuss their differences openly:

. . . . People are suffering and dying for no reason, while under different circumstances these sufferings could be eliminated and the people, though remaining in different political camps, would work collectively for the good of the Fatherland. . . .

Two paths are open to the Russian government. One is to lead a reasonable [social] movement. . . . A gov-

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ernment which does not stand at the helm of such a rational movement has no other choice but to retreat. This results in vacillations and half-measures on the part of the government, and in rapidly mounting irritations among the people. . . . The people appear to be ungrateful. During Nikolai's regime, which was considerably worse, they refused to work, sat and sprawled about lackadaisically.

The present government awakened society with its partial reform measures, but did not give it an opportunity to express itself. And the need for expression is the same type of need for society as chatter is for a child; therefore, nothing remained for society but to express its opinion without waiting to obtain permission to do so.

Serno attempted to send a letter from prison to his brother Aleksandr abroad. The police intercepted the letter, which said: "I am completely satisfied that I was able not to involve anybody and to endure two years of prison, remaining the same person." As a result of the letter, he was asked again and again about past events and his secret relations with Hertzen and Ogarev.

To talk about Hertzen and Ogarev as Serno-Solovevich did meant at least the doubling of his sentence. But to talk in a different manner would have meant incurring a moral sentence upon himself for the rest of his life—to become, as Serno said, a coward like Judas, who hanged himself from an aspen tree. . . .

When the trial of the 32 prisoners, held behind closed doors in strictest secrecy, was nearing its end, Serno was asked why he had not informed the administration of a visit by Kelsiev (Hertzen's and Ogarev's agent). He answered: To inform on a guest would have been "a violation of social ethics," and consequently would have been contradictory to the interests of His Majesty the Tsar.

The Supreme Court judges' astonishment reached the limit when Serno-Solovevich delivered an informer's report . . . on himself. It turned out that he found out about the Tsar's order "to set free from prison those persons who cooperate in disclosing their accomplices." Serno asked that this order be applied to his case, and that he be released immediately. By providing information about himself, the development of his views, the circumstances which led him into battle, he also provided information about the paths of thousands of people, without mentioning them by name. By so doing, he got to the root of the problem. Thus he helped the government to understand these matters and—if it so wished—to correct them.

The way I understand honor, I would rather be executed than become a Judas; and according to my understanding of the matter, I know that to the government my sincere repentance would just be utterly useless chatter. . . . What kind of situation would the government be placed in if I decided to deliver an endless list of those persons that I know, or suspect, have criticized the government's actions or were dissatisfied with the existing order! Propaganda does not cause irritation, but irritation causes propaganda.

The government could not forgive nor forget such a report. When the sentence was handed down, it called for the deprivation of all civil rights, 12 years' imprisonment at hard labor, and then exile to Siberia for life. Serno's mother asked the Tsar to mitigate the sentence. Tsar Aleksandr II commuted the sentence from penal servitude to banishment for life.

Even before he reached Siberia, Serno, still calm and businesslike, was already thinking about the possibilities of escape. He began to act, apparently on the very first day of his arrival. He made arrangements with some exiled Poles to organize a revolt, with the objective of reaching the border. Immediately he again became an activist and organizer. "Try to be ready by the end of February," he said to Sulimsky, one of the exiles. The revolt was to break out at the beginning of February in 1866. But Sulimsky appears to have been a government spy. He informed the officials about the daring plan, and the government took countermeasures. Nikolai Aleksandrovich did not have time to find out about this. . . .

Within a few months the sad news reached London. *Kolokol*, No. 219, starts with Hertzen's article, "Irkutsk and Petersburg." He compared the unsuccessful attempt on the Tsar's life with the death of a political prisoner.

These murderers do not miss a chance to murder the most noble, the purest, the most honest among us, such as Serno-Solovevich. . . . He was one of the best of the flowering of prose writers that heralded the new era in Russia. . . . And he is dead. . . .

The Philosophy of Montesquieu

By S. Artamonov

The 17th century has come to an end, and looming through the evening dusk is the marvelous, powerful, and energetic 18th century. The people have already glanced back at themselves, wrote Montesquieu, and by now, the air is becoming sultry before the approaching storm—*Hertzen.*

The storm broke at the end of the 18th century.

Montesquieu stands at the source of the powerful ideological movement which prepared the storm. He was the precursor of the revolution. He was one of the first to urge the French nation to accomplish great social transformations on the basis of social equality, democratic freedom, peace, and humanism. Mon-

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tesquieu, together with Voltaire, opened the era of the French Enlightenment. The more decrepit the feudal regime, the stronger sounded the voices of social protest, and the more persistently and perceptibly grew the need to change the social system.

In the middle of the 18th century, a phalanx of great thinkers, poets, and scientists embodying the wisdom, conscience, and talent of the French people appeared in France's literary arena. Diderot, d'Alembert, Rousseau, Condillac, d'Holbach, and Helvetius appeared in the press almost at the same time. In 1751 their collective work, the grandiose *Encyclopedia* of the Enlightenment, was begun—our greatest national monument, Voltaire called it.

The liquidation of serfdom, social freedom based on judicial equality, broad education of the people, bringing the people closer to culture—these were the main objectives of France's 18th-century Enlightenment.

In many areas the next generation after Voltaire and Montesquieu went considerably further than had their old friends and teachers, but these two powerful intellectuals were the first to give life to the thought of the Enlightenment, and to give democracy first place among their goals. Achieving the solid foundation of democracy became their most crucial measure of progress.

In age Montesquieu was the oldest of the Enlighteners. He was born in 1689 at the Chateau de la Brède, not far from Bordeaux, into a family of the gentry. His serious study of French laws and his observations of life enabled him to become aware of the economic, social, and political disorder in his country.

Montesquieu combined in his person equal passions for science and democracy, so that he studied scientific problems not out of academic curiosity but for the sake of improving the public life of the people.

One of the main doctrines of the Enlightenment with respect to society was the acknowledgment of the fact that despotism levels the people and depresses the spontaneous manifestation of individuality. This thought was expressed for the first time in Montesquieu's "Persian Letters":

All of our personal characteristics are alike because they are forced upon us; we see people not as they actually are, but as they are compelled to be. Only the voice of fear is heard in this enslavement of hearts and intellects, and fear has only one language. . . .

The French Enlighteners created a doctrine of natural human rights. They maintained that nature itself gives people the right to happiness and freedom and the right to satisfy their natural physical and spiritual requirements. Political regimes and legislators, according to the Enlighteners, must facilitate this reasonable and natural order of things. If the government and the laws violate this natural order, undermine its principles or oppose it, then the people have the right to reject the government and the laws which contradict the natural order. In this manner the doctrine of the people's moral right to overthrow despotism by force arose.

In Montesquieu's words, justice is intrinsic in the nature of things; it exists independently of man, and it is always one and the same no matter who employs it. From this theory of the absolutism of justice is derived spontaneously Montesquieu's idealistic thought that justice, which is inwardly peculiar to all people, is the great social factor that opposes despotism and tyranny.

For three years Montesquieu lived outside France, studying the socio-administrative structures of Italy, Germany, the Netherlands, and especially England.

Soon after his return home, Montesquieu published his *Considérations sur les causes de la grandeur et de la décadence des Romains*. The ancient Romans were mighty and powerful so long as they adhered to the principles of freedom, he wrote. But despotism killed them; it corrupted them, weakened their forces, pampered them in reckless self-indulgence, and ruined the moral virtues of society.

Montesquieu spent more than 20 years on his philosophical work, *The Spirit of Laws*. In it he wrote that the law must be placed above everything else. Freedom of the people and of individuals is manifested only in subordination to the law. Turning to systems of government, he sets forth three types: republic, monarchy, and autocracy. He sees the most acceptable system of government as the one in which the laws provide the highest degree of protection from the encroachment of a tyrant.

For this reason Montesquieu proposed the theory of the separation of powers, each of which would counterbalance the others, using the "veto" when necessary and thus remaining independent one from the other. The three separate branches of government were the legislative, the executive, and the judicial.

The bold ideas of Montesquieu were accepted with great enthusiasm by the world, including Russian democratic society. Almost all of the philosopher's works were translated into Russian as long ago as the 18th century. The Russian poet-satirist Antiokh Kantemir translated the "Persian Letters," and Radishchev translated *Considérations sur les causes de la grandeur et de la decadence des Romains*. Radishchev gave his complete support to the French people's fight against the "tyranny of evil, cruelty and hypocrisy" concealed by the law.

After publishing *The Spirit of Laws*, Montesquieu did not engage in any new work, and his physical strength declined. But when rumors reached him that a French professor named La Beaumelle, after appearing at a Danish university to propagate his [Montesquieu's] ideas, had been arrested and imprisoned by the Prussian police, the aging philosopher considered it his civic duty to help the courageous disseminator of his philosophy. He left the Chateau

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de la Brède and reached Paris, but there he became ill and died on February 10, 1775.

The thought of Montesquieu, the noble standard-bearer of democratic freedom and social justice, has lived for centuries. His ideas have crossed the borders of his century and of his country and have become the possession of the entire human race.

Selections from *Tetrad* (Nos. 6 & 7, November-December 1965)

At Daybreak

(Excerpts)

By A. Krasnov

PART I: SILHOUETTES

In 1945 I settled in Moscow. At that time I was 30 years old, and there were many things behind me: my political awakening, my first arrest, the Institute, postgraduate studies, seven years of teaching, the war, the blockade, a deaconship with Vvedensky, my travels across Russia and the Near East, my stint as a lecturer at Tashkent University, and my years in the theater.

In the autumn of 1945 I decided to enter the Moscow Theological Institute. I took the exams and made a poor showing, but despite this ominous beginning, I immediately began to pursue the first year's course. P. F. Kolchitsky (my inveterate and prodigious enemy of Ulianovsky times) heard of my decision and telephoned the rector, Father Tikhon Popov, about the undesirability of my candidacy. The Father called me into his office and, shrugging his shoulders, expressed his regret, but advised me to study at home. I then went to see the Metropolitan Nikolai (whom I had known since childhood), who also shrugged his shoulders and advised me to study at home; then he hugged and kissed me. After this I turned my back on the Institute. I found a secret means of obtaining books that were in the Academy and conscientiously read them. In the meantime I again became a teacher, and for four years (before my arrest) I worked as a teacher of literature in three Moscow schools at the same time. And how I worked: with enthusiasm, with zeal, and with interest! I cared about my students. During these years I became aware of all the contradictions of postwar Moscow—the deep, irreconcilable contradictions, almost hidden from view.

It was at this time that I learned how to become an informer. It all began when I arrived as a teacher at the School of Working Youth in the spring of 1948. I saw Viktor, a former student of mine, a redheaded youth and the son of the school janitress. Viktor had made a fine career for himself; at this time he was the head of the Section of Cadres of the Dzerzhinsky Raion Committee of the Komsomol (the largest in the capital). He came over and greeted me. "What brings you here, Vitka?" I asked. "Business, business. I came to see a student of yours and a colleague, Yakov Fayvelich (a math teacher), on very important business," he answered.

Within a few minutes the class monitor walked up to me. He was 25 years old, a tall, well-built man, and a Communist. He spoke tersely, in the manner of military speech: "Demidov and I have to leave immediately on extremely important business."

"What kind of business?" I asked. Again, unemotionally and distinctly, he repeated: "Demidov and I must leave on very important business." "Well, well then, be off," I said.

In the evening at school, I saw Yakov (my colleague), and I asked him, "Was it you whom Vitka came to see?"

"Yes, yes, he came to see me, and if you only knew the reason he came."

"Tell me, then I'll know."

"I'll never tell you, but if you only knew, if you only knew."

I could see that Yakov was bursting to tell me everything, so I deliberately appeared disinterested, knowing that in a few minutes he would tell me.

"Of course, don't tell me a thing, I don't need your secrets," I dissembled.

"Well, all right, I'll tell you what happened. People from the MGB [1] came to the Raion Committee of the Komsomol in search of workers. Vitka recommended Alekseev, Demidov, and me."

"But what kind of workers?"

"Scientific," he said. "We went immediately to the Raion Committee of the Komsomol and they spoke with us. They told us to go the day after tomorrow to the Bolshoi Domi for passes."

"You're mad!" I exclaimed.

"No, it's not what you think, it's not that. They need workers in the Foreign Section."

"Well, it's possible. But nonetheless, why are you interested? Now I know you've lost your mind."

"I'm interested because it means money, thousands, thousands, and more thousands."

"Well, hardly that much."

Within a few days it was clear that my colleague had counted his thousands too early, for they told him, "We will not employ you." The candidate Demidov, son of the well-known Chekist in Marinnaia Roscha, was also dropped because his father categorically objected to his candidacy. The only one who was accepted was the class monitor, the tall, broad-

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shouldered youth, Yevgeni Alekseev. He was a colorful personality. His grandfather, who had owned an icon shop, had been a strong, thick-set man. He had been deprived of his property and deported in 1930; he died in a prison camp. His father was a well-known women's tailor in Moscow who charged exorbitant prices for his outfits, but well he might—each dress or coat that he made was a work of art. Yevgeni himself (I also taught his brother) took after his father's and grandfather's nature: he did everything thoroughly, slowly, carefully, seriously, confidently. He was a youth during the war years. In 1941 he began to work at a factory, and in 1942 he was drafted into the army. He fought for three years and was promoted to master-sergeant; he was also accepted into the party. After the war he went to school and studied diligently to finish the 10th grade. He learned everything thoroughly and became the class monitor. Along with many of my other students, he frequently visited me at my home, perhaps more often than the others.

After his visit to Lubianka, I, with my usual tactlessness, hinted that I knew of his forthcoming career. The following day he came to my home, sat down, and explained that he had filled out a huge form, had been given a medical examination, and was told to finish school, to do as well as possible, and then return here to the Foreign Section.

"Why are you interested in this, Yevgeni? Why don't you become, preferably, an engineer, a doctor, or a scientific worker? If you take a position with these people and something goes wrong, you'll be dealt a blow and you'll be left without a profession."

"Should something go wrong, a profession isn't necessary, nor is the blow. Here I am 25 years old and I'm still dependent on my father; what's the sense of studying another five years and remaining a millstone around my father's neck? But here I'll begin to study in the fall with a stipend of 1500 rubles, and I'll have only one year to go."

During the time of the examinations I was able to assist him a bit. Then I lost track of him, as though he had disappeared. In August, on the Day of Transfiguration, I was sitting in my home on Bolshaia Spasskaia Street. A bell rang. It was for me. I opened the door, and there was Alekseev. I wondered what brought him to me. Perhaps he came about his brother, still a student of mine. But that turned out not to be the reason. Instead he said that during the examinations I had helped him a great deal (it was a lie, but a small one), so he had decided to treat me to dinner from his first paycheck. "Let's go to a restaurant," he said. I agreed.

We went to a small, open-air summer restaurant on the Samotioka. After the first drink, he said, "My parents are religious people. Every time they sit down to eat, they cross themselves. I don't tell them a thing of what I'm doing, and I won't tell you either. I know that you are a deeply religious person. But if you or they knew what I was doing, you would not disapprove of my activities. What people say about me is really of no concern to me."

We walked along the Moscow streets to my door. While parting, he said, "This isn't all, here is something for you to remember me by." And he handed me a gift, a small silver teaspoon, from which, not knowing the rules of etiquette, he had not removed the price. I was stunned by this unexpected gesture from a sentimental Chekist, a naive donor, and I couldn't make heads or tails of it. I lifted the spoon from the box and examined it carefully. I still have it in spite of all the disasters; although it has lost its luster after 16 years because the silver is of poor quality, it still has years of service left. On the back the hallmark is clearly visible. And you, Yevgeni, secret agent, what are you doing now?

I heard about him eight years ago; he was a lieutenant-colonel in the KGB; his wife was also an agent, and they had a seven-year old daughter. But what, I wonder, has happened to his spiritual life? Does he still respect religious people, as he once did? Or has his soul lost its luster like the teaspoon? Were he to meet me on the street, would he recognize me? And having recognized me, would he remain aloof and awkwardly polite, as his brother did, his brother who made an illustrious diplomatic career? Most likely he would.

At that time an elderly female teacher of philology, a colleague of mine, came to me and pleaded, "Please do something about Potinov." (Out of respect for the ethics of the teaching profession, I have changed the names of my students; all other names are given in full). "I don't know what to do with him," she continued, "I can't allow him to take the exams; he doesn't know a thing. Will you give him private lessons?" I agreed to tutor him.

He was called Anatoli, my namesake; he was a towheaded, 17-year-old youth. I began to test him on literature and found that he was fantastically ignorant; if he studied for ten years, he still wouldn't know anything. I asked him honestly, "Think it over, you are going to matriculate, but how far can you go with such scanty knowledge?"

"I have my eye on a good position," was all he said. One day I asked him what his brother, who also had studied at this school, was doing now.

"He works for the KGB," he answered.

"Ah, so that's how it is, now I understand, you are also planning to work for them. Literature is absolutely unnecessary there, isn't it?"

"It's not necessary," he replied.

I asked the philology teacher if she knew what kind of work Potinov intended to do. When I told her that he planned to go with the "sleuths," she said, "Oh, no, this is some kind of an epidemic! Remember the other student we had, Ilya Chizhikov? He left in the 9th grade and went there. He comes on Sundays, drunk, squandering money, and our boys envy him."

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No, they don't need literature.

Also at my school there was an attractive, talkative, amusing girl, a good student who recited well from memory. At all the school functions she was "Queen of the Ball." While she was studying at the School of Working Youth, she was asked for her work certificate. She answered with embarassment, "It's very awkward for me because people look at me so oddly, but I work with Vasilkova as an informer." The mathematics teacher, a Communist, was embarrassed for a moment, but then he said, "It makes no difference." Indeed, no difference at all.

There was another girl who, after graduating from school, came to me during the holiday and said that Natalia Georgievna, the director, had sent her because it was up to me, as her former class supervisor, to write a character reference for her.

"With pleasure, let's go inside and sit down. Just where are you applying?"

"To the KGB."

"How strange you people are," I said; "what attracts you there?"

She muttered confusedly, "All my relatives, aunts and uncles, work there."

I looked her straight in the eye and lashed out, "That's no excuse. You are a grown girl, and you yourself should understand what you are doing." I handed the character reference back to her, and she left without saying good-bye.

And finally, an intelligent, refined youth who was interested in art and spoke in an elegant, literary manner came to see me. He had a pretentious name, Erik, which sounds strange when combined with a Russian surname. Erik's father, a checker of meat products, was employed at the Ministry of Meat and Milk Industry. On graduation night I spoke with Erik, who was tipsy, and asked him where he was applying for a job.

"I don't know, perhaps at the MGB."

"What, you too? Why?"

"My father has been connected with that organization for many years," he answered.

"Tell your father that it won't help him to have you around." His only reply was an embarrassed smile. And so it was that a tipsy son exposed his father.

Now, I have shown you the lowest depths of Moscow in the 1940's. Marinnaia Roscha, artisans, small-time sleuths. Let us climb again to the top.

Who in the literary field does not know the name of Professor Elsberg, Yakov Yefimovich, an authority on Hertzen? Who in literary circles is not familiar with the scandalous story about Elsberg that struck the Union of Writers like thunder. But I am not writing for literary people; so I will relate the story again.

First in the cast of characters is Yevgeni Lvovich Shteinberg, a Moscow professor of history, with whom I served time in prison. Yevgeni Lvovich was a sociable, talented, and witty person, who had a close friend, a sincere and devoted friend, who was also a professor—Yakov Yefimovich Elsberg. Theirs was a friendship that had withstood the test of time; it had continued for more than twenty years. The degree of closeness between these two people can be judged by the fact that frequently at midnight the Shteinberg telephone would ring, and Madame Shteinberg, Tatiana Akimovna answering the phone, would hear the familiar voice of Elsberg who was going to bed and wanted to wish her and Yevgeni "pleasant dreams." That's how close a friendship it was. Once Tatiana Akimovna remarked to her husband that he was too careless, that he spoke too much on political subjects, and he replied: "But where do I speak? It's only in my own home. I don't fear you or Yakov Yefimovich."

In 1951 Shteinberg was arrested and imprisoned; during the first interrogations, it became clear that everything he had discussed with Elsberg in the past 25 years was known to the KGB in minute detail. Covering a period of 25 years, the material was quite impressive; and as a result, Yevgeni Shteinberg was sentenced to 10 years in prison.

During his wife's visit to the prison, he told her that "Yakov had sold him out, but God must keep her from revealing that she knew anything about Elsberg's role." It became necessary for Shteinberg's wife to receive Yakov Yefimovich in her home, listen to his hypocritical condolences, and shake his hand. I remember one of her letters which Yevgeni Lvovich received at the camp. It read, "Yesterday the dog came. Several times, under various pretexts, I avoided his visits, but yesterday I had to receive him. We were very gay, we joked, and he stayed 50 minutes."

Yakov Elsberg was a colorful person, and the possessor of a stormy background. He was born in Odessa and began his adult life (in 1924) with a major swindle. He was a member of a company that sold artificial jewelry. The company was involved in a large-scale scandal, and Yakov was sentenced to three years in prison for his "scientific-research activities." Because the times were liberal, he was sent to a place not very far way. In 1927 he was back in Moscow, and his rapid career was launched.

I am not going to relate minutely all the crossroads of this career. I will only mention that within a short time Elsberg became a professor at MGU [Moscow State University], a doctor of philological science, and for a while was the literary secretary of Lev Borisovich Kamenev, which post, it appears, he did not obtain through his own initiative. Elsberg's activities at the same time broadened in another direction: according to official data, which he himself eventually confirmed, between 1930 and 1950 he betrayed scores of individuals within the upper circles of the literary and scientific intelligentsia, including the outstanding writer I. Babel, who died behind bars. Many professors of history and literary criticism, among them Professors Shteinberg, Pinsky, and Maksheier, were

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betrayed. Elsberg's activity increased considerably during the postwar years when the struggle against "Zionism" was at its height, for Elsberg concentrated for the most part on betraying those of Jewish ancestry.

He began to feel uncomfortable in 1956, when those whom he had betrayed began to return home in droves. No one, however, could foretell the big scandal which was to erupt five years later in November of 1961.

[At that time] the Union of Writers held a meeting devoted to a discussion of the results of the 22nd Congress. Unexpectedly, the floor was given to Professor Pinsky, a bold, short-tempered, harsh person, who is a noted lecturer and literary critic and an authority on Spanish literature. Pinsky declared:

We are discussing here the liquidation of the personality cult. But what liquidation can take place when this individual (*he makes a broad gesture in the direction of Elsberg*) is in our midst? Three years have passed since Shteinberg, Maksheier and I—all members of the Union of Writers, whom he betrayed—submitted an appeal to the administration of the Union for his ouster; our appeal was shelved, and now one of us, Professor Shteinberg, has died. Still this traitor is here.

A wave of anger swept through the hall. People began shouting at Elsberg: "Get out!" Everyone forgot about the 22nd Party Congress and began to discuss Elsberg.

That was a memorable day. All the long pent-up resentments burst forth; accusations of treason, toadyism, and cowardliness were hurled; speeches of vehemence and hatred rang out. In the end the chairman made a motion to elect a commission which would investigate the charges against Elsberg.

The commission began its work quickly; its sessions were open and all the secret reports that Elsberg ever wrote were laid on the table. This was an important concession to public opinion. And it was, of course, much to the credit of the then chairman of the KGB, Shelepin, that the investigation was allowed to take place.

Elsberg displayed unusual self-confidence:

Yes, I wrote all this, [but] I wrote the truth. They actually said all these things; I didn't add one iota, and I'm not responsible for the outcome. I consider my earlier actions deeply patriotic.

It must be added, to the honor of the Union of Writers, that not one supporter of Elsberg could be found. He was expelled ignominiously. He was also forced to relinquish his post as a member on the editorial staff of the journal *Vestnik literatury*.

He remained, however, a scientific associate at the Institute of Literature and today supervises the work of several postgraduate students. Is he continuing his patriotic activity? I don't think so. Only a fool would associate with Elsberg, and all that remains for him now, sitting alone in his stylish apartment, is to recall the words from the popular song of Beranzhe:

Silence, silence, gentlemen,
A patriot of patriots,
A gentleman of Iscariots
is approaching here. . .

But there is yet another "patriot of patriots," Professor Aleksandr Andreevich Guber—a very noted specialist in Oriental studies, a corresponding member of the USSR Academy of Sciences, and a recent director of the Institute of Far Eastern Studies—whose story must be told.

In 1941, MGU was transferred to Central Asia. Yevgeni Lvovich Shteinberg, who had a five-room apartment in a cooperative building on Bolshaia Kislovka (today it is Semashko Street), was also to leave with his family. He heard that Professor Guber was staying in Moscow. And it was at this time that Yevgeni Lvovich went to see his colleague, who lived on the outskirts of Moscow in a communal apartment.

"Aleksandr Andreevich, you're remaining?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Aren't you afraid?"

"No, I'm not afraid."

Later Aleksandr Andreevich agreed to move to [Shteinberg's apartment on] Bolshaia Kislovka.

In 1945 Shteinberg returned to his apartment. Guber welcomed him warmly and rearranged his belongings, but he did not move out. After a month, Shteinberg carefully asked his guest, "Aleksandr, what happened to your own apartment?"

The professor's reply was brimful of poetry: "I acted in the manner of Cortez, who ordered all the ships' masts to be chopped down. I gave my apartment to the Apartment Fund."

"What you are saying frightens me, Aleksandr, because Cortez gave this command in order to show his sailors that he had decided to remain in South America. . . . Is it possible you have decided to stay in my apartment?"

"Yes, I am already used to it here!"

There ensued a long drawnout legal case, with lawyers, recriminations, and trips to court. At one point during the case, the bell rang in Shteinberg's apartment, and at the door was a gray-haired, corpulent, angry man. It was Semashko, a former commissar of the Public Health Department, who lived in the building and was chairman of the building cooperative. With an authoritative gesture, he said, "Come with me." Having taken Yevgeni Lvovich to his office, Semashko began a real interrogation:

"Whom did you let into your apartment?"

"Guber."

"I know it's Guber. But who is he?"

"A professor."

"What do you mean, a professor! He is an informer. Are you aware of this or not?"

"Yes, but how did you know?"

"Because the MGB just called me with a request to help 'our associate.' That's all we need—an informer living in our building! Here is a letter for you to

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show to the USSR Supreme Court. Bring this case to an end as soon as possible."

The letter helped. The Supreme Court ruled for the eviction of Guber. The professor left the apartment that very day. Semashko's reaction was typical: society has always looked with fear and disgust on informers. However, many weak people have been caught up in the MGB net. And a great many of these people were from religious circles. I have written a great deal in my time about the traitors in cassocks—about N. F. Kolchitsky, Platonov, and the currently thriving deacon, A. A. Vvedensky.

All the foregoing facts belong to the remote past, and we are not going to return to that unhappy time. We only wish to point out that our clergy should learn moral tidiness from their atheistic brothers in the USSR Union of Writers, who expelled the professional informer from their midst.

What is the present situation in this area? Unfortunately, the recruitment of secret agents continues right now, and the methods employed are almost identical with those previously used. As an example, we will refer to the activity of the Administration for the Affairs of the Russian Orthodox Church of the State Security Committee. The Administration is concentrating on recruiting agents from within the walls of the Ecclesiastical Academy in Zagorsk. The recruitment procedure is as follows: A student is usually called in to the Military Registration and Enlistment Office, where a head "uncle," with the rank of major, explains: "You are a true Soviet citizen; we know you and have faith in you. There are many foreigners in your Academy, many of whom are spies. If you spot them, will you aid us in exposing them?"

"Oh yes, of course, I'll help you," is the reply.

"In that case, your signature will be necessary," the student is told, and a paper setting forth a general commitment to assist the KGB is shoved in front of the bewildered youth. It frequently happens that the youth—inexperienced, to a large extent uneducated, and often a resident of a remote province—signs the document. Then a meeting is arranged for him with another agent in a hotel or occasionally near an amusement park (for instance, the "Akvarium" Park). The youth is invited into an automobile, where a tape-recorder is turned on and the interrogation begins; however, the questions are not about spies, but about his friends. This is the first stage of the work.

It should be mentioned that the secrets which the unsophisticated and unlearned recruits pass on to the operative officers—for the most part, also uncouth and uneducated people—are not worth a kopek. The recruits' attempts at dissembling are handled unskillfully and crudely (a far cry from the professional, Elsberg). Such attempts are usually detected the day after an informer's recruitment. We are talking about our present informers with irony, but it should not be inferred that they are harmless.

At one time, the deacon A. A. Vvedensky, an uneducated, ignorant, and degenerate person, made a report on me. But degeneracy and ignorance did not prevent him from wrecking the lives of a number of persons. No great intelligence is needed to put a weapon into the hands of a person who is not interested in the furtherance of truth but only in the possibility of destroying an ever greater number of honorable people. This occurred in Stalin's period, and one would like to believe that there will not be a recurrence. However, the harm wrought by informers is not limited merely to the personal harm they inflict in the dark and behind corners, when one is unable to parry their insults. The greatest harm is the damage done to the whole fabric of our society. Because of the existence of informers in our midst, people have stopped trusting one another, friend suspects friend, husband suspects wife, brother suspects brother. As usually happens, rumor considerably magnifies the number and importance of spies. Distrust, suspicion, and cowardice assume the proportions of an epidemic. Any simple and sincere relationship between people becomes impossible.

It is difficult to imagine a more loathsome being than the professional informer. In his comedies, Aristophanes created the classical image of the sycophant, which even at that time elicited contempt and hate. [But] hard as it is to sympathize with informers, I nevertheless feel sorry for them, just as in my youth I felt sorry for the young girls who roamed the boulevards in search of an admirer who would buy their dinner, and for the young criminals in prison camps who satisfied the disgusting lusts of the older criminals.

The comparison is clear: all these people lead pathological, abnormal lives.

To preserve our mental hygiene, "domestic espionage" should be declared illegal the same as prostitution, brothels, and sexual perversion. We are not referring to the Sherlock Holmes type of detective who shadows criminal offenders. We are talking about those who listen in on others' conversation or study their thoughts. Thoughts, conversations, and beliefs are a matter of private individual conscience. And the government should have nothing to do with them. Long live freedom of conscience, and away with the abnormal profession of informer!

* * *

PART IV: BUT EVERY AUTHORITY MUST FALL

Recently I was told of the comment made by an old prison-camp inmate regarding the three-volume *Istoriia Obnovlencheskovo Dvizheniia* (History of the Revival Movement), which I co-authored: "He [meaning the author] is imbued with Marxism."

Is this so? Yes, it is.

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Friedrich Nietzsche (a bold and profound thinker, though also a man of ill will) once said: "In order to overcome decadence, one must become decadent oneself. Therefore I embrace decadence, but also its antithesis." He was right: decadence (involving a sharp sense of the tragedy of life) is a necessary stage in the experience of mankind and in the creativity of every thinking individual. One cannot simply brush decadence aside. One must accept it, master it, and overcome it. (A thinker who does not understand the tragedy of this world is not a thinker but a frolicking little goat.)

Marxism is also a necessary stage in the history of mankind. One cannot brush Marxism aside. What then, in essence, is Marxism? "Marxism is the philosophy of class struggle." Since class struggle is an indisputable and unquestionable fact, it is inconceivable and impossible to brush aside Marxism.

In addition, Marxism is an economic philosophy (according to Sergei Bulgakov) and is the only truly scientific theory of political economy. The thinker and the historian who do not understand Marxism are also "frolicking little goats" because they do not understand the deep dissonance in world history. Marxism, however, is one-sided and insufficient. When we read the first volume of *Das Kapital*, the harmony and simplicity of the great economist's concepts fascinate the reader: value is surplus value, and that's all. But when we take the second volume, this entire concept is discarded. Marx himself razes it to the ground [in saying that] the cost of production—profit—completely overshadows value. And this is entirely understandable, for the first volume is algebra and the second volume is real life. . . .

In general terms, Marxism (the first volume) is the algebra of class struggle. The second volume had to be written to place real relationships within the framework of the algebraic formula.

Paraphrasing Nietzche, I could say: "To overcome Marxism, one must become a Marxist oneself. Therefore I embrace Marxism, but also its antithesis." And the antithesis of Marxism is Christianity. Marxism is the philosophy of a great stage in the history of mankind, of the class struggle. It will exhaust itself with the disappearance of classes. Christianity, on the other hand, will never exhaust itself. Marxism explains only one aspect of life—the economic. Christianity explains all of life's phenomena in their entirety. Christ said: "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

One of Marxism's chief merits is its correct explanation of the problems of the state. Marxism established the temporary historical nature of the state and, in opposition to anarchism, mapped out a correct course toward its elimination.

"And so, the state does not exist forever," F. Engels wrote:

There were societies which managed without it, and which had no understanding of the state and of state power. [But] at a certain stage of economic development, which was connected with the division of society into classes, the state became a necessity because of this division. Now we are rapidly approaching a stage in the development of production when the existence of classes not only will cease to be a necessity but will become a direct obstacle to production. Classes will inevitably disappear just as they inevitably arose in the past. And the state will inevitably disappear along with the disappearance of classes. Society, organizing production in a new manner based on the free and equal association of producers, will relegate the entire state apparatus to the place where it will rightfully belong—in the museum of antiquity, next to buckles and bronze axes. (Friedrich Engels, *Origins of the Family, Private Property, and the State, 1950*, p. 180).

Now, when you read these lines written nearly 100 years ago, they seem like baby-talk, since life has proved to be more complicated than these predictions. Nevertheless, Engels formulated a correct plan for the historical development of the state. Destruction of the state is the age-long dream of mankind and of all our contemporaries. Therefore, I have never been able to read these lines of Engels' without agitation. These words . . . represent only the introduction to the science of the state. History has written the second volume with iron and blood.

What are the basic stages in the further development of the state? At present, one can add substantially to Engels' words.

First of all, the process of eliminating the state is slow, gradual, and agonizingly [word indistinct]. Over thousands of years mankind has become accustomed to the fact that the state regulates every step in people's lives. For this reason the state has tremendous power and is vitally interested in preserving and strengthening its position—for there are a vast number of people whose living is provided by the state. Finally, the moral uncontrollability of people necessitates the existence of a powerful apparatus of constraint. Nevertheless, it is now possible to have a state with maximum limitations on its functions—the "semi-state" about which V. I. Lenin wrote.

In my article "Bronze Hoofbeat," I attempted to establish what should be the functions of the state in the stage of socialist democracy. These functions should broadly cover the following three items:

1) The protection of Soviet borders;
2) Administration of the economy; and
3) The combatting of criminal acts (including, of course, acts of espionage, treason against the Motherland; and sabotage). However, this struggle must be carried out by strictly legal methods and by public trials.

As the reader can see, the state's functions in the period of socialist democracy remain very broad; but it is still a semi-state. In a situation of complete freedom of conscience in all areas of public life, such dis-

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graceful professions as those of spy and informer will disappear of themselves, and such shameful phenomena as spying, double-dealing, cowardice, and being afraid to voice one's opinion will also vanish. In such a situation, individual talent will miraculously flourish, and a new Renaissance will ensue in art, the social sciences, and philosophical thought. Religion and the Church, freed from outside bonds, will unite in combat—on an equal basis—against atheistic thought. And after an open, courageous, and honorable struggle (this we believe), the victory will be won—a victory in the minds and hearts of the people.

I am firmly convinced that, under these conditions, there will emerge a powerful religious-social movement which will continue the moral revival of humanity. This will be the ethical rebirth of mankind of which Friedrich Adler, the Austrian Social Democrat, wrote so inspiringly, and which all the best human minds have proclaimed. And it is this movement alone that can render the state system unnecessary. Only when the animal instincts inherent in so many people are suppressed, and when man has become master of his passions instead of being their weak-willed plaything, then and only then will the state become unnecessary.

The state cannot fall by itself; such powerful fortresses do not topple of their own weight. Nor will the state disappear as a result of the dissemination of a materialistic ideology which has so obviously proven its powerlessness to bring about the moral revitalization of the people. A great spiritual revolution must precede the fall of the state. A great moral upsurge of the masses can occur only after a broad socio-religious movement has gripped every layer of society; and this movement will be called the World Spiritual Revolution.

Such a great World Spiritual Revolution is nearing, and it will change the face of the earth. Then the state will be transformed into nothing more than a scientific research institute for managing the economy, and the great prediction of Karl Kautsky, who defined socialism as "organization in the area of industry, and anarchy in the area of ideology," will be fulfilled. It is characteristic that this concept was put forth by Kautsky in the 1880's, and that it did not encounter opposition from any side—including V. I. Lenin.

This whole development is extremely far in the future, but it is this distant future which must ripen in the bosom of the present, *toward which we must strive, and for which we must give our lives!* . . .

[1] Throughout this essay, the author refers interchangeably to the Soviet internal security apparatus either by its previous initials, MGB (Ministry of State Security) or by its present initials, KGB (Committee for State Security).—Ed.

Who Killed Trotsky?

By Ye. M.

On September 12, 1965, *Pravda* printed a [defamatory] reminiscence about Trotsky. Several days later, the Army newspaper *Krasnaia zvezda* did likewise. The question is—why? Why does the word "Trotskyite" ring in many people's ears as a synonym for opportunism and treachery? Why wasn't Trotsky, a true comrade to V. I. Lenin, rehabilitated either after 1956 or after 1961?

A professional revolutionary and conspirator, Lev Davidovich Bronstein (Trotsky's actual name), who was still a youth when he joined the Social Democratic movement, is now accused of factionalism. Yes, Trotsky was a factionalist—and so were the August bloc and the "Mezhraiontsi." Other figures of the Social Democratic Party also belonged to factions: Lunacharsky, Uritsky, Volodarsky, Bubnov, Rykov, Vorovsky, Dzerzhinsky—persons whom no one accuses of all the mortal sins, in fact quite the contrary.

L. D. Trotsky was one of the leaders of the October Revolution in Petrograd. At one time John Reed, who later founded the US Communist Party, wrote that it was Lenin's and Trotsky's revolution (certainly not Lenin's and Stalin's). Trotsky was chairman of the Petrograd Soviet of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies; after the Second Congress of Soviets, he became People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs and then People's Commissar for Defense and for the Navy. He founded the Red Army and hailed the appearance of young Red commanders, including Tukhachevsky.

In 1924 Trotsky relinquished the struggle for power; yet this did not diminish Stalin's enmity toward him. A highly intellectual man, an eloquent speaker, and an outstanding publicist, Trotsky aroused the unrelenting animosity of the crafty Georgian. In addition [to personal ill feelings], there were serious political differences between them. Trotsky propounded the theory of "permanent revolution"—first a peaceful revolution and only afterwards the building of socialism. Stalin, on the other hand, without refuting proletarian internationalism, came to give primacy to the theory of "socialism in one country." Even former comrades of Trotsky supported the latter theory, since Stalin's plan was prompted by state interests while Trotsky's platform was constantly vacillating and seemed to have no future; thus it was replaced.

Trotsky himself was an outstanding personality, but at the same time he was extremely contradictory and changeable. He ventured opinions on every aspect of all problems, combining broad democratism with a dictatorial manner. Following numerous debates and intrigues, Trotsky was expelled from the party and within two years, in 1929, left his homeland. . . .

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First in Turkey, and later in France, Norway, and Mexico, he promoted feverish activity to organize his allies, who in 1933 succeeded in creating the Fourth International at a convocation of all Trotskyite parties (which were rather similar to religious sects in their zeal). . . . Trotsky's authority was so great that the International Zionist Committee in Paris (to which Rothschild, Leon Blum, Marshall, and others belonged) suggested that he join their ranks. Trotsky, however, refused on the grounds that his cause was international. But he still wished them success in the creation of an Israeli Republic. . . .

Trotsky's activities never ceased to frighten Stalin. Near the end of the 1930's, when professional revolutionaries and conspirators were being ousted from responsible positions and professional bureaucrats and apparatchiki were replacing them, [Stalin feared] Trotsky would seize the opportunity to increase his activities in the USSR. So Stalin ordered Trotsky killed. Not long before his death, the exiled Trotsky wrote: "Once again fate has granted me a delay. But I know that this delay will be short-lived."

An undercover NKVD agent, the Spaniard Ramon del Rio Mercader, was sent to Mexico to carry out the sentence imposed *in absentsia*. It was rather difficult to break into Trotsky's circle (among his friends were such high personages as the later President of Mexico, General Lazaro Cardenas). Nevertheless, Mercader, using the pseudonym of Jackson and posing as a "representative" of the Spanish republicans, managed to gain admittance to Trotsky's home on May 28, 1940. He visited again on June 12. Then Mercader-Jackson coordinated his criminal plans with the NKVD. Once more he visited Trotsky, but unforeseen circumstances interfered with his fulfillment of Stalin's command.

Finally, on August 20, 1940, using the pretext that he wanted to "show an article" [to Trotsky], Mercader again went to see him. Two "accomplices" [also] withdrew into Trotsky's office. After three or four minutes, Trotsky's wife heard a heart-rending cry. She ran into the office. . . .

Lev Trotsky was lying near the door with a crushed skull. "What has happened?" she screamed. He said one word: "Jackson." He uttered this word as if saying "It has been done," Madame Trotsky wrote in her memoirs. A grand funeral was arranged for Trotsky, but the day before, the house where his body lay burned down and only his bones were buried. . . .

Mercader long withheld his name and his motives for the crime. [Captured and charged with the murder], he professed in court that "Trotsky destroyed my personal life." With a show of the passion natural to all Spaniards, he claimed that Trotsky had seduced his "bride"—Trotsky's personal secretary. It should be noted that according to the criminal plan, Mercader was supposed to leave the house calmly after the murder and round the corner, where a car with his wife and mother would be waiting. The car was to take the "sacred family" to a nearby port, where a Soviet ship was scheduled to sail in half an hour. In 1942 Mercader was sentenced by the Mexican court to 20 years' imprisonment. He has been living near Prague since 1960. Incidentally, Stalin awarded him a medal and the title "Hero of the Soviet Union" as early as 1940.

A great, erudite and brilliant politician, L. D. Trotsky has continued to attract the attention of many people fho have been anxious to know the unadulterated truth about him. Even today he has his allies in many countries, who call themselves "Bolshevik-Leninists." The political influence of the Trotskyites is insignificant, but a number have succeeded in becoming intimate with various leaders; for example, Raptis—General Secretary of the Fourth International—was an advisor to former Algerian President Ben Bella.

"Trotsky did not derail the train," wrote F. F. Raskolnikov to Stalin in 1939. "As you know, I never was a Trotskyite; on the contrary, on ideological matters I struggled with all opposition, both in the press and at major meetings. At present I do not agree with Trotsky's political position, but I consider him an honorable revolutionary. I do not believe and never will believe [the allegation concerning] his agreement with Hitler and Ribbentrop," he wrote further.

All Communists and Leninists, all allies of Socialist Democracy, all democratically-oriented citizens agree with this viewpoint, as do all people who are interested in making the truth known. Long live historical truth, and down with the falsifications of history.

Selection from *Phoenix 1966*

The Interrelation of Knowledge and Faith:

An Apologetic Experiment

By Aleksei Dobrovolsky

It is interesting to examine some states of human consciousness from the point of view of a formula: $E=N(P-I)$.

First let us examine the formula itself.

E equals emotion experienced by man in the perception of a given vital relationship. N equals the need for a solution of the given relationship in a way, plan, or direction desirable to the subject. P equals the information prognostically necessary for the organization of acts directed toward the attainment of the goal (satisfaction of need).

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It is the preliminary working out of the theme by the subject, his hypothesis—so to speak—as to the result, as to the essence of one or another event or relationship. It is an internal feeling, a guess, an intuition. It is based on the past experience of the subject and is only indirectly related to the given question. I is the information available, that, is the actuality, the form of the solution of the given relationship in real life. If it can be so expressed, it is life's answer to the question about which the prognoses were made.

The sphere of application of this formula is vast because it is difficult to find any area of activity where man has not experienced emotion—beginning with card games and ending with the highest manifestations of the human spirit. Art, science, religion, war, peaceful labor—they all constitute areas of man's feeling. They are all subjects of his emotions.

In order to understand the essence of the formula under discussion, let us look at the example of two men in a fight.

Each of them has the desire, the need, to emerge from the conflict as winner. And so one element is present, need N. As for prognostic information, it is also present because unless each fighter had a preliminary conception of his opponent's personality, weaknesses, and manner of fighting, and of the possibility of victory—in brief, unless he had prognostic knowledge of the character of the conflict into which he was entering and the methods of its solution—no conflict (in its original sense) would take place. Need and prognostic information are two of the elements necessary to initiate acts toward the satisfaction of need, the achievement of a goal. Then what? Then life steps into the action. It shows in the concrete situation how true the subject's prognoses were, how mistaken he was, and how correct.

Here the link between prognostic and actual information (P and I), becomes obvious—and not only their link but their qualitative homogeneity. P, prognostic information, is not just any information about the opponent. It is preliminary information about qualities that will be revealed by life, that will come to light in battle.

So both the character and the strength of the emotion experienced by a man in various vital situations depend on the extent to which the prognostic information turns out to be like real life.

Let us suppose in the example under discussion that one of the fighters had certain prognostic notions about the weaknesses of his opponent, how the fight was going to go, what methods of defense and attack he would use, *etc.* But at the very beginning of the fight his opponent turned out to be different from what he supposed (somewhat stronger, cleverer). The emotion which must then arise will be rage.

Emotion arises as a result of insufficient information, of a deficit in the information necessary for the satisfaction of the need (in this case the victory over the opponent.)

The question arises: what is the purpose of emotion? Why is it necessary? What is the biological purpose of emotion? The questions are fair, and they arise because nature does not create anything without a purpose. What then is the purpose of emotion? Obviously its purpose is that it is to some extent able to act as a compensation for a deficit in information. It arises as the organism's reaction to the deficit, and pushes the living system into new paths, decisions and acts toward the achievement of the goal. The emotion of rage (in our example) fills in the information voids and helps man to find his way among them. True, for a while it makes him reckless, but what difference does that make if, in the last analysis, it leads him to victory. It is hardly necessary to convince anyone that in certain circumstances rage is salutory. Without emotion man would always refuse to do battle with the unforeseen. Wherever good sense cannot help us, there emotion steps into action. Thus emotion helps overcome ignorance.

If we take as an example a man's perception of a work of art, the case would be analogous. There is a need for esthetic satisfaction—that is, for the perception of a definite solution of vital problems through the forms and means of art. There is prognostic information relating to the solution of a situation in a work of art. The emotion will depend on the extent to which the prognostic information of the viewer corresponds to the objective idea of the artist. If the prognostic information of the viewer's perception is deeper and broader than that given to the solution of the problem in the painting, then he will not experience esthetic satisfaction. He is more likely to be disappointed. But on the other hand, if the thought of the author of a work of art adds to the thought of the viewer, if he illuminates new sides of a phenomenon, or if he simply looks upon things from a new angle, he can rightly count on success, on a high evaluation of his work. Schopenhauer noted this aspect of art: "We are fully satisfied with the impression made by a work of art when it leaves something which we cannot, for all our effort of thought, fully explain."

But this relation between P and I of course has its limits. Clearly, if prognostic information is practically absent, no matter how talented or brilliant the solutions of the problems in works of art, they will not be appreciated. They simply will not be understood.

Thus it is not far to the thought that a man's special talent or genius will not take hold of the minds of ordinary people immediately. History abounds with examples of great works of human genius being unfairly scorned—and then understood and appreciated many years later, when the general level of consciousness (prognostic information) reached the level of the geniuses once considered insane.

When Matisse first showed his painting "*Joie de vivre*," not only the uninitiated but even venerable painters from his circle expressed the opinion that he had gone mad. Time proved that they were mistaken.

For a definitive understanding of the formula $E=N(P-I)$, let us examine all its possible meanings. There are obviously just four possibilities in all:

(1) There will be no emotion if the need is equal to O—that is, if there is no need or if it is already satisfied.

(2) If $P=I$, or $P-I=O$. Emotion is non-existent in an insufficiently informed subject, even given a large amount of need.

(3) When P is greater than I. There will be [negative] emotion; the greater the difference $(P-I)$ and the greater the need, the greater the emotion.

(4) When P is less than I. In this case the formula is turned around and the emotion changes into its opposite. If, for example, the painter's available information is a continuation in the same direction as the prognostic information of the viewer's perception, then dissatisfaction becomes joy, even ecstasy.

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Having created the mechanism of emotion, nature is equipped with a constant compensation for deficit in information.

If a living system is sufficiently well informed for normal orientation within an environment, then it can get along without emotion. But if an information deficit makes itself felt, the emotional apparatus must come into action, helping the living being to move in a desired direction.

In light of the fact that man's environment is subject to change (and man is incapable of knowing for certain the course of change), the information deficit, which means emotion, is constant. Any living system functions in a chronic information deficit. Obviously, if a man could manage to acquire exhaustive information as to all possible variations in his environment, then he could remain completely calm in any vital situation. But it is clear that man is hardly capable of this kind of knowledge.

Having examined the essence of the formula $E=N(P-I)$, we may move on to consider its application to broader problems—such as, for example, *the interrelation of knowledge and faith.*

People with small intellectual demands rarely experience dissatisfaction with the environment. They are quite unfamiliar with inexplicable fits of the blues. They live in a pretty cheerful state most of the time, and if anything saddens them, it's not for long.

The situation is altogether different with those people whose intellectual horizons lie far beyond conventional limits. No matter what the external conditions surrounding them, the thoughts of such people constantly turn to the dark side of life, and they can even paint the bright side in dark hues if they let their imaginations go. Black melancholy is a frequent visitor in the lives of such people.

I note parenthetically that in both cases above we are speaking of people with an atheistic world view.

From the formula $E=N(P-I)$ we know that a positive emotion will be experienced when I (information available) is very great, greater than P. There is certainly no reason to suppose that highly intellectual people command a smaller amount of available information [than others]. That means that it [their emotional response] depends entirely on the prognostic information. No matter how great the absolute meaning of I, it is inadequate in relation to P. The result is an information deficit, in consequence of which, as we know, emotion arises.

Those whose minds go beyond the limits of our world and begin to wander the immense reaches of the universe see the senselessness of all earthly efforts. Everyday troubles do not bother them; all life's adversities appear in a completely different light than they do to others. The only thing that can grieve them is the deviation in their own behavior from the demands of the ideal.

The faces of the great philosophers of antiquity gaze at us, majestic and serene. Something timeless, something eternal is stamped on the serene gaze of such people.

But theirs is a realization that has already risen above the level of flat atheistic attitudes.

How to find the borderline where knowledge and faith meet?

If we return to that remote time, to the beginning of the phenomenon of "the hunger for knowledge," then we can see that man was trying to apprehend not just purely practical and utilitarian goals. Along with concrete separate phenomena, man was trying—within the limits of his thought—to grasp rules, to turn into objects of contemplation not just things close to him but the whole universe. Moreover, man tried to comprehend not only things outside of himself, but his own being, his place in the world as defined by space and time. Throughout the history of mankind the effort to understand universal and absolute truths runs like a red thread. As a being limited in time, man could not but ask questions about the nature of time and space, of the general and the specific, of matter and cognition. In short, in order to make life meaningful, in order to have the certainty that he would wake tomorrow, and find himself in the same world, man had to find something eternal, indestructible, to which all existence was subordinate. The objective attitudes of ancient philosophy are probably all confined within this tendency.

But it is one thing to pose a question and another to resolve it. At the dawn of knowledge philosophy posed questions that to this day are as unresolved as in Homer's time.

Positive knowledge could help in the solution of any individual problem; it could serve as a means of orientation in the world with complete success; but when it came to the eternal questions, all construction based on conditional knowledge fell as if built on sand.

At the same time the need, the urgent need for the assurance of something eternal, unchanging, that would give meaning to our brief existence, never left man for an instant.

Proceeding from the formula $E = N(P - I)$, given the presence of a great information deficit, given masses of prognostic notions and almost zero information available, man cannot experience anything but dissatisfaction, discontent, and if it may be expressed thus, longing for the ideal.

The constant feeling of dissatisfaction, longing, oppresses man and in the last analysis weakens his vital activity, his instinct for self-preservation.

Nature itself moves in contradictions. Contradictions can be resolved in a case where emotion expressed in a pessimistic perception of the world changes to its opposite. But for such a metamorphosis to take place, the quantity of I in the formula must rise sharply.

And so, if the visible, tangible, perceptible world is not able to give an answer to the meaning of existence, then nature creates the belief that there is another world separate from our own in which exist not only desires but the eternal ideals—unfortunately inaccessible to man—of Good, Beauty, and Truth.

With this feeling Plato creates his ideal world, and any philosopher trying to explain the secrets of existence will be forced one way or another to consider the idea of the transcendental—that is to say, in the last analysis, the divine.

The contradiction of cognition lies in the fact that as it opens newer and newer horizons to the explorer, it gradually brings him to the "last horizon," beyond which beat the waves of the unknown.

And wasn't it that aspect of knowledge that the ancient sage had in mind when he said: "And I gave my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly: I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit. For in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." (Ecclesiastes 1, 17-18.)

Characteristically it says "in much wisdom is much grief." Not "in much knowledge," but "in much wisdom."

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What is indubitably implied by wisdom is the prognostic character of man's information, his ability to ponder the complexity of vital problems.

And so by stimulating him to broaden and deepen his prognostic ideas and by not resolving them in any definite way, knowledge in its highest forms leaves man alone with despair and sorrow. From this point of view one can fully understand Bergson's words: "Religion is a defensive reaction to the corruptive power of the human mind."

One frequently hears the opinion that religion developed in a remote period when people, contemplating the many phenomena of nature, could make no rational explanation of them. Another idea about religion is that it is the saving refuge of the weak, the abused, the inferior.

On principle it is impossible to agree with any of these opinions. Religion is in fact the result of ignorance, but of an insurmountable ignorance which will accompany man eternally. Even taking a dialectical position and recognizing the endlessness of the knowledge process, one has to agree that absolute truth is unattainable. And if so, religion is eternal since it serves the greatest need of man, the need for contact with Absolute Truth.

There will be those who are satisfied with life, satisfied atheists, whose limited minds will not accommodate both positive knowledge and faith in God.

But he who constantly struggles with questions of the meaning of existence, he who does not wish to live in the style of a learned sectarian, will always feel on his shoulders the oppressive weight of the unexplained secrets of life, will always consider himself weak and inferior in this world so long as he is not turning his gaze toward another, higher world.

I would like to conclude with the words of Blaise Pascal: "There are only two kinds of people who can be called reasonable: first, those who serve God with all their heart because they have known Him, and second, those who seek Him with all their heart because they haven't known Him."

II. Literary Criticism

Selections from *Phoenix 1966*

In Defense of Pyramids

(Notes on the Art of Yevtushenko and his poem, "Bratsk Hydroelectric Station")

By Andrei Siniavsky

IN THE FOURTH ISSUE [1965] of *Yunost*, Yevgeni Yevtushenko published a long poem which simultaneously sums up and plots the future direction of his creative activity. The poem is intended to summarize the experience of the present, to relate it to the past, to Russia's history, and to unfold a panorama of human destinies, ordeals, labors and struggles. The common link, the author's preface states, is the debate between two themes: the "theme of unbelief" contained in the monologues of the Egyptian pyramids, and the "theme of belief" as expressed in the monologues of the hydroelectric station and by all the figures, episodes and lyrical reflections involved in its construction. We see before us the contours of a gigantic, monumental project; indeed, Yevtushenko's poem is considerably broader in magnitude and scope than most of the poetry of our day. It is as if the poem, even in its outward appearance, tries to resemble the construction project that gave it life and a name—"The Bratsk Hydroelectric Station."

True, as the preface says, "perhaps this is not a poem, but simply my meditations united by the debate between two themes." We will not cavil. After thirty or forty digressions in Andrei Voznesensky's "Three-Cornered Pear," [1] we have become accustomed to the freest of compositions and will not demand thematic harmony or purity of genre. Digressions, monologues, meditations, discussions—even when they run from one end of the poem to another—can all be interesting and poetically justified. So we propose to take advantage of the offered appearance of this easy yet fundamental dialogue between Yevtushenko and his readers to throw ourselves into it and try—even if it becomes necessary to digress somewhat—not to limit our analysis to "Bratsk HES," but to tackle several general problems which Yevtushenko's work poses for contemporary poetry.

The first of these problems is Yevtushenko himself and the extraordinary success he has had with his wide and primarily youthful audience. Even those who are reserved or skeptical about his verse (and this, frankly, includes the author of this article) are forced to admit that the poet's renown, as it spreads across the country

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and beyond our borders—perhaps the greatest poetic renown of recent times—has a real foundation and cannot be called just a passing fad. Nor can it be attributed to the undemanding standards of the audience or to ignorance of other and worthier subjects for love and reverence.

Yevtushenko owes his popularity to himself, to the very brilliant qualities which are basic to his poetic character and talent and which have enabled him, for better or for worse, to enthrall the minds of men of his time and, to a somewhat lesser extent, to fill the gap left in poetry by Maiakovsky's departure. After a long interlude, he has given back to us a feeling of lyrical biography which unwinds before our eyes in a chain of verses linked together by a single topic—the personality and life of the poet. In new and different circumstances, and in his own Yevtushenkoesque way, he has adopted—to use Pasternak's phrase—that "spectacular conception" of poetic biography demonstrated at the beginning of the century by Blok and then variously developed in the poetry of Maiakovsky, Yesenin, and Tsvetaeva. Notwithstanding all the many differences in individual interpretation, the essence of this "spectacular conception" is that the poet not only writes his verses but somehow lives in them for all to see, generously and without embarrassment offering his life to his contemporaries and heirs for review, making it his literary subject, his fascinating novel in verse which revolves around a vividly drawn hero—the poet himself. The gesture of invitation to this festive, tragic spectacle ("I won't melt before your eyes, look at me. . ."—Blok; "People of the future! Who are you? Here I am, all pain and bruises. . ."—Maiakovsky); his utter frankness in telling about himself; the effort to put himself into his verses so completely that we perceive the hero almost physically, that we admire him, suffer for him, and unconsciously identify him with the author (although of course they are not, in fact, completely the same)—all these things Yevtushenko has directly or indirectly adopted from his great predecessors.

Without comparing the relative degrees of talent, one can, however, discern elements of profound dissimilarity in the very understanding of the concepts of the individual, his destiny, and biography. For all his penchant for self-exposure, Yevtushenko is devoid of the stamp of personal exclusiveness, of the sense of being chosen for a great and awesome destiny, a destiny both providential and immutable, and at the same time one that allows the poet to elevate his private life to the level of a unique "existence," half real, half imaginary, created from day to day before the eyes of an astonished public. Next to the Titans, Hyperbolists, and Maximalists,[2] as the poets of the above-mentioned circle were called, Yevtushenko's hero is an ordinary man; all of his attractive characteristics and high ideals do not prevent him from being "like everybody else," appearing most often in the role of the "nice fellow," the "good guy"—interesting, good and brave, but in no way one of the chosen few. But while he is far removed from the mythmaking about one's own personality that so attracted Yesenin and Maiakovsky, to say nothing of Blok and Tsvetaeva, and while he is also remote from their spiritual storms and messianic aspirations, Yevtushenko is nonetheless like them: he brings into his poetry faithful details about his life and environment; he tells where he was born, where he lives, whom he sees, whom he loves, what he is like in appearance and morals, thus maintaining the [reader's] illusion of knowing Yevgeni or, better yet, Zhenia Yevtushenko ("so that they will read [me] more and more and simply say to me: 'You know, Zhenia—that's good!'"). Thus we know for certain that he is not just anybody, but that he is Zhenia driving Galia to the beach in his Moskvich.

IT IS HERE, precisely here—in the revelation of the concrete facts of his personality and biography—that Yevtushenko's secret lies. Beyond everything else, he creates an atmosphere of personal charm by virtue of the very fact that he introduces himself and we make the acquaintance of the man himself and not just a "faceless hero." It is for this faith, this friendliness, and this sociability that people have come to love him. . . . In short, we think of Yevtushenko as an old friend whose character, mimicry and intonations express the essential traits of a whole generation which has seen in its midst no other prophet, apart from this "one of their own," of whom it could immediately be said that he was real and not imaginary, sincere and not a liar, as proven *inter alia* by his wholly believable "Mama," "Galia," and "Winter Station."[3]

But just the same, in comparison with his more demanding and self-assured forebears (Aleksandr Sergeevich, permit me to introduce myself. My name is Maiakovsky": "Thus, according to the Bible, spake the prophet Yesenin, Sergei"), Yevtushenko represents an alteration if not a degeneration of the tradition. We accept without question Yesenin's confused, muddled, ecstatic prayers:

Even after all my sins,
After giving heaven the lie,
Put me in a Russian shirt,
Under an icon let me die . . .

Troubled as it is, this has weight and sounds magnificent. But Yevtushenko's incomparably more timid and simple request (in "Russian Nature," 1960)—though Yesenin-like in its incongruity and disorder—gives an impression of affectation and unfounded pretense:

Russian nature,
before you, prophetic,
How I feel pathetic
always in my little rush!
You don't hurry,
fuss and scurry

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You just go
powerful, slow
When my time comes,
don't you mourn;
Dispose of me simply,
don't you weep.
I won't die!
you, Russian nature,
Like Russian nature
take me to your keep.

The desire for slow dissolution in Russian nature is in no way consistent with the poet's "nature," with his constant hustle and bustle, whereas in Yesenin, the sins themselves are part of a passionate desire for redemption and resemble the terrible wounds on the body of a fallen hero who did not overcome his turbulent, titanic nature (the wounds are significant in themselves and bespeak strength and righteousness: "But if devils have nested in the soul, there, too, have angels dwelt").

There would seem to be a sort of pyramid, a hierarchy of values, whereby what is good for one person does not always suit another, and whereby what would be proper coming from a tsar sounds pretentious in the mouth of a simple mortal. Yevtushenko generally doesn't aspire to tsarist roles; strictly speaking, he is less self-confident than Maiakovsky or Yesenin. But that is so because, in his guise of "regular fellow," he often behaves immodestly, tactlessly, like an upstart who has forgotten his place. The hypertrophy of the ego is paid for in the one case by a cross, a burden, a destiny, and is motivated by the dimensions of the legend created and the tragedy endured. In the other, there is no such motivation, but only an outburst of commonplace self-love:

On spring nights think of me,
On summer nights think of me,
On autumn nights think of me,
On winter nights think of me.

Worry about me
Broadly and deeply,
Don't stand aside
When I'm lonely.
Fish deep and hard,
I'll tell you how;
For all my "later"
Love my "now."

These lines are dedicated to the poet's beloved and his friends, but they are permeated by a demanding attitude toward both love and friendship (demanding not friends but admirers). They all must think of me and remember me because *I* need it and *I* want it; not because my ego is vast and universal, raised on a pedestal of unprecedented passion and sorrow. . . .

The situation is different with respect to the Maiakovsky tradition of civic poetry. This tradition Yevtushenko has inherited and is continuing as one of the keenest and most urgent poets of the new generation, now willingly playing the role of tribune. In large measure it was civic sentiment that dictated "Bratsk HES," with its special chapter dedicated to Maiakovsky, who served the author as a model for imitation, an example of fortitude, nobility, and revolutionary purity.

But on Yevtushenko's lips, the inspired verse of Maiakovsky, unfortified from within by a personality of equal charge and caliber, not infrequently sounds naked, thin, declamatory, and publicity-seeking (as does the verse of many other poets who try to imitate Maiakovsky). And in the role of champion, tribune, and agitator, Yevtushenko seems to represent a very different and weaker version of civic consciousness. Not commanding the powers of a Maiakovsky, who always marched straight ahead to the goal, permitting himself no twists or turns, Yevtushenko is forced to resort to maneuvers, ambushes, detours, camouflage ("We tried to take orders but do them backwards"), and even to devise his own special "battle strategy." In his poetry, the poet "retreats in order to advance," tacks, lays traps, plays tricks:

His mighty hand sets into motion
arms,
wagons,
flags,
Let them think it's the right flank
Where he has concentrated his men,
But he knows,
he knows
it's the left,
At dawn awaiting the drum,
Ready for battle, cavalry alert,
Nostrils quivering, all ahum.

Much has changed and grown more complex since the time when Yevtushenko made no secret of the flank on which he was concentrating ("Who's that marching with his right foot? Left, left, left!"), when he went into battle erect, facing forward, deploying his troops in "parade formation." It is hard to blame him for the change that has taken place; yet one is inevitably distressed to see his fighting spirit, bravery, and implacable rejection of the "scum" coexisting in an amazing manner with compliance and caginess. All the complicated maneuvering, the shifting of troops from left to right, the whole "battle strategy," suddenly turns out to be mere adaptation to circumstance. He manuevers artfully enough to make you admire his unexpected fencing techniques, but it is hard to count on him, you don't want to follow him—he is capable of leading you Heaven knows where and abandoning you halfway for the sake of the next maneuver.

YEVTUSHENKO HIMSELF is well aware of his pliability, the indecisiveness of his civic muse, because those same "strategic" considerations by which he justifies himself turn at other times into quite another sort of confession: "It's no time to be a coward, but I'm not very brave"; "I was halfway, between wax and metal. . ." Feeling himself to be the poet of a transi-

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tional period, a poet not fully formed and not fully consistent, he hails the future artist who will carry out his noble intentions, carry off what he has not dared:

And where I throw down my pen, saying
"It's not worth it. . ."
He'll say
"It's worth it"
and take up his pen.

. . . . At the same time these reproaches against himself have a sounder basis than self-glorification. By not making a walking paragon of himself, by admitting his weaknesses and shortcomings, the poet strengthens our feeling of contact with a living human being who, for all his simplicity, is not so very simple and not at all naive. But what these confessions show most of all is that he is capable of a self-analysis and doubt which enable him to look soberly at reality in all its complexity and contradictions, to contemplate his precarious position in the world and thus to step away from his yesterday's self, rise above himself, and reveal other potentialities within himself. . . .

Yevtushenko is a poet of still undetermined possibilities who frequently reevaluates what he has achieved both in poetry and in life. He grasps at everything and is ready to drop everything in order to try some new chance and test himself in some new field, so that he may finally embark upon the road to his "real self" which is on the verge of starting to live. More than ten years ago he expressed his misgivings: "Will I really make it? Will I really amount to something?" And to this day he continues to worry, as if all his books were only a tryout, a preparation, a plunge, a tuneup. This fact imparts to his work a hurried, hasty quality, instability, heedlessness; he writes prolifically, hungrily, carelessly, and sometimes shallowly, as if he were trying to catch up with someone, trying to overtake someone—himself in all probability—who is still "not making it."

But those very qualities in him which make one aware of the vital, conflict-ridden development of a human personality have gone to the heart of the young, who are also halfway on the road to their real selves, also in a hurry to live, wondering what "will come of it," doubting, choosing, reevaluating, searching, finding and failing to find themselves. In Yevtushenko this process has been somewhat protracted and taken a sharper form, perhaps because of certain specific moments in his literary career, which has been marked alternately by ovations and reprimands, and by "luck" in obtaining official semi-acknowledgment—all of which has put the poet in the habit of always striving for something, of justifying something. Isn't this why his sincere "anxiety about self" ("Character is tied up with anxiety, primarily about oneself") sometimes gives way to vanity; why the desire to "seem" takes precedence over the desire to "be"; why concern over "who am I?" turns into a fuss over "How do I look?"; and why the problem of the poet's destiny is reduced to the trivial search for success? Sometimes in his poems, Yevtushenko is so obtrusively concerned with whether his exposure to the public has brought him victory or defeat, he is so frankly looking for praise and applause (or for the abuse that serves as a substitute for them) that his central theme, the formation of personality and character, suddenly turns into something on a completely different plane—the author's advancement in the literary arena; and the questions, "Will I make it or not?," "Will I achieve or not?" begin to take on the intonation of the gambler's "Will I bust or not?" "Will I luck out or not?"

WE WILL NOT rebuke the poet for vaingloriousness. Who doesn't hold success dear? Who hasn't dreamt of fame? But there is something else that is frightening—the treatment of oneself like a lottery ticket which can win if the right number comes up, but which is essentially unimportant; a disrespectful attitude toward one's own personality, which with one gesture can cancel out all the lofty monologues about belief in mankind as master of its fate.

Fortunately that mood which makes all life seem an endless merry-go-round and the poet himself a squirrel circling in a cage, impatiently waiting for "his chance," is offset in Yevtushenko's work by other motifs, motifs that have been gaining importance of late—dissatisfaction with himself, the desire to break out of the vicious circle, to catch his breath, to meditate. It is these motifs that stand out in the . . . poem cycle "Trip to the North," the most mature and meaningful work, it seems to us, that Yevtushenko has ever written. The experiences described in it are perhaps hard, saddening, and contradictory, but they could serve as the condition for a more profound world-view; they testify to the poet's growing demands and leave the impression that the constant hustle and bustle of the past have left him for a time, making room for serious reflections about life and himself.

Hey, you orator! Hey, you seer!
You're lost, soaked, chilled through.
Your ammo's gone, your voice worn out,
The rain has quenched your fire for you.
But don't fret that this brings tears,
There's much that needs consideration
There's lots of time . . . "Long cries,"
That's what's called transportation.

The note of dissatisfaction with himself and his milieu, the effort to take a new look at the familiar, boring round of activities, habits and practices, is also clearly heard in "Bratsk HES," most of which was written somewhat earlier. Its appearance was in significant measure dictated by these new impulses: the poet does not want to waste any more time on trivia, he doesn't want to skim the surface, and he renounces certain of the sins common to his own and others' pasts.

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O my rivals, let's stop all this,
This nastiness and flattery.
Let's think about our fate,
About the disease that afflicts us all.
Superficiality—worse than being blind,
You can see but do not want to.
Are you ignorant, you?
Or maybe it's from fear of ripping up roots
Of sheltering trees, leaving not a trace,
Not so much as a stick planted in their place.
Isn't the reason we hurry on,
Taking off on the top, because
Manhood forgotten, we are scared
Of the very idea, getting to the bottom?
We hurry along with half an answer
Bearing our shallowness like a treasure
No, no, not in cold calculation
But in an instinct of self-preservation.
Then comes the snuffing out,
The inability to flee or fight,
And the feathers of our tamed wings
Become nasty pillows for the night.

This is stated somewhat diffusively, but essentially it is very true. With all our heart we share the poet's anxiety over the dominance of superficial thinking, premature decisions, half-answers, and half-truths. Yevtushenko's point of departure is so serious and so applicable to the contemporary world he writes about, as well as to his personal progress, that one would like to take his own words (in their positive sense, of course) as the criterion for judging his poem. But first we should also acknowledge that this is necessary not only for the sake of an accurate critical analysis which must observe the "rules of the game" and respect the rules and principles adhered to by the artist; it is also necessary as a precautionary measure—to keep from falling into a trap.

YEVTUSHENKO IS EASY for the reader and hard for the critic. He knows how to make himself likable, to win you over, to arouse your sympathy. He is the first to criticize himself so severely that he can give a 100-point handicap to any critic. After he is through doing that, it's even a bit awkward for someone else to come along and take up the job. After all, the author understands everything and knows all about himself already, so what is there left to do? But while he is aware of everything and makes perfectly just demands, Yevtushenko is far from consistent in applying them himself. His poetic thought often wanders, curves, turns back halfway, jumps from subject to subject, and evades the question it put to itself. And though it is not hard to understand his verses, it is often hard to catch their inner essence, for that essence is inclined to change as things go along, so to speak. . . . In tracing the logic of his work, one marvels at the art with which he touches on the acute and painful questions of our time, but without depth; at his ability to meditate about everything on earth, but without saying anything meaningful; at his capacity to proclaim one thing candidly while simultaneously doing something completely different with equal candor. This is not always the case with him, but it does happen, and it *has* happened in "Bratsk HES."

After diagnosing our common ailment—superficiality—and proclaiming his firm intention to conquer it, Yevtushenko has written his most superficial work. *Most* superficial because in conception, in scale and scope of reality, it aspires to be more than just another simple verse, or poem, or poem cycle; and this means that more is demanded of him. *Most* superficial because the author has broken his own newly-uttered commandment, a commandment extremely important and precious to him and to us, and he evidently never even noticed what he had done. How did this happen?

Let us return to that splendid tirade against superficiality which we quoted earlier. Let's go on reading it carefully and attentively to see how Yevtushenko develops his theme and what cure he prescribes:

Let everyone go into life with this vow,
To help that which deserves to flower,
Never forgetting to avenge
That which deserves to be avenged,
Not vengeance for vengeance's sake,
But vengeance as a battle incarnate
In the name of justice and honor,
In the name of affirming the good.
We shall not avenge out of fear.
When the possibility of vengeance is lost,
The instinct of self-preservation
Kills, it does not preserve.
Superficiality is a murderer, not a friend,
An enemy pretending to be a friend,
Laying the nets of delusion,
Squandering the spirit on details,
Running away from conclusions.
The earth will lose its powers,
Leaving conclusions to a later date.
Or will perhaps the defenselessness
And the inconclusiveness of human fate
Some century become clear?

Comparing this fragment with the earlier one, we see the pulsating thought grow thin and faint, see the moral go flat, the language become clumsy. The verse no longer flows but marks time, unable to master its flabby notions about the need to do what must be done, and not to do what must not be done. "Vengeance as a battle incarnate," "we shall not avenge out of fear"—is this what we expected from a poet who has gone into battle against superficiality, only to turn back suddenly in midsentence? And what is the point of repeating those empty words—"vengeance," "honor," "justice," "goodness," "avenge"? Or is this just a word-game to trick the understanding, so that one problem can be substituted for another and the author can jump to a conclusion about general inconclusiveness, sliding along the surface of his utterances in a way that is perhaps . . . effective but bears no relation to what has gone before?

Yevtushenko loves ambiguous juxtapositions of

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words which give an impression of dialectical contradiction, of the complexity of life, and of poetic profundity: "I'll make a career of not making one." "I am astonished that nothing astonishes me." "But I felt free and easy, being neither free nor easy." "Not loved by her, yet I was loved by her." "We didn't understand that it was all over/If only in the sense that it was just beginning." Such twists and sophistries can be successful in certain contexts, but they have long since become Yevtushenko's trademark, and in most instances they are annoying as a rather primitive technique for creating a fleeting impression of significance.

IN YEVTUSHENKO'S new poem, the treacherous phrase is one about the "inconclusiveness" of the world, from which supposedly flows the necessity for reaching artistic "conclusions" that promise us salvation from the superficial hustle and bustle (as if a harmony of words guaranteed a correspondence of phenomena). In fact, Yevtushenko's resounding initial promise to present an authentically profound interpretation of life is never fulfilled. It is smothered by the false profundity of the "grand genre," by the grandeur of the subject, and by the prospect of creating something epic, universal, something having worldwide historical meaning. "The poet, undaunted, sums up everything that has gone before," Yevtushenko asserts with extraordinary ease. But it is precisely this promise that contradicts, excludes, and ruins his other promise—"to get to the heart of the matter." Summing things up over thousands of kilometers, over decades and centuries, "Bratsk HES" becomes amorphous and wordy (reading it straight through is quite frankly exhausting). It sins in its high-speed attempts to "tell everything," "taking only half a meter off the top." Though interesting in its separate episodes and vignettes, it leaves the overall impression that the author, in trying not to be shallow and not waste himself on details, draws "conclusions" which are only outwardly significant but which actually are generally superficial. . . .

Taking the "Bratsk HES" as his ideal and model, Yevtushenko set speculatively to work, giving preference to the quantitative method: summarizing all his observations, memories and associations connected with a trip to Siberia, he monotonously weaves them into the one central, pivotal idea of the work, the essence of which is the "need to believe" regardless of difficulties. Though essentially worthy, this idea is reiterated over and over until it produces what is called a "bad infinity" and imparts a stereotyped pattern to the enormous amount of material assembled in this work. This is particularly evident in the historical chapters, which are written like paragraphs in a schoolbook. The Decembrists, the Petrashevskyites, Chernyshevsky, Khalturin all appear as martyrs to faith, all with the same face and all arranged "in order," in keeping with a school curriculum.

"Will I be able? Not enough culture. . . A smattering does not promise prophecies. . ." Yevtushenko expresses serious misgiving at the beginning, only to reject it immediately: "But the spirit of Russia soars above me and boldly bids [me] try." The main trouble, however, in our view, is not so much a lack of culture as it is the excessive erudition displayed by the author whenever and wherever possible, as if he had tried to put into the poem everything he had ever heard, seen, read or come upon in his country's history or in world culture. The abundance of cultural-historical references, names, revelations, citations (from Radishchev to Vinokurov, from Avvakum to Okudzhava) is supposed to give breadth to the poetic horizon. But in fact the excess favors only the superficiality which is too frequently evident in "Bratsk HES."

The cultural-historical references flow so smoothly into the text and in so hackneyed a form, just as we memorized them in childhood, that for all their variety, they take on the character of a requirement without which no ever-so-slightly educated man can get along, but which the artist could probably avoid—all that "common baggage," since he has his own special interests and tastes. Pushkin appears among the Decembrists, just as he would in a bad movie, and "raising his hand in quivering torment," he says: "Take heart, rise up, fallen slaves!" Nekrasov naturally reminds us of the "bargeman along the towpath." Before the firing squad, Dostoevsky sees "Rogozhin crashing, Myshkin thrashing" and "Aliosha Karamazov the little monk." Chernyshevsky is taken from the famous picture book at the moment someone is throwing flowers to him on the scaffold, etc. Associations such as these lie within such easy reach, are automatic and commonplace.

Wishing to demonstrate the high intellectual level of the people building the HES, Yevtushenko brings in, along with the popular names, some more unusual and refined ones: Scriabin, Fellini, St. Exupéry. The construction workers say:

Here in the taiga I see Gauguin's gardens
And Cézanne's blue-gray stacks.
Amid the sparks of acetylene torches
I see the blue girls of Dégas.

Forgive me for my fantasy,
But when the blizzards blow,
Sitting on the edge of the dam
Is Rodin's Thinker, all in snow.

Tolstoy came to share our ordeal
Through the storm so wild,
Dostoevsky suffered, and Gorky
Toiled along, carrying a child.

And so every comma, every stanza, line after line, sets the "task" required of today's young person, if he wishes to understand art. There is no question that a

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variety of esthetic tastes and cultural needs among our youth is a true sign of the times. The trouble is that, in Yevtushenko's patter, variety lacks a solid foundation and the things the heroes of the poem (not its author) are supposedly thinking and saying are no different from the stylistic conglomeration that so fully characterizes the author's tastes. "Amid the sparks of acetyline torches I see the blue girls of Dégas"—it is with such a formula that Yevtushenko often builds his images and links his words and motifs. Outwardly pretty, fashionable, with a certain pretension to refinement, reasonably industrial and proletarian, the formula shouts the poetic eclecticism to which Yevtushenko has again paid tribute in his new poem.

In this regard he is not alone. At times we encounter more pronounced attempts to unite the ununitable—to wed Andrei Rublev to a radar set, to put it crudely—in the art of Andrei Voznesensky than we do in that of Yevtushenko, who is just a beginner in formalistic innovation. In the fine arts we find a similar trend in the works of Ilia Glazunov which caused such a sensation not long ago among young art lovers. The latter failed to perceive the tastelessness of his showy counterfeits of ancient Russian icons executed in a method that crosses Käthe Kollwitz, Johanson, and the Kukryniksi.[4]

It is not impossible that this eclecticism is the result of too ardent an acceptance and adoption of two ideas, in principle both good and fruitful. First, we all know (too well perhaps) that art grows out of the classical tradition. On the other hand, in contemporary art, especially in the works of the young pleiad of artists, there is the natural effort to broaden and renew tradition. But in hurried practice ("Isn't the reason why we hurry on. . ?"), this combination of tendencies can produce unthinkable hybrids, like a crossbreed of a dachshund and a sheepdog. While once a poet was content with the tradition of Demian Bedny, for example, today this is not enough; so, without losing his old orientation, he "enriches" Bedny with Briusov. While both writers deserve continuation and a following, the mixture of their styles results in something a bit monstrous.

At the beginning of "Bratsk HES," Yevtushenko, like his pious masters in the middle ages, pronounces "a prayer before the poem." In it he turns for help to all the Russian poets—Pushkin, Lermontov, Nekrasov, Blok, Pasternak, Yesenin and Maiakovsky—making a thumbnail sketch of each and paraphrasing their winged words in his own way, most often in a banal, cheap, and sometimes parodistic way. . . . But what is worse, in his desire to adopt all that is most valuable from his great teachers, the deferential student does not stop to consider how it is all going to fit together in his poem. Although "Bratsk HES" is big and, so to speak, has room for everything, it is difficult to imagine how, in this poetic fusion, Pushkin's "melodiousness" (all the characterizations are Yevtushenko's and represent the "gifts" he asks from the classical writers) is supposed to unite harmoniously with Nekrasov's "inelegance," Blok's "mistiness," Maiakovsky's "roughhewnness," Yesenin's "tenderness," and Lermontov's "venom." One imagines that if the aforementioned writers had actually bequeathed those mutually exclusive qualities to the author of "Bratsk HES," the poem would have been a catastrophe and the structure would have fallen apart instantly. There remains another approach, and this was the approach actually adopted by Yevtushenko—that of taking just a little from each classical writer, a little "mistiness," a little "roughhewnness," a little "melodiousness," etc. So what one gets is a neutral stylistic mix which is unexplosive, spiritless, and devoid of all the brilliant features of the givers; it is eclectic to some degree, original to some extent. But was it worth praying for so fervently? . . .

The "prayer before the poem"—over which we have lingered because it is unfortunately so typical of a widespread notion today about how to create a masterpiece—makes us want to compare it to another "prayer" composed before creation by an exacting artist. It was written by Kipling, for us not too authoritative a figure but sensible on questions of the psychology of art and the creation of unique esthetic values. Kipling's poem, "Evarra and His Gods," tells of a certain Evarra, "maker of gods in a land across the sea," who personifies the Artist, to whatever country or culture he may belong. Accordingly, in each of his reincarnations he solves his problems differently. Depending on the place or time in which he lived, Evarra made his god of gold and pearl, hewed it from crude stone, carved an idol of wood with moss for hair and a crown of straw, or finally, molded it from mud and horn. And each time he left the proud inscription: "Thus gods are made, and whoso makes them otherwise shall die," so that in the next incarnation, the past forgotten, he would always follow his immutable law in creating a completely different form.

Yet at last he came to Paradise
And found his own four gods; and that he wrote
And marvelled, being very near to God,
What oaf on earth had made his toil God's law.
Then God said, mocking: "Mock not. These be thine."
Then cried Evarra: "I have sinned!" "Not so.
If thou hadst written otherwise, thy gods
Had rested in the mountain and the mine,
And I were poorer by four wondrous gods,
And thy more wondrous laws, Evarra. Thine,
Servant of shouting crowds and lowing kine!"

The moral of this parable is that in the process of creation the artist must not be omnivorous. He is better off being intolerant of another's interpretation, being convinced of the unquestionable rightness of his own way. It is not that in principle he should be incapable of appreciating others' work, incapable of broadening his point of view and tastes. Like any other man, he can appreciate very many and very different things. But as for himself, he knows that he can work in one way and no other, according to his own unwavering vision, his chosen stylistic system, tradition,

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unique esthetic truth. "Thus gods are made." We know of many cases of one genius being unfair to another: Tolstoy reviled Shakespeare; Gorky had no sympathy for Maiakovsky at one period; Maiakovsky attacked the Art Theater. But they are still dear to us, and we often wonder at the unexpected narrowness, prejudice and partiality of such judgments of theirs, forgetting that the excellent, many faceted works of art we love so much came to be as a result of the fact that they were not supposed to resemble one another, because their creators, in their stubborn originality, were deaf to any other artistic conception. Of course, such conflicts need not be created artificially, but in an indirect fashion they do testify to the fact that in the field of art the ones who usually triumph are the loners, the fanatics about their own ideas and style.

MUCH IS SAID in "Bratsk HES" about faith and steadfastness. In matters of style and taste, however, the poem is not sufficiently steadfast: the text wavers, attuning itself to a well-known popular song or a famous quotation; heavy didactic chunks fall from the living tissue of a poem composed of pictures of the real world. For a long time Yevtushenko's connection with contemporary reality has been direct and immediate; he has a clear eye for everyday details and an ear unspoiled by a lack of faith in familiar, homely speech. As a result, when he is not trying to draw any general literary conclusions and is simply writing about his milieu, so to speak, everything is just fine.

And again I take the wheel.
My eyes are insatiable:
Palaces of culture.
Tearooms,
Barracks.
District committees.
Churches.
State automobile inspection
stations.
Factories.
Huts.
Slogans.
Birches.
Jets cracking in the sky,
Sleighs jolting along.
Mufflers.
Overgrown statues
of dairymaids, pioneers, miners.
Eyes of old women iconically staring.
Broad-beamed mamas.
Harum-scarum kids.
Artificial limbs
Oil rigs
Garbage dumps,
like the breasts of a sleeping giantess.
The men driving tractors,
Sawing up wood,
Signing in at the office, hurrying to
the bench.
Disappearing into the mines,
Drinking beer,
Salting the rim.
And the women cooking,
Washing britches,
Mending, everything at once.
Painting,
Standing in lines,
Slinging cement,
Digging ditches.

This passage, without attempting to reach any special philosophical conclusions about the country and the times, contains more love and wisdom than the subsequent strained effort "to interpret" and "generalize" upon his observation ("And looking at the starlit night, I thought those bands of light hold great insight"). Here everything is appropriate, natural, except for the "iconically staring" eyes of the old women which were drawn from a common cliché. But the "starlit night" with its revelations, juxtaposed to the "broad-beamed mamas" (and how he maneuvered to get those words together) is a forced combination: as when they dispose of leftover goods by adding a bonus, an unneeded can of fish in tomato sauce to the box of buckwheat groats you came to buy.

The best parts and sections of the poem ("Niushka," "Bolshevik," "Dispatcher of Light," "Night of Poetry") are written as scenes taken from nature, and the characters are taken directly from reality. Here the poet is not playing his usual role of leading actor; he is a spectator and listener, carrying out his intention declared earlier in the poem "to hear everything at once, to see everything at once." From lyric biography he moves on to the metamorphoses—about which he has also written in one of his recent poems ("I am bound by duty and love to be trees, tramways, and people")—and they are employed extensively in "Bratsk HES."

At the same time, that broad sweep, that Yevtushenkoesque hunger to give life to "everything at once" leads to places where even the best bits read like something we already know, something we have read or seen at the movies. . . .

Despite their concreteness, their animation, their authenticity, his images at times seem secondhand, the reflections of images. Perhaps it wasn't one specific movie or book that formed the connecting link, but we readers of "Bratsk HES" can't help but think of the Polish film "The Passenger," when for example the poem tells the tragic story of love in a German concentration camp, with this heartrending scene:

And Riva runs in a circle,
Stumbling and in tears,
While a soldier with a shiny snout
Looks down on her and sneers.

Remember, God, I asked you
Why couldn't she be dead?
I cried out, trying to help her,
My comrade covered my mouth instead.

And she runs around in a circle,
she falls, blood on her face.

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Oh God, make her stop forever;
Don't withhold your grace!

Another embellishment the poet permits himself in his truthful stories of life is displayed when he abuses pathetic intonations and moving gestures, trying too hard to make an impression and touch the reader. Hence the excess of tears shed in the poem, the theatrical parting words of the old woman in the "Taiga Flowers" section:

And she blesses us forever,
The excavators of land,
With that thin, knotted
Peasant woman's hand.

The author probably needed that parting gesture to tie up loose ends and to cross the logical bridge back to another section nearer the beginning ("Fair in Simbirsk") where the young Lenin is depicted in a similar situation. But such bridges (there are no small number of them) are too contrived, too planned, to say nothing of the fact that the episode, in which Lenin symbolically lifts a druken woman up out of the mud—signifying the renaissance of Russia—also sounds excessively saccharine and false:

He takes her gently by the elbow
Unconcerned over who might see.
"Jesus bless you, dear,
I'll get along from here."
And he goes off
beside the barges
Along the Volga in the spring.
The old woman watching, sad and mild,
Blesses him
As she would her own child.

THERE CAN BE NO doubt that in "Bratsk HES" Yevtushenko attempted the solution of very serious problems, past and present, and on such a field of action he was naturally unable to solve them all. It is sometimes said that a writer is not obliged to "solve" anything; it is enough for him to pose the questions of the day and let his generation, society, and history itself find the answers. This notion needs at least one correction: to pose a question does not mean simply to hint at something serious and move on calmly as if a simple reminder were the last word on a given subject. Perhaps it would be better for an author not to concern himself at all with those aspects of life about which he is in no position to say more than has been said by others. Isn't a thoughtful "narrowness" better than superficial "breadth?" Can't a conscious limitation of theme facilitate a more concentrated approach to reality and be more effective than an easy, universal view of things?

These melancholy thoughts come to mind when Yevtushenko concerns himself with what is probably the most painful, most "accursed" question of our recent past—tries to cope with the concentration camp theme. It would have been better if he hadn't. Without attempting to say how such a subject should be handled, one can say with certainty that it should not have been handled as it was in the poem published in *Yunost*. The poet probably wished to extol the unbending faith of the people who innocently suffered under Stalin, so he took the familiar and easy path of praising their enthusiasm for labor as if it didn't matter where, why, or how that enthusiasm was manifested. As a result, the author's wishes notwithstanding, concentration camps are transformed into strongholds of our military and industrial power—almost a pledge of victory—and the people destroyed there into some sort of Communist labor brigade, which sounds altogether blasphemous.

Around us the guards stood watching.
Comrade Stalin, you didn't understand
That we numbered prisoners
Were far from your guards, from our land;
We went over the river, over the sea, and
On to Berlin, with the army! . . .

An "enemy of the people"—yet
I built a power station on the Volga
Hidden from foreign sight.
We beat all records. Who cared
That they never photographed or praised
Us—not a word did they write!

The solution of the problem of "fathers" and "children" is too facile and illusory, attractive as it may seem at first glance. The "children" dare not condemn the honest "fathers," the ones who had faith and worked heroically even in the camps.

But remember the other fathers
Too, the midnight knockers, informers,
The obviously silent and blind.
Remember and spit on them, mean or kind!
Go ahead, my boy, clean as a commissar, set forth
Thy father's truth, leave the odious behind.

It is put sharply and boldly, but not profoundly. Pose the question a bit more deeply and the proposed division of "fathers" into honest (believers) and odious (nonbelievers) becomes a fiction: excuse me, but do you mean that among the "other fathers," the "midnight knockers, informers," there were no people of sincere faith? Does that really entirely explain the tragedy we endured?

IN CONCLUSION, it would not be innappropriate to take the idea of "faith" around which a great many of the episodes in "Bratsk HES" revolve, and add to it another idea expressed by Yevtushenko—his special invocation to the young: "Let us Think."

Let us think. We are all guilty
Of things not so small—
Of empty verses, countless quotes,
Of standard speeches in the hall.

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We do not want to live
Like the wind. On the brink
Greatness calls. Let us be
Equal to it. Let us think.

Along with his other attractive qualities, this invocation, so expressive of the spirit of the times and which could practically serve as a motto for contemporary literature, has frequently enabled Yevtushenko to play the role of the pioneer and leader in recent years. This did not happen in "Bratsk HES." There he lags behind his own demands, if one can put it that way. So preoccupied is he with developing his theme in breadth that he forgets his own demand for depth, for thinking things through to the end, for penetrating to the essence. "Yes, higher and more deeply—simultaneously!" he calls on us in the poem. As always, he has figured out what must be done, but instead of accomplishing his acknowledged task, he avoids it. It remains for us to support the poet and take up his call: "Yes, higher and more deeply!" Yes, thus and only thus.

(translated by Gabriella Azrael)

[1] For an English translation, see *Selected Poems by Andrei Voznesensky*, translated by Anselm Hollo, New York, Grove Press, 1964.—Ed.

[2] Various literary schools that flourished in the 1920's—*Ed.*

[3] For an English translation of "Stantsia zima," see the *Selected Poems* of Yevgeni Yevtushenko, translated by Robin Milner-Gulland and Peter Levi, New York, E. P. Dutton, 1962. —Ed.

[4] Kukryniksi is the composite name for three Soviet artists: Mikhail Vasilevich Kuprianov, Porfiry Nikitich Krylov, and Nikolai Aleksandrovich Sokolev, who for many years have collaborated as political cartoonists.—Ed.

* The "blue-gray stacks" are probably not Cézanne, but Claude Monet.—A.S.

At Anna Akhmatova's Grave

By Lev Kopelev

Akhmatova's poetry, her destiny, her every aspect—so fine and majestic—personify Russia during the hardest, most tragic, and most glorious years of her thousand-year history.

Anna of all Russia, that was what another great daughter of Russia, Marina Tsvetaeva, called her.

Anna of all Russia! Here is pride, unbending in humiliation or mortal fear. Here is humility—humility, not meekness—and contemptuous composure even in moments of exalted inspiration. Majestic sorrow and an eternally young and mischievous smile. The tenderest feminity and the most courageous masculinity. The tough, elegant mind of a scholar; the clear vision of a stern prophet mixed with genuinely naive wonder at the beauty of the earth and the secrets of life; and the ancient thrall of the sorceress, herself bewitched by love, the breath of the earth, the magic harmonies of the mischievous word:

Our sacred profession,
A thousand years old,
A light to the world.
But of the poets, not one
Has spoken of wisdom—there is none;
Old age—none; even death,
Perhaps—none.

Anna of all Russia, twice crowned—with a crown of thorns and with the star-studded crown of poetry.

Her poetry is integral and many-faceted, it grows out of lively contradictions, out of the unity between a flaming, troubled heart and a mind that glitters like the snow on the heights of a mountain. Her poetry is open, wide open, and as secret and secretive as life itself. Her life is filled with boundless suffering and unprecedented victories, hours of sorrow and moments of happiness—a life as contradictory and fine as her poetry.

The sounds of Russian songs—laments, quiet prayers, clever ditties—are alive in her verse. Inconsolable longing, bright joy always touched by a shade of sadness, the breath of Russian forests and rivers, white nights, the hard rhythms of Petersburg's granite and dark gardens, the rustle of palace groves, bursting shells on the streets of a besieged Leningrad: all, all are alive in Akhmatova's verses. They are profoundly original. In the most dissimilar verses—dissimilar in mood, theme, rhythm, vocabulary—that special Akhmatova style is always clearly felt; that unique, inimitable voice is always heard. But at the same time a flesh-and-blood relationship to Pushkin is always obvious—the relationship of a direct poetic lineage, a relationship of words and of an attitude profoundly nationalistic and thereby universal.

The poetry of Anna Akhmatova personifies Russia not only because it is stamped with nature, with Russia's past and present, her life and reality, her sorrows and her joys, but also because—in the true Russian manner—it also embraces the whole world, embraces Europe and the universe with love and wisdom. In speaking of Pushkin, Dostoevsky said: "The Russian's mission is to be undeniably pan-European and universal. To be a real Russian, to become fully Russian, means, perhaps . . . to become the brother of all people, to become a universal man."

The "universal responsiveness" which Dostoevsky found in Pushkin lives on in Anna Akhmatova, as it does in Blok, Tsvetaeva, Mandelshtam, Maiakovsky, and Zabolotsky.

Alive in her verses—literally alive—are the images

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of ancient Greece and Rome, the Biblical East, past and contemporary Europe. Her muses are the muses of Dante and Shakespeare. The suffering of London ablaze under fascist bombs, the pain of Paris captured by Hitler's armies, are her suffering and her pain. When she translated the poetry of the ancient and contemporary East, the poets of all the Slavic countries, and the poets of Estonia, Rumania, and Norway, it was with genuine love and wise insight into the spiritual life of other peoples and epochs.

And in every line of her poetry, her prose, and her poetic translations, "Russian speech, the great Russian tongue," works its miracles.

Akhmatova's greatness is all the clearer and more distinct in that it emerges against a background that is hardly lacklustre. She is the heir, the contemporary, and countrywoman of giants. In the heavens of Russian poetry our century sparkles with incomparable constellations. Poets, like dying stars, go right on burning in space as beacons to new generations. New people find in them new shades of the spectrum, new particles of living energy. Blok, Gumilev, Khlebnikov, Yesenin, Maiakovsky, Mandelshtam, Tsvetaeva, Pasternak . . . Akhmatova forms a link in the chain, she completes an era of such greatness and richness in Russian poetic diction that probably only our grandsons and great grandsons will truly be able to evaluate it. Akhmatova is as immortal as Russian speech. Her detractors are condemned to either total oblivion or eternal shame in the fine print of the comments accompanying the last volume of her *Complete Collected Works*.

For those of us who knew Anna Andreevna, who had the great happiness of seeing her and listening to her; for all of us, life from now on will be more pallid, muted, and insipid.

However, we are left with one proud, sad comfort. Today, believers and unbelievers alike are convinced of the immortality of her soul, because now and in centuries to come the greatness of her art and life will be confirmed ever more incontestably.

Eternal life. No, these are not just the words of prayer, of mournful entreaty or hope, but of certain knowledge. Understanding and sensing the age-old essence of each word, we know and believe in—eternal life.

(translated by Gabriella Azrael)

III. Short Stories

From *Phoenix 1966*: Two Stories by N. Karaguzhin

Stalin's Charm

THIS HAPPENED long ago, years before the war, when Stalin was in his glory. The words "Stalin" and "great" were inseparable. "Stalin" without "great"? It was the same as being without pants—just as indecent.

True, the intelligentsia floundered about, trying to save its intellectual reputation. Its historical reputation. Paid for by the blood of the Decembrists.

But why are we so unfortunate? Our fathers—heirs of Radishchev—somehow managed to uphold their honor. But we? Why must we be disgraced, why did this happen no sooner, no later, not to some other generation, but to us? What are our heirs going to say?

For shame! Servility, obsequiousness, "giving in to the boss!" Disgusting! Is there any comparison to the present? Abominations, abominations, abominations, we always have been and always will be. How can we look our children in the eye? Oh, our shameless eyes! Oh, lackeys!

A vague presentiment of future conflict between fathers and sons.

The mud overflowed, the intelligentsia foundered—grumbled and told anecdotes about the tyrant.

"Listen, Comrade Radek, they tell me you're making up stories about me. Stop it, please: you know I'm a great leader."

"I didn't make up any anecdotes."

THE YOUNG WOMAN was a typical hereditary intellectual. On the walls of her room, among the Leningrad watercolors by Ostroumova-Lebedeva, hung good photographs of two naval lieutenants: Schmidt and her papa.

The young woman was an artist—a ballerina.

Like her comrades in fate—humiliated by oppression, disgraced by intellectual prostitution—she too found comfort in making fists in her pocket.

Despise her?

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There are days when shadows lie sharp against the earth—like the demarcation drawn by a tautly-strung carpenter's line. Here is the region of light; there, darkness.

The artist was still on the side of light.

No need to despise her.

Stalin loved to arrange splendid receptions at the Kremlin. Sometimes pianists, sometimes Stakhanovites, sometimes master harvesters, sometimes artistic masters. The ballerina landed at one of those receptions.

She came back from Moscow transformed. You couldn't recognize her. Something had happened there, something serious. A new light shone in her soul. You couldn't tell whether it was the clear light of day, or another more sinister light, but the reflection of a new light burned in her thin face, and her silent eyes had the glitter of steel.

No one dared say a bad word about Stalin. There was a sense of superiority in her. As if she had a new faith, dedication, a secret—unsuspected by the ignorant—that had been opened to her. Oh, how she despised the ignorant!

"Why do you talk so, when you've never seen him? I've seen him, as I'm seeing you."

"And what about it, dear Yekaterina Dmitrevna?"

"Here's what. If you knew him from up close . . . you don't know, but you talk!"

"What's to know, Katia? Isn't it the same—from a distance or up close? He's not a monument, you know, but a political figure."

"A lot you understand about politics! Have you ever talked with Stalin? I have!"

"You talked with Stalin?"

"Yes, I did, just as I'm talking with you now!" And the artist looked at her interlocutors with unspeakable scorn, seeming to measure the distance separating their worthless selves from the shining heights which she had been fortunate enough to behold.

"What did you talk with him about, Yekaterina Dmitrevna?"

"Ah, can it be conveyed in words? It was simply a miracle."

"But Katinka, why can't it be conveyed in words? That's incomprehensible."

"Some things *are* incomprehensible. You have to see, feel, hear the intonations of his voice. No, you can't imagine how intelligent a man he is! And how loving!

He's just a . . . father, for the whole people . . . a father!"

There were lots of ohs and ahs at that; the feelings of tenderness, gratitude, and love flooding the heart of the woman were obvious enough, but the sense and content of the conversation which had caused such upheaval in the ballerina's heart remained unknown.

And when the passion inflaming her somewhat subsided, and the artist was again capable of articulate speech, there came an explanation.

In the middle of the banquet at the Kremlin, the leader began circulating among the tables. He stayed a minute with some guests; others he passed, smiling affably. The ballerina was lucky. He stopped by her chair. He might perhaps have gone on, but someone quickly and helpfully told him her name. Stalin held out his hand and said hello.

"Hello, Comrade Stalin!" said the woman in great confusion: there standing next to her was he who was making history, he who was legendary, he about whom they sang songs and wrote music, he who was unknown and famous, hidden and in full view, he who inspired fear and love, respect and hatred, he whom she had read about in books and whom she had daily heard on the radio, he about whom she had gossiped.

"Hello, Joseph Vissarionovich!" she said, not releasing his hand from her own.

Stalin had to make an effort. Freeing his hand, he glanced at the ballerina's figure, thought a while, and said, "Why are you so thin?"

"I don't know," the woman whispered, embarrassed, upset, and already in love.

"Aha, very bad!" Stalin wagged his head. "Ought to eat more," the great leader concluded, and moved on toward the other guests.

That was all. The whole conversation. But it was enough for her, the man had crossed the carpenter's line, sharp against the earth.

Great is the charm of power.

Stalin's Smile

HE JOINED the conversation abruptly, but it was as if they had been expecting him. He cut the others off short, and there was no stopping him. He spoke easily, smoothly, as if he were telling a story. Well, maybe it was a story. And maybe he was being sly, maybe simple.

"Nowadays they say a lot of irrelevant things about Stalin, bad things. It's not fair. No one will dispute that he was cruel, like a beast sometimes, but with our people you've got to be or you're lost. Yet there was something warm and human in him. He wasn't loved for nothing. And that he was loved to the point of adoration is no secret.

"Poskrebyshev was a man very close to him. His title, as kind of a chief secretary, was 'private secretary.' He had important privileges and could see Stalin any time without asking. The leader, who had a suspicious and frightened eye, had no doubts about Poskrebyshev and trusted him completely, without checking on him.

"Sometimes Stalin would give him a slip of paper, a crumpled slip from the bathroom maybe, and on the paper would be names. Sometimes scrawled in pencil, some-

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times in ink; two, three names, perhaps a dozen. And Stalin would add the little words, 'to be taken care of.' Poskrebyshev knew that the list should be taken to Yezhov or, when Yezhov was taken care of, to Beria. The private secretary would have laughed if any of those poor creatures had remained among the living after having been 'taken care of.'

"This happened so often and Poskrebyshev got so used to it that he lost his curiosity as to which names he had been given. When occasionally he read the list—what difference did it make? He was doggedly attached to Stalin as to no one else on earth. All the rest were so much wild grass in a flower bed, to be tirelessly weeded out by the great gardener.

"Nevertheless, on one occasion Poskrebyshev stumbled and nearly deviated from the general line he had so bitterly adhered to all his life—so selflessly, shall we say?

"One day he received a piece of paper, left the office, bowing as he went, and proceeded at a firm pace to Beria, or perhaps to Yezhov, I don't remember exactly. On the very threshold of the sinister door, he gazed blankly at the paper, then rocked back on his heels. He, Poskrebyshev, so privileged and well-trusted, had balked at Beria's door and spun around.

"The list was not a long one, but on it was the name 'Poskrebysheva.'

"His wife!

"No, not his guiding light—Stalin! His wife was part of his cheerless soul, they couldn't take her away! Who knows, if it had not been for her, her boundless love, her abandon in his arms, soothing his pain, her maternal forgiveness, he might have hanged himself one dark night. . . .

"Poskrebyshev reeled in fear from the dead-silent door and returned to Stalin.

"In the doorway he plumped down on his belly—down on the carpeted floor. He crawled, crawled, sobbing, to his leader. He crawled the many yards and, grasping Stalin's boot in his trembling hands, pressed it to his face. From the burning wetness, the brilliantly polished boot began to lose its shine.

"'Have mercy!' Stalin heard between sobs, but was silent. Poskrebyshev kissed the boot as in his youth he had kissed his wife in frenzied passion. . . . At length he wrenched his stomach from the carpet, and without daring to raise his eyes to the master, he backed, head bowed, to the door.

"But Stalin remained silent.

"A folksaying nudged Poskrebyshev's desperate, frozen brain, offering the faint hope that silence was the same as consent. He erased his wife's name from the list. The others he left to Beria—to take care of.

"And once again he was ministering to Stalin, carrying out the complex affairs of state.

"Stalin remained silent.

"But on the third day, having finished his report, Poskrebyshev was preparing to leave the office when Stalin stopped him and murmured with a tender, mysterious smile: 'But you know I told you it was to be taken care of.'

"And so Poskrebyshev had with his own hand to write the name of his wife on a piece of paper and send it off. And soon, on lawful business, they appeared—the faceless officers—and took her away.

"And life went on its way; it didn't stop. There was great work to be done for the great leader. Poskrebyshev liked his work and not a word was said between them about the irreparable. The private secretary did not change in the slightest, as a good dog does not change just because his master beats him for something. They lived, one might say, in perfect harmony. The master knew best.

"The first to break the silence was Stalin.

"'We've been checking on you a little, Comrade Poskrebyshev. Go home, your wife is waiting for you.'

"His heart jumping for joy, beside himself, Poskrebyshev dashed home.

"Even from the outer vestibule he could hear the sounds of music, his favorite song being played on the piano. Did they cure her? wondered Poskrebyshev. (His wife had not played at all in the last year: her fingers had begun to cramp.) It means they've found a cure! he thought, and a warm wave of happiness swept over him. Oh, Stalin!

"In his room, his wife was sitting with her back to the door. In a new dress, a new hairdo. And her hair was black. Had those clever hairdressers taken out the gray?

"She turned and got up. Poskrebyshev froze. It wasn't his wife at all! She was young, with black, frightened eyes, a slender figure—a girl of un-Russian beauty, an alpine flower.

"'How did you get here?' asked Poskrebyshev, dumbfounded. 'Where's my wife?'

"'But I am your wife!' cried the girl, and threw her arms around him, trembling like a blade of grass and dissolving into tears.

"No," the storyteller concluded, "no matter what they say about Stalin, he was a deep man, a thoughtful man. He took us peasants in hand, who can deny it?"

(*Karaguzhin's stories translated by Gabriella Azrael*)

Three Stories by Vladimir Bukovsky

Stars

WHEN I WAS SMALL my grandmother and I always went for walks around the Kremlin. We walked along the river, across Red Square, and in the Aleksandrov Garden. Red Square was always full of cars. They were green and dusty. Grandma always said that the color was meant to disguise them.

Whenever I walked in Red Square, I used to stamp my feet. It was fun to stamp your feet in the Square. I loved to walk around the Kremlin. Grandma would tell me all kinds of stories about it—about the theater, about Ivan the Terrible, about the King of Bells and about the King Cannon. It's the biggest cannon in the world. And the oldest. Grandma told me really interesting things about the tsars, about the boyars, and about the Kremlin bells. They always rang in the morning. And everyone went into the Kremlin. Many, many people. There were always huge crowds at the Kremlin. Everyone was dressed up.

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And everyone was happy. I always begged Grandma to tell me her stories. She had a marvelous way of telling them. And whenever we passed the Spassky Tower, she would recite:

Who can lift the King of Bells,
Who can move the King Cannon?
Haughty the fellow who does not doff his cap
By the holy Kremlin gates!

I always tried to picture this haughty fellow. He would stand by the Spassky Gates, hands on his hips, and look up. He would throw his head back so far that his cap almost fell off his head. Very dauntless he looked, too.

Grandma and I took long walks. From morning to evening. In the evening we always sat in the Aleksandrov Garden. And when darkness fell and the stars on the towers began to glow, I would exclaim: "Grandma, look, the stars have lit up!" And she would answer:

"They didn't light up just now. They are always on. But during the day you can't see them because they are rubies. Enormous ruby stars. They were brought all the way from the Blue Mountains and made into stars that would shine forever. Rubies glow in the dark, you know."

And thus I knew that as soon as the sun set, the big ruby stars would start to shine. I liked the fact that these were real rubies and that they glowed so beautifully. When we came home and I was tucked into bed, I would close my eyes and see the ruby stars. Brightly, very brightly they shone, and I felt warm and serene.

I saw strong, kindly men coming from the Blue Mountains. They walked for a long time. It was terribly hard for them to carry the rubies. But they walked and walked, fighting off their weariness and helping one another. They swam across rivers and trudged over mountains. They walked and walked in spite of their tiredness because they knew they had to bring the rubies and make the stars that would shine for people in the evening, after sundown. Finally, they arrived, deposited the rubies, and fashioned the stars. I was certain of this. And no one ever told me that this wasn't so. Many years passed. I no longer took walks around the Kremlin. I was going to school. I had no time for walks. But I knew that as soon as the sun set, the stars would start shining. I was absolutely certain of this. Many years went by, probably four years, perhaps even more. Then one day my entire class went on an outing to the Kremlin. I went, too. No one took off his cap. Everyone stood there and looked, listening to the guide. I took a few steps away from them. I already knew about the Kremlin, about the theater, about Ivan the Terrible and about the tsars. I wasn't interested. I stood by the King Cannon. It was big, of course, but I couldn't believe that it was the biggest in the world. Well, maybe it *was* the biggest. I didn't know for sure. I stood there and thought about it.

Who can lift the King of Bells,
Who can move the King Cannon?
Haughty the fellow who does not doff his cap
By the holy Kremlin gates!

I kept standing there. Then someone behind me yelled: "Hey! Watch out!"

I looked around. A truck was standing behind me. It was dusty and green—the color used for camouflage. Inside the truck there were soldiers, lifting an enormous ruby star. From close up, the star looked very big and not very pretty. I walked up to the truck and looked inside. The star was made of glass. It was made of red glass, and inside there were ordinary light bulbs.

"Hey, careful! Don't break it!" yelled the soldiers as they pulled the star off the truck.

"What!" I said. "It's not made of ruby? It's supposed to be ruby! Rubies shine in the dark, after sundown."

The soldiers started to laugh. One of the passers-by said:

"No, it's not ruby, it's plain glass. And furthermore, rubies don't shine in the dark."

"You're lying," I said, "—you bastard!"

"I'm not lying," he said. "And you don't have to curse. There's nothing you can do about it—it's the truth."

I knew that he wasn't lying, but I wanted to swear at him. I went home. I didn't want to look at the King Cannon any more, nor at the King of Bells either.

Many more years went by. Perhaps six—I don't know. I hadn't visited the Kremlin for a long time. I didn't want to. Then one day I was suddenly seized with a desire to see the Alexandrov Garden again. I wanted to sit on the little bench—so I went. I must have sat there for a very long time, because it began to get dark. I just kept sitting there, looking at the pathway. Grandma and I had always walked along that very path, and she had told me about the theater, about Ivan the Terrible, about the tsars, and about the ringing of the bells.

Who can lift the King of Bells,
Who can move the King Cannon?
Haughty the fellow who does not doff his cap
By the holy Kremlin gates!

I smiled. That, after all, had been a long time ago. How strange.

"Look, Grandma! The stars have lit up!" cried a little boy.

I looked. It was just a little boy and his grandmother taking a walk. Around the Kremlin probably.

"They didn't light up," I said. "They're ruby stars. Rubies glow in the dark, you know."

"Uh-uh," said the boy. "They're not rubies. I know. They're just glass with light bulbs inside. They turn them on when it gets dark. I know."

1960.

The Sexton

. . . .NO, IT'S AMAZING how far this madness has gone!

You know, in the morning it was actually pleasant, especially from afar. The ringing was reproduced by the facets of dewdrops, it drowned in the fog and touched the hearts of the Orthodox.

"Our new sexton is testing his strength"—they were saying in the district.

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Towards dinner time, when the aroma of meat pies and rye patties was wafting through the air, the ringing of the bells, measured and solemn, could still be heard, sounding like a ceremonial summons to the refectory. It made people's stomachs churn, and their faces reflected a certain amount of perplexity and sadness.

"Why all the ringing—it seems that no one has died, no one has been born, nor does there seem to be a fire anywhere."

Nonetheless at mealtime, everyone ate heartily.

In the evening, when people woke up from their after-dinner naps and the ringing, as from a bar of gold, was still falling from the belfry into the lake, the people became sad, they prayed for the dead and some shed a tear.

But the ringing didn't stop.

At sunset it was actually beautiful. You know—water, sunset and the ringing of bells. The sound was melodious, steady and sad.

At night no one slept. And no wonder! How could anyone sleep with such ringing? But the main thing was the incomprehensible alarm and even fear that banished sleep. People closed their shutters. They were afraid of robberies and burning.

It went on like this for several days. You can imagine what it was like!! Madness took possession of the entire district. Wild dancing gave way to prayer, tears—to fights. Some tried to fast, others to do penance by flagellation. There were cases of self-immolation.

Only on the fifth day did the ringing suddenly cease.

Those who went up to the bell tower unclenched his hands with great difficulty and freed the bell ropes.

His inflamed face had burned black, and there was blood on his lips.

It seems to me that there was no longer any point in taking him down from the belfry.

1966.

Small Village

SMOKE HUNG OVERHEAD in layers, now rising, now descending. In a corner a weary argument was going on: "No, take Bvok . . ., Bvok has . . . now listen to me!"

In another corner a tape recorder was playing; a woman's quavering voice was singing, probably in French.

He was already slightly drunk. For a long time he walked about the room, spilling vodka between the chairs. Then he sat down and smiled right at the piano—a gentle, absent-minded smile.

"Spit on everything, if you can"—sang the woman with a vibrating voice. "Drink and be merry, what else is left? I said to hell with everything a long time ago."

He sat there for a long time, swaying slightly, watching the layers of smoke rise and descend. Someone opened a window. The layers mixed and then were drawn out through the window and disappeared.

"Stop thinking. Why all the nonsense? I said to hell with everything a long time ago," sang the woman.

And he continued to sit, swaying in the chair, simply smiling at the piano. Again he saw it. Now he definitely knew that he was again seeing the same thing. Slightly to the left there was a granary made of logs and covered with a straw roof. By the wall there were some peasant tools and wooden wheels of some sort, and a harrow. But most important was the straw roof, completely orange-colored. Further on there were gray log huts and beyond them—fields and haystacks. Peasants were standing near the hut, and one of them was unharnessing a horse.

"Why think so much?"—sang the woman. "There's no other way out. What can we do? Be merry, if you can."

She sang in French, but the meaning was clear. "Only such a poet as Bvok . . . Bvok . . . listen, Sasha!"

To the right a peasant sat astride a log, rolling a cigarette.

At home everything was the same except that the writing table was a bit lower than usual. The window was big, without a frame. It was all glass. On the right side of the window there were bare branches. The sky was empty, except for some birds. But that didn't change anything.

All the time its seemed to him that snow had fallen. He was so eager to see if only a little bit of snow on the window. Sometimes it seemed to him that it had become lighter outside. Then he walked to the window and gazed at the wrinkled earth for a long time. There was no snow. Sometimes he saw light dots which hit against the window pane and lay down on the window sill.

The houses became completely dark, and the granary's straw roof disappeared from view. There were snowdrifts everywhere, and the peasant was still unharnessing the horse. The fields had not yet turned yellow, but someone was chopping wood. The sound of it could be heard, and the air smelled of wood. The harrow had not been put away and it was completely covered with snow.

They told him this was the way it had to be, and took him away. The snow had not yet fallen. He was let out for a walk in the yard. In the yard there were two trees growing by the stone wall. The leaves had turned brown. He was looking at the brown, dull leaves. It was damp.

"And in the village they are already bringing the hay," he said.

But this wasn't true, he didn't see it.

1962

(Bukovsky's stories translated by Rosalind Avnet, Ludmilla Zemels, and Arlo Schultz, respectively.)

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IV. Poetry

From *Russkoe slovo* (July 1966)

Yevgeni Kushev

DECEMBRISTS

Ryleev

The verses will be used to roll cigarettes . . .
And the poems will be blown about the streets . . .
It's not the first time that you have been wrong—
So why rebel, little boy?
Crush, crush your feelings!
Pour, pour more in your glass!
But all things in the world are already alien.
You rebel against all, little boy.
They will break you, and hang your body
Like a drawing exposed for public view.
Gallows-bird, do you see that monstrous exhibit?
There you and I will be neighbors.
Constellations of planets will laugh.
As our legs start to dangle,
Only God can give us salvation,
Mankind offers only damnation.
You and I will be dragged along,
And our friends will renounce us.
"These boys"—the raven will say—
Have gagged on the Revolution.
And the gendarmes will say nothing.
They will stamp us out like the plague . . .
But it's too early to repent, I say.
Perhaps we should give it another try.

Pestel

If I be judged
And my soul laid bare—
The drumbeat of fate
Will give me no peace.
There will be a murmur, barely heard,
There will be red leaves,
Green uniforms,
And troops,
And ugly mugs—
Faces of the high brass,
Oblivion, defeat,
Betrayal, victory, a dream,
Holy Transfiguration
And shining purity.
Only spirit will not suffice,
Or paper, pen and ink,
To list all the souls
Now dwelling in graves,
Accompanying
The flight of time and falsehood . . .
Betrayals,
gods,
victories . . .
But one can't write this down!

Bestuzhev

So you too have decided to visit!
Come in. Put your coat on my chair.
Here is my room, please come in!
You are irreproachable, totally polite.
You are relentless, totally intent
Whenever you study me.
My papers and table—here is my homeland.
You can run your fingers over the keyboard of my life.
But forgive me—I cannot recant
And I cannot repent.
Although it's the first time my testimony
Is written in red ink—
It will stick on my grave,
Once the order comes from above.

Muravev

In our heads—churchbells ring.
But there is no square below us—
Only a cluster of old aspirations,
Wary, pleasing to the touch.
We'll be led into an office,
And buried alive with questions.
Guards are marching below the window,
And thaw will be long in coming.
The memory of expert fortunetelling
Will force me to loosen my tie.
For there's freedom for a free man
And a raven's knife
For his ribs.
A clear text is brought before me.
I ponder every word.
But already I'm full of mirth,
And my mind is filled with rebellion. . . .

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Kakhovsky

December . . . And in that December
Our passions rolled up in a ball,
Our vision became tangled, like rigging ropes
Of caravels sunk in the sea.
But we cannot sink to the bottom!
We all must batten down the hatches,
We all envision battles,
Prophets, gods—
And that palpitating agitation
In which one drowns
Or floats to shore.
Although our ship is laden with lead,
And its course leads to the bottom . . .
December . . . Still the same ado!
But nothing has been done!
Let the ship sink to the bottom,
We didn't ask to leave the hold . . .
We are destined for defeat! . . .

13th of December

When scope for thought is narrow,
Then spirits are aflame . . .
But the knot will be severed
In the middle of December.
Their noble hearts will taste
The bitterness of defeat.
Love, fervor, wrath and valor
Will remain to the end!
But only ten revelations,
Divided by two,
Will blaze like their dying words
With a crimson hue.
And on the windswept parade ground
That nighttime conversation will be recalled,
And linger through all the moods of summer
Soon to rush upon us . . .

14th of December

The biting wind would like to thrust
Shrapnel into the face.
The dictator Trubetskoy
Does not appear on the square.
Stillness. Silence.
The instigators,
Like janissaries,
Are armed with yataghans.
But the spark smolders from the risk.
Dusk is falling.
Anguish will be caused
By the felonious grapeshot.
The fatal fleeting moment
Drags out like a year.
The Rosinantes of the rebellious gentry
Stand ready to be ridden.
The vision of prison looms in the eyes
Like a bitter tear.
Perhaps there's another way?
Perhaps it's time to turn back?
But it's too late.
The city is full
Of gendarmes and police carts.
At midnight the carts will be filled
By those lined up in square formation,
Who will be hung on the crownwork . . .
And whose tracks cannot be covered up . . .
Bestuzhev and Ryleev . . .
One hangman for them all . . .
But conspiracies are not commandments—
They can't be circumvented!
The merchants have no regrets,
One Koran exists for them:
Order,
satiety,
celebrations
To be upheld by Cossack formations.
Does idleness ask:
"Pray tell, my friend, for what?"
But in a land of soldiers,
Amidst the refuse and the drills,
The heroes of the Senate Square
Are desperately needed still . . .

13th of July

Early morning. The capital is sleeping.
But the guards have changed.
Evil faces freeze
In the lacerated wind.
"O God, may they not realize
That criminals are being executed!
The devil take this masquerading!
To hell . . hell with this execution!"
Thus thinks Colonel Sukin,
As he counts to himself
The manacled hands.
"One . . .
two . . .
three . . .
five!
I can't understand it!—Nobility all.
They have wives and careers,
But they stood up for the rabble,
The mob, the poor and the scum.
What else, sinners, did they want?
And why? I'll never understand it!"
Men and rifles grow cold
In the lacerated wind.
A white handkerchief is clutched
By the supervisor Sukin—
"A poet—yet he took part,
The hood on his head seems like a halo!"
Six o'clock.
Mist.
Morning.

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Townsfolk sleep sweetly.
The man in charge, Mister Sukin,
Leads the execution like a parade.

Convicts

Russia's honor, like a teardrop,
Dries up in the wind . . .
There blind men are walking,
They're not walking, but are led
By three gendarmes,
six gendarmes
Or by a whole squad.
Take them, Siberia—we don't care!
We give them all to you!
Wear them out and exhaust them—
Then for certain they shall die.
Pines are monsters,
The taiga—an inquisition.
Snow sparkles under stars
Like emeralds in the dust . . .
Decembrists, Decembrists, you knew
The path that you were taking,
Without yielding or repenting!
Seditious verse,
Like chains, for insurrection,
We shall melt into bayonets!

The Gendarme's Monologue

Cornets and lieutenants
Well taught, well taught.
Manacles, manacles
Attesting to my words.

Only five were hung
In the song of the wind.
We are not obliged
To spare the others.

Let the funny little boys
Gaze at the Senate.
We are now attentive.
We are—a wall.

We have learned gendarme methods
And acquired experience.
Manacled, manacled
Are liberty and honor.

Let all the little poets
Sing on their Parnassus.
Now they are hanged,
They are already hanged.

I say in all sincerity
That might makes right.
The warrants for arrest are issued,
Already they are signed.

Everything is prepared ahead:
The hangman, cell and prison.
All assignments are discharged
According to the schedule.

We are the sentinels of the state.
We are our country's silence.
We fear not the Pechorins—
And the Muravevs are no more.

The throne is surrounded
By a multitude of servants.
Who dares to disturb
The comfort of His Majesty?

In the meantime we permeate
Everything here and there.
We are the investigators—
Ours is a necessary task.

We are loyal and assiduous
And sensitive, like Orpheus.
When there are no more critics—
The hangman will disappear.

But if this should not happen—
Manacles, manacles. . . .

From the Author

I am haunted by disquieting dreams . . .
Especially in December.
Then I walk to the Senate Square
And stand in square formation.

At that instant I'm surrounded
In silence, without words,
By Ryleev, Pestel, Bestuzhev
Kakhovsky and Muravev.

In a childlike manner
Later they will ask:
"Is it true that the noose
Is your sole inheritance?

Is it true that only Nekrasov
and our Bohemian bard
Have cleansed us of black colors
And brought us all to light?

That after a hundred years or so,
Years of flogging by the knout,
December's fire smolders
In every Russian lad?

Is it true, we've handed down
Hatred for the hangman?"
What can I answer? . . .
I weep—and stay silent.

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THE PHOENIX BIRD

We are endowed with special meaning.
Each of us is a human being. Someone has created us.
He, who has created eyes and pines,
Flowers and weeds and thought.

It was long ago,
When the Phoenix Bird was a herald.
But who created the atom so small?
Perhaps God? Or perhaps a Dream?

Here the Spirit was vital.
But how was Hades devised?
Whatever the quandary he faces,
Man arises out of ashes.

And his soul is immortal.

Therefore, Time, frothing madly,
Does not separate life from death.
Could it be that our World
Is determined by the Phoenix Bird?

To believe, to dream and to think,
to reflect and to kill? Tell me,
is it a foolish thing to do—
to be asking questions of you?

Tell me, is it true that light
accompanies that which is woe,
that happiness of murder reeks
if granted by a foe?

Tell me, is it true
that people with rudiments start,
that the deaf-mute has a tongue
and the gendarme has a heart?

Tell me, is it really true
that all on earth is a lie?
That each of us is only a dot—
destined on its greasy skin to squat?

(*Kushev's poems translated by Ludmilla Zemels*)

Vladimir Voskresensky

SONG TO BE ACCOMPANIED BY THE CLAPPING OF HANDS

Tell me, is it true
that a warrior a sword is allowed,
a saber, a gun and a pistol
and a traitor with speech is endowed?

Tell me, is it true
that clear brooks to springs are akin,
that the willow radiates freshness,
that our conscience has a twin?

Tell me, can it be
that not in winter but in the fall
sunsets of ultimate fire
overhead with flames can enthrall?

Tell me, does a dawn
surely precede each day?
Tell me, may we firmly believe
that on this earth indeed we live?

Tell me, is it possible
to see tempest and calm,
to color truth with a lie,
proclaiming it as the new style?

MOONLIT SNOW

With the words of quivering lips
With the wailing chorus of winds
Help me tell
Of mountains flooded with blue
And of a star-studded winter night,
Sleeping in the moonlit snow.

If the snow storm's splash,
Intoxicated by your face,
Kisses your rosy cheek—
Recall the enchanted forest,
A dream enfolded by moonlit snow.
As for tears—they don't count.

If the silent snowdrifts
Filled with icy love
Kiss your feet—
Try to picture a garden,
Splattered with moonlight—
The song of June long past.

But if the night is empty,
If purple bleakness fills the eyes,
And the fairytale world has disappeared—

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Do not be glad that I tire of asking
Of moonlit mountains
Under clusters of blackberries.

(*translated by Ludmilla Zemels*)

From *Phoenix 1961*

Yuri Galanskov

WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE!

1. Let Me Not Kill

Moscow!
New York!
Cairo!
All repudiate war
But, like a squirrel the tortured world
Keeps turning on a cannon-wheel.
Birds of petitions.
And what of it?
Men spit in the faces of these questionnaires.
Men wish to wrap the bodies
Of rockets in human skin.
And as for people—
All-powerful people!
Staggering on a pair of bones,
They carry maternal breasts
To nourish children of bronze . . .
Hold back, you cattle!
They'll drive you
Into a wooden pen,
Tether you with a rope.
The executioner, skilled in his craft,
Will fell you with a sure blow between the horns.
Then, gripping the steel in his hand,
Full of assurance and power,
With the blade of his knife he'll tie
A red ribbon round your neck.
Let me not kill!
Bellow, deafen them,
Binding muscles in knots,
Tear off the leather reins,
Break the shafts,
A net of blood over your eyes.
The flame of rage kindling in your nostrils,
Dripping foam from your mouth,
Raise your head like a flag,
Your entrails winding round your neck!

2. Behind the Revolution—Another Revolution . . .

They seemed the same tired faces,
The same feelings,
And the same thoughts.
But I affirm that somewhere there lurks
A vast
Universal
Rebellion.
Over the bombs a question arose,
And the world has grown expectantly still.
The poets muttered
Ancient verses under their noses,
Shouted hurrah,
Had hysterical fits,
Made a wreath of scarlet lips . . .
And suddenly—
In the enfeebled hands of America
The sugar of Cuba was stained with blood.
In the chest of the pyramids a bugle blew:
The Sphinx has awakened and emerged from the dusk.
And like a torch in the hands of a slave,
The oil of Iraq flared up.
Europe seemed to be crucified,
But little shoots began to grow.
The dictators and the diplomats
Shuddered upon the atomic barrel.
Famine,
Sickness,
Weariness
Hung like guilt over the world.
I felt that Mine
Was the ultimate word.

3. Down with the Pessimists!

Perhaps
I shall come, an unwanted doctor,
Into the cities of pestilence
And shall realize that the world
Is doomed forever to suffer and shoot.
But, in my opinion, that is not so, not so!
Just look, what a daybreak,
Just look, what a dawn
Awaits me—the Rebel.
I shall come,
Bringing the generals a dish
Of coarse Martian meat.
And I shall remake the bombs
Into juicy pineapples.
I'll pass through the tangle of the labyrinths
And tear down and cast off the prison bars.
And from the hands of the laboratory assistants the rats will rush
At the throats of the creators of the plague
This is not evil, but a museum offering—

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The superbombs,
The pestilential sores
and tuberculosis—
These I shall bring with me and carelessly
throw them
To the pessimists, drenched with tears.

(*translated by George Reavey*)

Yu. Stefanov

SONG ABOUT SCIENCE

1.

O, from century to century
It's been the same since time began:
Man,
His skin like snow and skin like coal,
Looks in the sky,
Looks in the sea,
Looks out for bread,
And pleads with God.
Rain falls
God rains
The battle roars
The leader reigns.

2.

Oh, just look round—the world is so plain
Without microscopes or binoculars:
For either the meadows float,
drenched in rain,
Or death prophesies the dances of stars.

Either the puddles resound with sun drops,
Or else the whole sun hides itself in the dusk.
Because of the all-mighty croaking of frogs
You cannot escape from the thunderstorm's
bursts.

3.

What's there—like a beacon from some
unknown land
Up in the sky—Vega, or Sirius?
Oh, close the eyelids of your unbeliefs
And let your hearts become your compasses!
Like bloodhounds on a reindeer's track,
Seek out the scents of secrets in the ground,
So that the vessels of your body will be wrecked
Against the rocks of all your doubts, and drown.

(*translated by Elisavietta Ritchie*)

From *Phoenix 1966*

Vladimir Batshev

THIS OLD DREAM ONCE MORE

For L. V.

This old dream once more
I dream,
I dream . . .
From lips to toes
With interflow
I see you run,
I hear you call to me,
"I'll do it now!"
What are you doing in my dream—
Sharing my hardships?
Do you hear? Guests ring at the door.
Treat
them
kindly.
This old dream once more
Persists,
As if the wheel had caught a stick.
The spokes have broken, flown.
I stole your old dream,
Let me dream it,
let me dream.
Old dream, why have you come?
Please go away!
Well, old dream, why hang on?
Why do you stay?
A year will pass, and two, and five.
Faces will fade.
Only this old dream again
I dream,
I dream . . .

May-June 1966: Exile, Siberia

(*translated by Elisavietta Ritchie*)

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From *Sintaksis*, No. 1 (December 1959)

Igor Khomin

POEM

An embankment, a drab linden tree and one
flower bed.
A house that looks like a barracks instead.
Eighteen apartments along the long hall.
"Peace To The World" is proclaimed on the wall.
Ivanov in the courtyard slugs
And liquidates bedbugs.
He's a Treasury accountant.
The Makarovs are boozing tonight.
The Baranovs are having a fight.

(*translated by Elisavietta Ritchie*)

Genrikh Sabgir

RADIODELERIUM

He lies there and moans.
Nobody there.
Just a black loudspeaker up on the wall:
A folk chorus roars.
He gropes, and yanks the cord!
The plug is here, the socket's there.
He can't believe his ears:
Noise,
Static,
Metallic clink,
Then the radio croaks:
"The latest news,
A special announcement!
. . . On the scene
of the crime.
. . . By majority vote.
. . . Degrees
Below freezing.
. . . Threat
of atomic attack.
Epidemic . . .
War . . .
Overfulfillment of norms!"
Again the chorus. Against the chorus
Solo by an airplane engine.
Roar
of jet aviation.
Burst
of ovation!
The patient stares with glassy eyes.
His hand
convulsively squeezes
the blanket.
In the doorway, far away,
someone emerges.
"Doctor!
My nuts
and bolts should be checked."
Announcer:
"Next, the Moonlight Sonata,
performed on the balalaika."

(*translated by Elisavietta Ritchie*)

Vsevolod Nekrasov

THE COP

Behind the house a wind
Was blowing through the yards.
Before the house a sidewalk—
His territory.

Some get mixed up with young girls,
Some with old maids.
You think the cops have
Few worries?

Quite a few worries—
People will be people.
This one is in tears—
He's forgotten his name,
Forgotten where he lives—
here, or there.

One calls
for help,
Someone else
is found . . .
And in the course of a year
How many cases pass
Through the local precinct?
That's a state secret!

Three hundred and seventy-one.

People will be people.
One is quiet.
One goes by well-behaved,
Another acts like a pig
And is proud of himself . . .

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"Shoving, are you?
I'll show you, you bastard . . ."

From the courtyard through the gates
Came the riff-raff,
They saw the sergeant—
And said hello . . .

That's how they live,
Those well-lined with fat,
That's how they live,
And what's later, later
They chop up lots of wood . . .
As for the house, quite a house,
And all the yards in back—
Into a yard, over the fence,
They didn't get him—not the thief
And that's the end of it . . .

And whom—can one ask?
(But *beseme* [1]—
What about—*beseme?*
Just *beseme*
yourself . . .)
Find out how to do it
Then try and prove it
Faster and better,
One goes for his knife—
Hold him, disarm him,
Don't beat him, don't kill him . . .
For seven hundred rubles
Walk around and don't shake,
And that's the end of it.

Time to sleep.
The bolt slides in
Like the well-oiled breechlock of a T. T.

The point-duty man has slipped away.
The territory is deserted,
He checks all the points,
Midnight weariness—
The First Lieutenant.

One o'clock,
Two,
Soon it will be three.
Soon the guard will change
—Let's get some sleep.

Two.
Three.
Soon it will be six.
The quietest time,
When things happen.

[1] Presumably, formal Spanish for "kiss me."

(*translated by George Reavey*)

From *Sintaksis*, No. 2 (February 1960)

Bella Akhmadulina

FIFTEEN BOYS

Fifteen boys and maybe more,
or fewer than fifteen, maybe,
said to me
in frightened voices:
"Let's go to a movie or the Museum of Fine Arts."
"I haven't time."
Fifteen boys presented me with snowdrops.
Fifteen boys in broken voices
said to me:
"Ill never stop loving you."
I answered them more or less like this:
"We'll see."

Fifteen boys are now living a quiet life.
They have done their heavy chores
of snowdrops, despair and writing letters.
Girls love them—
some more beautiful than me,
others less beautiful.
Fifteen boys with a show of freedom, and at times spite
salute me when we meet,
their liberation, normal sleep and regular meals.

In vain you come to me, last boy.
I shall place your snowdrops in a glass of water,
and silver bubbles will cover
their stocky stems . . .
But, you see, you too will cease to love me,
and, mastering yourself, you'll talk in a superior way,
as though you'd mastered me,
and I'll walk off down the street, down the street . . .

SARAH BERNHARDT

Nobody believed her tears,
And tears, indeed, she had not shed,
Upon an all-white ostrich fan
In response she laid her cheek.

All her admirers in the orchestra,
Squeezing their handkerchiefs, gazed on
As both her hands were outlined white
Against the raspberry portiere.

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They knew full well what fire the stones
Of her costume rings contained
And the eternal chill of the camellias
That wintered in her hands.

The handkerchief slipped from her hands
With such mortal resignation,
Her heart beat on with even calm
Without noticing these torments.

Him they forgave for what had happened,
And distantly the curtain fell,
And to her dressing room they brought
Bouquets of pallid yellow roses.

She held these roses in her arms,
But she could barely see them
While tears were running down her cheeks,
The dry tears of her mastered craft.

HE GOT HIS PISTOL READY

He got his pistol ready;
The candle flickered, but held steady.
How painfully he'd aged.
How long this had been going on.

And he remembered from far off—
From beyond the frontier of his aging—
The banners of his regiment,
The glitter, the brass, the ordered ranks.

He found no pleasure in growing old.
The day before he'd wandered, wandered far
To observe the icefloes starting,
And, watching, stood all lonely there.

Then he had turned to go back home,
Had slowed his heavy steps,
And, Heavens, he had suddenly seen—
That woman suddenly he'd seen!

And he remembered—in the long ago—
A storm, the deep imprints of a shoe,
Her shoulder draped
In a flounce of white batiste.

In the midst of spring, why did
She not recall that springtime,
But just keep standing by the wall,
So pitiful to look at.

And then that deadly thunder
Will crackle out and make the glasses tinkle,
And upon the coffin of his wife
His large hands terribly will fall.

His shameless friend will pay his call,
Who'd read the papers in good time.
And for the consolation of those hands,
He'll press his lips upon these hands.

They'll pour a glass of wine for him,
And he will glance without constraint
At all the medals on the cushion
That glint there, dull and alienated.

GOD

Because the girl Nastasia watched
Over other people's property,
Ran barefoot in bad weather
To fetch some vodka for an old man,

She deserved to have a handsome God
In a palace bathed in sunshine bright,
A God both dandified and just,
Garbed in an ancient robe of gold.

But in the midst of tipsy hiccups,
The sordid background of her life,
A couple of icons, black with soot,
Bore no resemblance to that God.

Instead—of a sudden, chicory bloomed,
And diamond flashes lit the air,
And, like a chapel choir, a bridegroom
Made his simple name ring out.

He loomed up quick before a fence
And offered her a golden locket,
And in the magnificence of youth
Entirely assumed a godlike form.

From that accordion's festive playing,
From wine, from the mellifluous light,
And from the light-blue shirt he wore,
A blissful feeling filled her heart.

But he looked fraudulent already;
He was undoing her gauze kerchief,
And by the side of a nearby barn
He kneaded her feeble breasts . . .

Then Nastasia combed her hair,
Picked up her kerchief at both ends,
And Nastasia sang and made lament,
Holding her hands before her face.

"Ah, what have you done with me,
What misfortune have you wrought!
Why did you offer me, last Monday,
A white rose as a gift?

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"Ah, willow, willow, willow mine,
Don't wither, willow, wait awhile.
My faith, where is it gone, my faith—
My cross still hangs upon my bosom!"

The rain was laughing, mixed with sunshine
And nothing happened, nothing did;
And God was laughing at the girl—
He was not there at all.

HOW AM I DIFFERENT?

How am I different from a woman with a flower,
From a girl who constantly laughs,
Who continually toys with a ring,
While the ring keeps slipping from her hands?

I'm different because of the wallpapered room,
Where I sit towards the end of day,
And where a woman with sable cuffs
Turns away from me in disdain.

How I pity her disdainful glance,
And I'm afraid, afraid to frighten her,
As she bends to flick her cigarette ash
Into an ashtray of brass.

O God, how greatly I pity her,
Her shoulder, her drooping shoulder,
And her white, slender neck,
Which feels so hot beneath the fur!

And I fear that she may start to sob,
That her lips will utter a terrible cry,
That she will hide her hands in her sleeves,
And her beads will clatter upon the floor . . .

(*Akhmadulina's poems translated by George Reavey; the poem "Fifteen Boys" is reprinted from* The New Russian Poets: 1953 to 1968, *New York, October House, 1968*)

Bulat Okhudzhava

A PAPER SOLDIER

In our world there lived a soldier.
He was extremely handsome, very brave,
but he happened to be a children's toy—
for he was merely a paper soldier.

He wished to refashion all the world,
to make each individual happy,
but he dangled over a child's cot,
for he was merely a paper soldier.

He would have dashed through smoke and fire,
and given his life for you twice over,
but you only derided him and laughed—
for he was merely a paper soldier.

You were unwilling to entrust
him with your most important secrets.
And why did you not trust him? Oh, just
because he was a paper soldier.

And kicking against his wretched lot,
he thirsted for a life less tranquil,
and kept demanding: "Fire! Yes, Fire!"
forgetting he was a paper soldier.

Into fire? All right. Why not plunge in?
And bravely forward he marched off.
And there he perished, nothing won—
for he was merely a paper soldier.

VANKA MOROZOV

Why do you blame Vanka Morozov?
It really wasn't his fault at all.
She's the one who led him on.
And it wasn't his fault at all.

He visited the circus in the square
And there he fell for a circus girl.
A simple girl would have been better,
But he had to fall for a circus girl.

She was a tightrope walker,
And she would wave her lily-white hand,
And passion grabbed Morozov
And held him in its calloused hand.

He threw money around in the "Pekin"
(It was all the same to him).
But Marusia is pining for him,
And it's not all the same to her.

To please his circus girl
He dined on jellyfish.
And he tried to seduce her
To please her, obviously.

He didn't think she'd deceive him:
One doesn't expect trouble from love . . .
Oh Vania, Vania! What's with you, Vania!
It's you who's walking the tightrope.

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PORT-TOWN QUEANS

Above the blue street of the port
All night the lighthouses flash.
With their ribands thrown back dashingly,
All night the sailors are on the town.

Above the town the sirens screech,
And seagulls spread their rustling wings,
And the port-town queans go hurrying off
To meet their casual fellows.

By morning, very likely, other guys
Will call on them to bid goodbye.
Oh, you sea, blue watery waste,
Oh, you light-blue, spun out thread!

You'll never propitiate the sea;
It will toss the ships like splinters.
The earth's much safer than the sea;
Why are you set on sailing there?

The green wave will suffocate you,
Try as you may to placate it . . .
Ah, if you'd only serve on shore,
And wear your sailor's ribands too!

A SONG ABOUT A KING

In the yard where each evening a radiophonograph played,
Where couples danced, kicking up the dust,
The local lads held Lenka Korolev in great respect
And they bestowed on him the title of "King."

He was a king all right; all-powerful, and if a friend
Was in trouble or was unlucky on the whole,
He would hold out his royal hand to him,
His trusty hand, and would save him.

But one day when the "Messerschmitts," like ravens,
Broke the silence of an early dawn,
Our king, like the king he was, tilted his cap.
Like a crown, and marched off to the war.

The radiophono plays again, the sun once more is at its zenith,
But there is no one to weep over him—
Because that king was alone (if you'll excuse me),
He did not have time to acquire a queen.

But wherever I go, and whatever my worries
(In business or just so),
It always seems that just around the corner
I'll meet the king again.

Because, though in wartime they shot in earnest,
The damp earth was not meant for Lenka;
Because, I'm sorry, but I can't imagine
Moscow without a king like him.

THE BALLOON

A girl is sobbing:
Her balloon flies on.
They try to comfort her.
And the balloon flies on.

A maiden is sobbing:
She has no bridegroom yet.
They try to comfort her.
And the balloon flies on.

A woman is sobbing:
She has no bridegroom yet.
They try to comfort her.
And the balloon flies on.

An old woman is sobbing:
She has lived too little . . .
The balloon has drifted back . . .
And the balloon's light blue.

(*Okhudzhava's poems translated by George Reavey; the poem "A Paper Soldier" is reprinted from* The New Russian Poets: 1953 to 1968, *New York, October House, 1968*)

Aleksandr Timofeevsky

THE WORD

The word fell down like a coin worn through.
And I want to pick it up anew!
One life is not enough to show
The world its bright metallic glow!
As bare as truth, the word was born,
Quivered like doves in the sky at dawn.
Some followed it even to hunger and death.
It pounded in heartbeats, resounded in breath,
And suddenly fell in a murderer's hands
By all the signs, the word was found
Where the thief was using his knuckles of brass.

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It covered up his thieving snatch,
And covered itself with filth and blood.
The thief then launched a fraud on the world,
Sewed similar words to line his fraud.
The idea was snatched by hypocrites
To issue millions of copies of it.
Inside rich dachas they frayed the word,
And in cheap broadcasts where it was heard.
The word was repeated in unctuous speeches
With daily-use and holiday features.
The word became swollen and fat,
People got fed up . . . and it fell flat.
The word fell down like a coin worn through.
Who but ourselves can lift it anew?

(*translated by Elisavietta Ritchie*)

Remember Kotov? Well, he murdered some."
Or:
"He's a paid agent," or: "He's a thief." I would not argue.
I gathered dark hostilities enough to fill a store.

How could such a man live—alongside the voice of our vast epoch created
And alongside simple things, like trees and birds and wind?
Indifferent and petty, he remembered and he celebrated.
How could anyone defend him? And what did he hide within?

(*translated by Elisavietta Ritchie*)

From *Sintaksis*, No. 3 (April 1960)

Yevgeni Rein

MY NEIGHBOR KOTOV

Kotov was my neighbor in our communal apartment,
A businesslike man with one finger gone.
That room on the left he sued someone for in court:
He won, that someone died, but Kotov stayed on.

In public in our kitchen every night he washed his feet
And discussed all *Izvestia's* news of the day,
And those who came in to wash, cook and meet,
Asked questions, and Kotov knew just what to say.

He got drunk rarely, always alone, and would stalk around.
It was audible and frightening. All night long.
Mysteriously he pulled his random vases down,
Stamped on the shards adorned with blue swords, and sang songs.

He sat on the balcony, smoked, smiled and rained
Curses and ashes on those in the street.
He never got letters. A notice or wire caused him pain.
He nailed up his own mailbox, "A. M. Kotov," private and neat.

Last summer I moved. Someday they may stop me: "Hey, you!

Yosif Brodsky

VERSES ABOUT THE ACCEPTANCE OF THE WORLD

All this has been, has been,
All this has burned us.
All this has poured down, battered us,
Jerked us, shaken us,
And robbed us of our strength
And dragged us into the grave,
And pulled us on top of pedestals,
And then knocked us down,
And then forgot about us,
And then challenged us
To seek various truths,
So that we might lose our way again
In the sparse bushes of ambition,
In the wild grove of prostrations,
Associations, conceptions,
And—very simply—emotions.

But we learned to fight
But we learned to warm ourselves
By the hidden sun
And to reach the shore
Without pilots and sailing directions;
But—most important of all—
We learned not to repeat ourselves.

We like constancy,
We like the folds of fat
Round our mother's neck,
And also our apartment
Which is rather small
For an inhabitant of a temple.
We like to spread ourselves.

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We like to sprout like wheat.
We like the rustling of satin
And the rumbling of a solar prominence;
And, in general, our planet
Resembles a recruit,
Who sweats as he marches.

TO GET THERE

To get there not by way of a book,
not by way of a house,
Not by a reliable watermain,
Not by distant thunder,
Not by a crusade,

Not by the statutes of the party,
Not by the rusty hinges of a harquebus,
Not by any difference in perceptions,
Not by the grating sound of the Tables,

And not by way of Christ's wound,
Not by the cross, not by the icon,
And not even by an ancient temple,
And not even by the cry of a bird—

But by the flame of Prometheus—
Escaped from corruption—
Flickering in the blizzard,
Above the crook of Diogenes.

PAST HIPPODROMES

Past hippodromes, pagan temples,
Past fashionable cemeteries,
Past churches and bars,
Past large hazards,
Past the world and its grief,
Past Mecca and Rome—
Scorched by the blue sun
The pilgrims
Trudge over the earth.

Misshapen they are, humpbacked,
Hungry and half-clothed.
Their eyes are brimming with sunset.
Their hearts are brimming with dawn.
Behind them deserts sing,
Heat lightnings flare,
Above them rise the stars
And birds call hoarsely to them
That the world will remain the same.
Yes. Will remain the same,
Dazzling with snow
And doubtfully tender.
The world will remain a liar.
The world will remain eternal,

Attainable, perhaps,
Endless all the same.
And that means there's no sense
In believing in oneself and God.

And that means that only illusions
And the road remain.
There will still be sunsets on earth.
On earth there will be dawns . . .

Improve the earth with soldiers.
Approve the earth with poets.

THE EARTH

Not damned,
Not sinful,
Black, but not terrifying,
The Earth, glittering with dew,
But, all the same, not turned to down
And not even become a mattress
For the poor,
For the condemned,
For the exiled,
And for the fallen,
In short—for the downtrodden;
Besides revolving,
The Earth is also preoccupied
With trifling problems:
The decrease of mortality,
The increase of the birthrate;
Racks its brains over the splitting
Of the nuclei of personal atoms,
And also over the straightening
Of buried hunchbacks.
The Earth is learning a polonaise
Behind the wall of my room;
Demonstrating its might,
Its stages,
Before me,
Ancient performances
Of howling horrors
With trolley stops
In squares and cemeteries,
With absolute truths,
With a shout of fury:
"Hail to thee,
Headless,
Yet winged
Nike!"

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A JEWISH CEMETERY

A Jewish cemetery on the outskirts of Leningrad,
A sagging fence of rotting plywood.
Beyond the sagging fence, next to each other, lie
Lawyers, tradesmen, musicians, revolutionaries.
They chanted for themselves.
They saved up money for themselves.
They died for others.
But, first, they paid taxes,
        respected the police,
And in this inescapably material world
Discussed the Talmud,
        remained idealists.

Perhaps they saw more.
Perhaps they were blind in their belief.
But they taught their children to be patient
        and become persistent.
They sowed no grain.
        They never sowed grain.
They simply lay down in the cold earth like seeds
And fell asleep forever.
And they they were covered with earth,
Candles were lit,
And, on the Day of Atonement,
The hungry old men in loud voices,
Choking with cold,
Wailed about eternal rest.
And they achieved it.
        In the form of disintegrated matter.

Remembering nothing.
Forgetting nothing.
Behind the sagging fence of damp plywood.
Four miles from the last trolley stop.

(*Brodsky's poems translated by George Reavey*)

Nonna Slepakova

RAIA VDOVINA

Once more in those rough, scaled fingers
The slender brush is squeezed.
Vdovina smoothes her drafting paper
And starts her new *esquisse*.

Her still life's banal, skimpy, lean:
A frying pan, a towel, a turnip.
Vodka never—it would seem—
Touched Raia's earnestly pressed lips,
As if she didn't smoke at all,
As if she never swore,
As if her happy drunken pals
Took Raia on that couch no more,

As if the spicy scents of colza seed
And dill embraced her all her life,
As if her whole life she'd been racing steeds
With legs as fleet as flashing knives,

As if, instead of scribbling, drunk and sick,
She knew the true worth of her verse,
And pressed her face against a soft hayrick
And breathed her stanzas to the grass,

As if these two clean window orbs
Forever stroked her love with their caress,
Her colors lived within the canvas' pores,
Her verses sprang resilient, charged with stress,

As if a forest swayed above her head . . .
Now Vdovina is ending her endeavor . . .
Why couldn't everything reverse itself instead—
Why couldn't she paint on like this forever!

(*translated by Elisavietta Ritchie*)

Miscellaneous Selections

Vadim Delone

EVENING

Dedicated to Alexis Dobrovolsky
as a token of great friendship.

Evening—a frivolous cornet
All spruced up in a blue uniform,
Lies about his brilliant conquests,
Crushing autumn in a passionate embrace.

He begs for tender love
And toasts with sunset-flavored punch,
Spitting wind on debts,
He gives change in stars as payment.

Autumn will rebuff the shadow-hand,
Evening awaits refusal as an answer.
And the village cobblestone
Awaits the cornet in a coach. . . .

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Autumn squints with a red eye,
Loosening its yellow hair,
Autumn asks for ten chapters
On awakening at dawn.

(*translated by Ludmilla Zemels*)

Vasyl Symonenko

BALLAD OF A STRANGER

On a green day of feasting
Came a stranger from afar—
To sow hope.

"I am come, my dear people, from God,
To beget a Messiah for you.
Your village is heavy with sin,
And your lies run in rivers;
But my Son shall rise up,
By God's will,
To destroy all evil and save us.
Bring then your virgins of sixteen,
That I may seek the Chosen among them."

(He spoke as he sat on the tavern fence,
Burning them all with his stringent glance.)

But when they brought the maidens,
He shook his head and said:
"We must wait until next year,
For not one is worthy, I fear."

Then all the villagers tried as they could
To lighten the stranger's mood:
Brought him drink and food
That he might pleasantly abide
Until the next feast should arrive—
When new virgins would file before his eye.

But again he shook his head and said:
"Oh, no, we must wait until next year,
For not one is worthy, I fear."

As winters whiten,
And springs hum with torrents,
Years pass with the clouds.
Yet still he studies the damsels
And each year has his doubts,
Saying sadly:
"For not one is worthy, I fear."

The sallow villagers, dejected, despondent,
Went about with this prayer in their heads:
"Shorten our lives if you must, O God,
But send him the right one at last!"

On the thirtieth feast,
The obedient chattel,
Grown weary of waiting his choice,
Tiptoed into his house—
And found him dead upon the floor.

Cursing the sins of the virgins
As the source of all their woe,
They slowly moved to wash him,
And suddenly they saw:

It was a castrate
Who had promised to sire
The coveted Messiah.

(*translated by D. Struk*)

CHOIR OF THE ELDERS
FROM THE POEM "FICTION"

"We are enlightened/And want to enlighten others"—T. Shevchenko

Our kind is sapient from birth.
We know it all, we've proven our worth.
Our happy ancestor, the chimpanzee,
Looks at us in awe and glee;

He'll go on swinging in the tropics
While we elucidate the topics
Of importance to everyone else:
We'll instruct the world in the rudiments
Of sailing in inkwells.

We have so many scientists and persons erudite
That supplies of printer's paper must not reach too great a height—
Active volcanoes send vibrant thrills
Up backs of high paper-hills.

We know everything, and everything is known to us.
Want the prognosis for tomorrow? Simply ask us.
As flames are fed by dry, red straw,
So wisdom has in us its constant flow.

We'll rise, we'll increase, we'll go,
We'll scale the heights, just so.
We'll manufacture so many truths,
That you'll shut up for good.

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Why do you stumble drunkenly through life, why
do you lurch?
Why do you seek, when everything is found?
When beaten paths transcend your fogbound
search
And lead to suns which do indeed astound?

For ages now, no one has ever heard
Of woe, stupidity, sorrow, or hurt.
But still we worry in our wisdom:
Would everything remain the same
If suddenly our paper mounds
Were tinder to a spark of flame?

(*translated by M. Bohachevsky-Chomiak*)

THIEF

Grandpa was found out, was caught,
Transported to the village court,
Where he most suitably was taught
The shame of stealing his own harvest.
"Grandpa, you stole what was your own.
Oh, what a shame to steal what you have labored
to produce!"
Grandpa was obviously distraught,
Scratched his head and chewed tobacco.
How difficult it is to see one's guilt.
Grandpa, with hearth-nourished dreams,
Can't grasp the paradoxes of the age.
"Sure," he mumbles into his fist,
"It's wrong to steal."
But how much worse,
Oh, my uncontrollable verse!
Why did he go and steal what was his own?
If only they'd put the sack he stole
Upon this back of mine.
Shame spits at me—
At my attempt—
Yet I must kill my grandpa with contempt.
But I feel thunder rolling in my breast;
Who stole and throttled grandpa's soul?
Who tied the hands of his conscience?
Where are they—the gray-flannelled, fat, and
nameless
Demagogues and liars
Who trampled grandpa's faith
Upon their way to posts and honors?
They should be locked up for theft.
Insufficient evidence? Oh!
Those sacks of stolen faith and hope
Shall serve as evidence galore.

(*translated by M. Bohachevsky-Chomiak*)

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Biographic Notes

THE NOTES BELOW provide biographic information on many—but not all—of the personalities referred to in Part II of "In Quest of Justice": some are sufficiently described in the articles and documents themselves, and others were identified in the preceding issue (Part I). Some figures are too well known to require detailed identification, but, at the other extreme, a number of little-known persons are mentioned in this issue on whom no meaningful data could be obtained. The notes cover the following: defendants at recent trials; persons who have publicly protested on their behalf; representatives of the regime establishment; and many of the other personalities, either living or dead, who are mentioned but not identified in the preceding articles and documents.

ANNA ANDREEVNA AKHMATOVA (1888-1966)—Poetess whose simple yet exquisitely wrought verses dealing with such proscribed topics as love, loneliness, alienation, and religious experiences led to her denunciation by Zhdanov (*q.v.*) in 1946 as "half-nun, half-whore," and to her expulsion from the Writer's Union; reinstated in 1954. In 1959, a month after Khrushchev had upbraided writers who had ventured beyond the confines of Socialist Realism, A. was nevertheless accorded high praise for a lifetime of "talented and noble" work by *Literaturnaia gazeta*. Took a keen interest in the younger generation of writers, a number of whom were deeply influenced by her work. Was eulogized at her funeral by writer Lev Kopelev (*q.v.*).

YEVNO F. AZEF (1869-1918)—Revolutionary terrorist and *agent provocateur*. As head of the Socialist Revolutionary terrorist group, personally supervised and directed a number of assassinations of Tsarist officials, including Interior Minister von Plehve and Grand Duke Sergei Aleksandrovich; at the same time, was in pay of the *Okhrana* (Tsarist secret police) and thus responsible for the arrest of some of his comrades-in-arms as well as the failure of numerous terrorist attempts. Unmasked and sentenced to death by his own party in 1908, A. managed to escape to Germany, spending the rest of his life in relative affluence. See Boris I. Nikolaevsky, *Aseff the Spy, Russian Terrorist and Police Stool*, Garden City, N.Y., Doubleday, Doran, 1934.

IZAAK EMANNUILOVICH BABEL (1894-1941)—Author of stories, novels, and plays. Served as a party activist during the Civil War and, in a cycle of stories entitled *Cavalry Army*, portrayed the fighting with grim objectivity. In the 1930's, was given the task of supervising collectivization in the Soviet South, but recoiled at the widespread use of violence, whereupon he was accused of "rotten liberalism" and removed from his post. According to Ehrenburg, B. died in a concentration camp during World War II; rehabilitated in 1955.

VLADIMIR BATSHEV (1947-)—Poet, believed to be the son of a senior Glavlit censor. Member of an underground writers' group called SMOG (for derivation of this name, see Mr. Monas' article, p. 2). Arrested during the December 1965 demonstration demanding an open trial for Siniavsky and Daniel, was released, then rearrested in April 1966; sentenced a few months later to five years at hard labor in Siberia on charges of "parasitism."

ALEKSANDR BEK (1903-1962)—Writer, best known for his series of World War II tales, *The Highway of Volokolamsk* (1943-1944), in which he sought to represent the USSR as a "family of nations" defending their common country. The "Union of Nationalities" theme was greatly emphasized during the war in an effort to stifle disaffection among Soviet minorities.

VISSARION GRIGOREVICH BELINSKY (1811-1848)—Literary critic and political essayist. In 1832, was expelled from Moscow University for writing a play against serfdom, but continued to produce radical literature. Much of his literary criticism was thinly-disguised political philosophy, and his contributions to *Otechestvennye zapiski* and *Sovremennik* influenced three generations of Russian radicals.

ALEKSANDR ALEKSANDROVICH BLOK (1880-1921)—Symbolist poet. At first welcomed the Revolution and celebrated it in his masterpiece "The Twelve" (1918), which drew on the story of Christ for its symbolic effects. "The Scythians," published the same year, viewed future relations between Russia and The West with foreboding, and it seems that B.'s enthusiasm for the Revolution quickly subsided.

YOSIF BRODSKY (1940-)—Poet and translator. In 1964, sentenced as a "parasite" to the maximum five-year term at hard labor. Leading Soviet creative personalities such as Shostakovich, Paustovsky, and Akhmatova (*q.v.*) protested his imprisonment, and he was reportedly released before serving his full term. Although little of his work has been published officially in the USSR, many of his poems have circulated from hand to hand.

ANDREI SERGEEVICH BUBNOV (1883-?)—Joined the revolutionary movement in 1900, helped organize the October Revolution, and fought in the Civil War. Was an editor of *The History of the Civil War in the USSR*. Apparently survived the purges of the 1930's but disappeared from public life; politically rehabilitated after the 20th Party Congress.

MIKHAIL AFANASEVICH BULGAKOV (1891-1940)—Post-revolutionary satirist who lampooned, among other things, the October Revolution itself. His most successful novel, *White Guards* (1925), was a sympathetic account of the defeat of the anti-Bolshevik side in the Civil War. A play, *The Crimson Island* (1928), was a direct attack on Soviet censorship. Toward the end of his career, B. was forced to restrict his writing to dramatizations of the works of

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others. His most famous work, *The Master and Margarita,* has been published by Harper & Row, New York, 1967.

PIOTR YAKOVLEVICH CHAADAEV (1794-1856—Philosopher and essayist. In 1836, wrote a "Philosophical Letter" which bitterly attacked serfdom and Russia's social alienation from Western civilization; the government retaliated by having him declared insane. C. later modified his opinions in *Apology of a Madman.*

LYDIA CHUKOVSKAIA—Writer, daughter of the late novelist Kornei Chukovsky. Best known for her novel *The Deserted House* (New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1967), an account of the Stalinist terror in the late 1930's. Rejected for publication by the Soviet authorities after the stir created by Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich,* her manuscript, preserved since 1940, was eventually published in the West "without the author's permission." (See Doc. 56)

YULI MARKOVICH DANIEL (1925-)—Poet and translator. During World War II, served in the army as a combat soldier, was severely wounded, and released from military service. Subsequently graduated from a Moscow teaching institute, taught for six years, then turned to free-lance writing and translating. In September 1965, arrested for having some of his stories published in the West: "This is Moscow Speaking," "Hands," "The Man from Minap," and "Atonement." Convicted in February 1966 of "slandering" the Soviet state and sentenced to five years at hard labor. His co-defendant, Andrei Siniavsky (*q.v.*), received a seven-year sentence on the same charge.

GRIGORI ABRAMOVICH DEBORIN—Historian on the staff of the Institute of Marxism-Leninism specializing in the history of World War II. During the immediate postwar period, was attacked together with a number of other historians for "cosmopolitanism," that is, for lack of Soviet-Russian patriotism; this charge was made most frequently against Jews.

NIKOLAI ALEKSANDROVICH DOBROLIUBOV (1836-1861)—Leading radical ideologist, considered to have been a forerunner of the populists. Succeeded N. G. Chernyshevsky as chief literary critic of *Sovremennik* in 1857 and shared his view that literature merely reflects reality and cannot essentially change it. Accordingly, D.'s literary essays were primarily vehicles for political agitation rather than evaluations of artistic merit.

YEVGENI ARONOVICH DOLMATOVSKY (1915-)—Poet, known for his political as well as artistic orthodoxy. In a series of poems published in *Oktiabr* in November 1962, expressed shock at the vehemence of the destalinization process, reminding the younger generation that Stalin—despite his "excesses"—had ushered in a quarter-century of revolution and progress. Andrei Siniavsky, in his last "legally" published review (*Novyi mir,* March 1965), took a volume of D.'s verse as his point of departure for a disquisition on poetic mediocrity.

YEFIM YAKOVLEVICH DOROSH (1908-)—Writer, member of the editorial board of *Novyi mir;* known especially for his honest and compassionate writing on Soviet rural life. (See "Home Truths on the Farm: The Literary Mirror," by Ronald Hingley, *Problems of Communism,* May-June 1965.)

FELIKS EDMUNDOVICH DZERZHINSKY (1877-1926)—Bolshevik of Polish origin, active before the Revolution in Social Democratic organizations in Poland, Lithuania, and Russia. In 1917, elected to the Bolshevik Central Committee and appointed first head of the Cheka (renamed OGPU in 1922), soon becoming notorious for his ruthlessness and fanaticism.

ILIA GRIGOREVICH EHRENBURG (1891-1967)—Writer, journalist, poet. At first opposed the Revolution, but "accepted" it in 1921. From 1923 to 1937, was European correspondent for *Izvestia* and had a wide acquaintance among Western intellectuals; covered the Spanish Civil War. Effective war correspondent and propagandist during World War II, and for a time member of the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee. In 1954, published a novel whose title (*The Thaw*) has become synonymous with the changes in the Soviet Union since Stalin's death. Adroit in following the shifts in Soviet cultural policy, E. was nevertheless, in the last years of his life, a steadfast supporter of the liberal cause, and was also instrumental in rehabilitating a number of Soviet writers as well as the artistic and literary heritage of the 1920's, principally in his wide-ranging memoirs, *People, Years, Life,* serialized in *Novyi mir* and published in many Western languages. (See Victor Erlich's essays on Ehrenburg in the July-August 1963 and September-October 1965 issues of this journal.)

KONSTANTIN ALEKSANDROVICH FEDIN (1892-)—Novelist; First Secretary, USSR Writers' Union. Interned in Germany during World War I, returned to Russia in 1918. His epic novel *Cities and Years* (New York, Dell, 1962), originally published in 1924, portrayed the difficulties of intellectuals who were reluctant to accept the new order. Between 1923 and 1928, published a series of stories anticipating the coming clash between the peasants and the party, and was accused of idealizing the kulaks. K. gradually became more adapted to Soviet life and the socialist realist genre and—despite the narrow limitations of the approved literary model—produced some of his finest works after World War II, *e.g., Early Joys* (New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1960). (See Doc. 67)

YEVGENIIA SEMIONOVNA GINZBURG (1907-)—Author of *Journey into the Whirlwind* (New York, Harcourt, Brace & World, 1967), a first-hand account of Stalin's purges and her own 18-year imprisonment, never published in the Soviet Union. Mother of writer Vasili Aksionov (*q.v.*, Part I).

ALEKSANDR GRIN (GRINEVSKY) (1880-1932)—Author of fantasies in the manner of Edgar Allan Poe. As a Socialist Revolutionary, G. suffered persecution both before and after the Revolution.

VASILI SEMIONOVICH GROSSMAN (1905-)—Novelist and playwright. Published freely in the 1930's but came into conflict with Stalin's postwar literary censorship. A play, *If We Were to Believe the Pythagoreans* (1946), was banned as "ideologically unacceptable;" a war novel, *For A Just Cause* (1952), was condemned for its "idealism," its failure to exalt the party's role in winning World War II, and for dwelling on the hardships of the Soviet people. Nevertheless, in 1956 he was elected—together with certain other writers who had previously been reprimanded—to the Executive Board of the Writers' Union.

NIKOLAI STEPANOVICH GUMILEV (1886-1921)—First husband of Anna Akhmatova (*q.v.*) and a founder of the pre-revolutionary Acmeist (art-for-art's-sake) movement. Executed in 1921 for alleged participation in a conspiracy against the Soviet regime.

ALEKSANDR IVANOVICH HERTZEN (1812-1870)—Revolutionary theorist. In 1834, exiled to the provinces for belonging to a socialist circle at Moscow University. Was in

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Paris at the time of the 1848 Revolution and openly praised it, making a return to Russia impossible. In 1852, settled in England, where he and Ogarev (*q.v.*) published the influential *Kolokol*, which they smuggled into Russia. Like the Populists, H. considered Russia to be primarily an agrarian country in which socialism would develop from existing peasant institutions. His works include an autobiography, *From the Other Shore*.

Leonid Fiodorovich Ilichev (1960-)—Ideologist, journalist, and propagandist. Has served as editor of both *Izvestia* (1944-48) and *Pravda* (1951-52); as head of Agitprop from 1958 to 1961; and as chairman of the Central Committee's Ideological Commission during the 1962-63 campaign against unorthodox writers and artists. Also served as press chief for the Foreign Ministry, accompanying top party leaders to important conferences around the world from 1954 until the end of the Khrushchev era. Awarded the Order of Lenin (three times); Order of the Red Banner of Labor; Order of the Patriotic War; Badge of Honor; Lenin Prize.

Valentin Petrovich Kataev (1897-)—Prominent novelist and playwright, known for his sympathetic but objective descriptions of developing Soviet society. One of his early novels, *The Father* (1925), dealt with the conflict of generations in postrevolutionary Russia, a theme which has since been officially frowned upon. In 1928, *Squaring the Circle*, a bedroom comedy hinged upon the relaxation of Soviet divorce laws, was an outstanding theatrical success. Despite his many awards, including the Order of Lenin, K. has not always managed to satisfy the censors: *For Soviet Power* (1949), a novel about the partisan movement in Odessa during World War II, was severely denounced for having "neglected" the role of the party in the underground resistance. His more recent works include *A Winter's Evening* (1960) and *Time for Love* (1962).

Ivan Kharabarov (1940-)—Poet. A disciple of Boris Pasternak, K. was "exposed" as such at the 1958 Congress of the RSFSR Writers' Union and expelled from both the Komsomol and the Gorky Literary Institute; was reinstated in 1959 after the 3rd Congress of the USSR Writers' Union. One of his poems, "Untrodden Path," was published in *Dissonant Voices in Soviet Literature*, Patricia Blake and Max Hayward, Eds., New York, Pantheon Books, 1962; two other poems, "I'm All of Rough Bark" and "Christmas Tree," are included in George Reavey's anthology entitled *The New Russian Poets*, New York, October House, 1968.

Viktor Vladimirovich Khlebnikov (1855-1922)—Poet, founder of Russian futurism. Created a non-objective (deliberately meaningless) poetic vocabulary and exerted considerable influence on prerevolutionary Russian literature. After World War I, renounced abstract techniques and wrote anti-war poetry.

Sergei Mironovich Kirov (1886-1934)—Old Bolshevik, active in establishing Soviet power in the Caucasus. Was sent in 1925—along with Molotov, Voroshilov, and Kalinin—to put down anti-Stalinist opposition in Leningrad, where he replaced Zinoviev as head of the regional party organization. His assassination in December 1934 marked the beginning of Stalin's wave of terror.

Vsevolod Anisimovich Kochetov (1912-)—Author and journalist. Chief editor of *Literaturnaia gazeta* from 1955-59 and of the highly conservative *Oktiabr* since 1961, the year in which he published *Sekretar Obkoma*, a novel containing laudatory references to Stalin. *Bête noire* of the liberal writers, K. led attacks on Dudintsev in 1957, Solzhenitsyn (*q.v.*) in 1963, and Tvardovsky (*q.v.*) in 1966. There are contemptuous allusions to him in Siniavsky's *Makepeace Experiment* and Daniel's *This is Moscow Speaking*.

Aleksandra Mikhailovna Kollontai (1872-1952)—Revolutionary and Soviet diplomat. Daughter of a Tsarist general, she rejected her privileged status and became an activist among working women. At first a Bolshevik, then a Menshevik, K. rejoined the Bolsheviks in 1915 and went for about a year to the United States, where she carried on pacifist agitation. As a member of the Bolshevik Central Committee in the early 1920's, was a leading figure in the Workers' Opposition, which demanded trade-union control over industry and a greater measure of intraparty democracy. Assigned from 1923 onwards to diplomatic posts in Norway, Mexico, and Sweden. Was also the author of several novels advocating free love.

Lev Zinovevich Kopelev (1912-)—Writer and critic specializing in foreign literature; essays include "Myths and Realities of the American South" (1958). Graduated Moscow Institute of Foreign Languages in 1938 and Moscow Institute of Philosophy, Literature, and History in 1941. Served in the army as a political officer, but was himself sentenced to ten years' imprisonment on "political charges" at the end of the war (K. and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, *q.v.*, are said to have been prisoners in the same camp). In late 1962, was attacked by Ilichev (*q.v.*) for defending the right of Soviet artists to develop abstract techniques. In 1966, wrote a testimonial in behalf of Siniavsky and Daniel, but this was not admitted as evidence at their trial; also signed a petition urging their release from custody. As a result of such protests and appeals, K. has been expelled from the party and dismissed from his post at the Institute of Historical Sciences. (See Doc. 57)

Aleksandr Yevdokimovich Korneichuk (1905-)—Ukrainian playwright and critic. Chairman, Ukrainian Supreme Soviet; Secretary, USSR Writer's Union; full member, USSR Academy of Sciences. Author of numerous plays on Ukrainian themes, such as *On the Ukrainian Steppes* (1940), as well as essays on classic Ukrainian literature. During the "thaw," wrote *Wings* (1954), a play whose anti-Stalinism was within limits tolerable to the regime. His awards include five Orders of Lenin and five Stalin Prizes.

Piotr Lavrovich Lavrov (1823-1900)—Philosopher. Believed that the leisured intelligentsia owed a debt of emancipation and enlightenment to the toiling peasantry. In 1866, was exiled as a revolutionary to the eastern provinces, but in 1870 escaped to Paris, where he founded the émigré journal *V period*. A positivist and follower of N. G. Chernyshevsky, L. had great influence on the Populists.

Mikhail Aleksandrovich Leontovich (1903-)—Nuclear physicist on the staff of the Kurchatov Atomic Energy Institute in Moscow; full member, USSR Academy of Sciences. Since 1959, associated with Dr. Andrei Sakharov (*q.v.*) in research on controlled thermonuclear fission. Twice awarded the Order of Lenin.

Victor Louis (1928-)—Soviet citizen of French extraction; trained linguist who describes himself as a "professional journalist"; employed, *inter alia*, by the London *Evening News*. In 1947, arrested on charges of black-marketeering and imprisoned for nine years. Since his release, has been in frequent contact with the West, engaging in a variety of enterprises. In 1959, translated *My Fair Lady* and arranged for its staging in the Soviet

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Union (without the authors' permission). On October 13, 1964, apprised Western newsmen of Khrushchev's impending downfall and in 1966 provided an American magazine with photographs of the former leader in retirement; also arranged a television interview with Khrushchev that was shown in the United States the following year. In February 1966, accompanied Valeri Tarsis (*q.v.*) to London, where he served as Tarsis' public relations man and interpreter. In the summer of 1967, created a stir when he offered *Der Stern* (Hamburg) —among other West European publications—an unauthorized version of Svetlana Alliluyeva's memoirs, together with photographs (also unauthorized) from the Stalin family album. This version, portions of which *Der Stern* chose to publish, seemed designed to undermine the credibility of the copyrighted text. In the spring of this year, Louis was again purveying an unauthorized manuscript to Western publishers (*Grani*, Frankfurt-am-Main). This time it was Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's novel *Cancer Ward*, and the circumstances of the case are related in the documents published in these pages. It prompted Mr. Solzhenitsyn (*q.v.*) to demand a clarification of Louis' identity, of how he had come to obtain a copy of the manuscript, and of his possible relationship with the KGB. For additional information, see *The New York Times*, August 12, 1967; *Newsweek* (New York), August 21, 1967; and the article by Geoffrey Bocca in *True* (New York), September 1968.

Anatoli Vasilevich Lunacharsky (1875-1933)—Literary critic and revolutionary ideologist. Joined the Social Democrats in 1897 and sided with Lenin when the party split in 1903, but later quarreled with him over Marxist doctrine with respect to religion and other matters. In 1917, became reconciled with Lenin and was appointed first Soviet commissar of education.

Nikolai Konstantinovich Mikhailovsky (1842-1904)—Radical philosopher, journalist, sociologist, and literary critic. Introduced many European thinkers to the Russian public, notably Darwin and Marx. Hoping to preserve human individuality, and fearing its suppression by Christianity and European capitalism, M. thought that the Russian village commune could serve as a model for small-scale socialist institutions after Tsarism and capitalism had passed. Opposed terrorism as a means of achieving power.

Osip Emilevich Mandelshtam (1892-1940)—Poet; early in his career was associated with the Acmeist (art-for-art's-sake) group, which included Gumilev (*q.v.*), Gorodetsky, and Akhmatova (*q.v.*) Was sent to a concentration camp in the early 1930's, supposedly because he satirized Stalin in one of his epigrams. Thought to have died shortly after the outbreak of World War II; some of his works have been republished since Stalin's death. Collections of his verse include *The Stone* and *Tristia* (both 1922).

Vladimir Vladimirovich Maiakovsky (1893-1930)—Early Soviet poet, admired by Lenin. Gave himself wholeheartedly to the Bolshevik cause and popularized revolutionary ideals in such works as *Ode to the Revolution* (1918) and *The Left March* (1919). In the late 1920's, his work reflected disillusionment with aspects of Soviet life and was attacked by orthodox critics. Committed suicide in April 1930.

Georgi Markov (1911-)—Conservative writer; secretary, USSR Writers' Union; frequent critic of young liberal writers, among them Vasili Aksionov (*q.v., Part I*) and Andrei Voznesensky (*q.v.*). In 1963, became chairman of the Moscow writers' organization. At the Fourth Congress of the Writers' Union in May 1967, M. voiced displeasure at the alienation apparent in the works of some younger writers but denied there was a conflict of generations in the Soviet Union. Ironically, M. is the author of a novel entitled *Fathers and Sons* (in the USSR, the "generation gap" is often referred to as the "fathers and sons question").

Sergei Vladimirovich Mikhalkov (1913-)—Dramatist and poet, chief editor of *Fitil*, a satirical journal. Co-authored words of the Soviet national anthem. Order of Lenin; Order of the Red Banner; Order of the Red Star; three Stalin Prizes.

Nikolai Alekseevich Nekrasov (1821-1878)—Writer, best known as editor and publisher of *Sovremennik* and *Otechestvennye zapiski*, journals which represented the extreme in liberalism and which were constantly under pressure from the government. An attempt to appease the authorities by praising a reactionary minister cost him the respect of many liberals and radicals, yet his influential magazine continued to carry the contributions of writers such as Turgenev, Dostoevsky, and Tolstoy.

Viktor Platonovich Nekrasov (1911-)—Writer. Together with Ehrenburg (*q.v.*), bore the brunt of Khrushchev's March 1963 attack on outspoken Soviet writers. His memoir of visits made to Italy, France, and the United States (published in English as *Both Sides of the Ocean*, New York, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1964), was found particularly objectionable because it commented favorably on certain aspects of Western society and criticized shortcomings in the Soviet way of life. (See Colette Shulman, "New Vistas for Soviet Readers," *Problems of Communism*, No. 6, 1965.) N. was also reprimanded by Khrushchev for his praise of Marlen Khutsiev's film, *Gates of Ilich*, which dealt with the "fathers and sons" question, *i.e.*, the conflict between generations in the Soviet Union.

Victor Pavlovich Obnorsky (1852-1920) — Factory worker, revolutionary, active in the "Land and Freedom" movement in St. Petersburg. In 1878, founded, together with S. N. Khalturin, the Northern Union of Russian Workers. Arrested in 1879 and sentenced to 10 years at forced labor.

Nikolai Platonovich Ogarev (1813-1877)—Revolutionary publicist and poet. Was co-editor (with Hertzen, *q.v.*) of *Kolokol* and a founding member of the Populist "Land and Freedom" movement. Advocated far-reaching reform, but was hostile to violent revolution.

Bulat Okhudzhava (1924-)—Poet, short-story writer, and balladeer. Son of an Ossetian father, who was shot as a "Japanese spy," and an Armenian mother, who spent 19 years in a Siberian penal colony. Wounded while serving in the Soviet army during World War II and worked as a village schoolteacher for a number of years thereafter. In the early 1960's, won wide acclaim both for his guitar concerts and his poetry-readings, gaining rank with Yevtushenko (*q.v.*) as an idol of youthful poetry lovers.

Grigori Konstantinovich Ordzhonikidze (1886-1937)—Leading Bolshevik. Sided with Stalin throughout the intraparty struggle of the 1920's, but his allegiance to Stalin was at no time completely unqualified. Held various posts in the Soviet government. His sudden death may well have

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been the direct result of his efforts to save victims of Stalin's purges.

Sergei Pavlovich Pavlov (1929-)—First Secretary of the All-Union Komsomol since 1959. Has often attempted to intimidate outspoken young writers such as Yevtushenko (*q.v.*), Aksionov (*q.v.*, Part I), and Tendriakov. Holds a decoration "For Valiant Labor" awarded in 1960.

Pavel Ivanovich Pestel (1793-1826)—One of the founders of the revolutionary Southern Society, a branch of the Decembrist group. Advocated overthrowing the autocracy, liquidating serfdom, establishing a republic, and annexing certain territories adjacent to Russia. Arrested on the eve of the Decembrist uprising (1825) and hanged.

Grigori Ivanovich Petrovsky (1878-1958)—Old Bolshevik, nominal head of the Soviet Ukraine for 20 years. Physically survived Stalin's purges, but was forced out of political life in 1939. Rehabilitated at the 20th Party Congress.

Boris Andreevich Pilniak (1894-19)—Author of grim stories about the Civil War and the era of militant communism. *The Tale of the Unextinguished Moon* (1926), a boldly allegorical novelette, concerns a noted revolutionary general murdered by a surgeon on orders from a Communist leader (it was widely suspected that the Bolshevik leader Mikhail Frunze was poisoned on Stalin's orders). *Mahogany*, another novelette, appeared in Berlin in 1929 after it had been rejected for publication in the USSR, whereupon P. was removed as chairman of the All-Russian Writers' Union. Died in a concentration camp in the late 1930's or early 1940's. (*The Tale of the Unextinguished Moon* and *Mahogany* have been translated and edited by Vera T. Reck and Michael Green in *Mother Earth and Other Stories*, New York, Praeger, 1968.)

Dmitri Ivanovich Pisarev (1840-1868)—Literary critic, historian. In contrast to most reformers of his day, was concerned with the individual and ethical aspects of socio-economic change, developing a theory of "reasonable egoism." Arrested in 1862 for writing an article critical of the government, P. produced some of his most important works over the next four and a half years while in solitary confinement in Petropavlosk Fortress.

Sergei Fiodorovich Platonov (1860-1933)—Historian of international repute, author of *The Time of Troubles in the Moscow State* (1899). In 1920, helped negotiate the Riga Peace Treaty between the Soviet Union and Poland. In 1930, during a general purge of historians, P. was charged with illegal possession of state archives, imprisoned for a year, and then exiled to Kuibyshev, where he died.

Viacheslav Konstantinovich von Plehve (1846-1904)—Tsarist statesman and government official. A relentless "Russifier" of national minorities and enemy of the revolutionary movement, von P. is also said to have been an instigator of the Russo-Japanese war. Murdered by the Socialist Revolutionaries.

Georgi Valentinovich Plekhanov (1856-1918)—Revolutionary, Marxist theoretician. Started out as a Populist and was co-author of the "Land and Freedom" program, but in 1883 renounced populism and embraced Marxism. In 1900, P. and Lenin were among the founders of *Iskra*, and in 1903 they drafted the program adopted at the 2nd Congress of the Social Democratic Party. Was a Bolshevik, then a Menshevik, and finally an exile in Finland.

G. S. Pomerants—Writer and philosopher. Employed at the Basic Library of the Social Sciences; has contributed to such journals as *Narody Azii i Afriki* and *Voprosy filosofii*. On December 3, 1965, delivered an address at the Institute of Philosophy protesting attempts to rehabilitate Stalin (Doc. 58). Early in 1968, signed the "petition of 170" (*q.v.*, Part I) calling for a public retrial of Galanskov, Ginzburg, *et al.*

Vladimir Pomerantsev—Soviet literary critic. Less than a year after Stalin's death, stunned Soviet literary circles with an article making a forthright appeal for "sincerity in literature," which was published late in 1953 in *Novyi mir*. Calling upon writers to introduce "genuine conflict" into their work, P. promised that "in a year or two you will get genuine art." Shortly after the appearance of this article, was expelled from the Writers' Union.

Pavel Petrovich Postyshev (1888-1940)—Old Bolshevik, replaced by Khrushchev as a Central Committee secretary in 1938 and later executed. At the 20th Party Congress in February 1956, Khrushchev disclosed that P. was condemned on false evidence.

Karl Bernhardovich Radek (1885-194?)—Journalist and historian. Born in Lvov province, was active in both the Polish and German Social Democratic Parties prior to World War I. Entered Russia with Lenin on the "sealed train" and joined the Bolsheviks. Banished from the Communist Party in 1927, was soon reinstated after writing a panegyric about Stalin entitled *The Architect of Socialist Society*, whereupon he became a leading press commentator on foreign affairs. In 1937, was sentenced to ten years in prison and presumably died there during the 1940's.

Aleksandr Nikolaevich Radishchev (1749-1802)—Poet and philosopher, one of the first to advocate a thoroughgoing transformation of Russian society. In 1790, was exiled for six years to Siberia after writing his *Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow*, a somber description of Russian conditions which profoundly influenced 19th-century revolutionary democrats.

Fiodor Fiodorovich Raskolnikov (1892-1939)—Joined the Bolsheviks in 1910 and held a number of military and diplomatic posts after the Revolution. In 1938, was summoned from his post abroad but, aware of the purges taking place, refused to return. Instead, wrote an open letter to Stalin, accusing him of degrading socialism. Died in France under suspicious circumstances.

Aleksei Mikhailovich Remisov (1877-1958)—Novelist and essayist who emigrated after the Revolution, which he believed was an evil consequence of the decline of religious principles among the Russian people. Among his works are *Russia Afire* (1921) and *Whirlwind Over Russia* (1926-1927).

Aleksei Ivanovich Rykov (1881-1938)—Old Bolshevik. In 1917, advocated a coalition government of Bolsheviks, Mensheviks, and other socialist organizations. After the Revolution, held a succession of high party and government positions, culminating in his assumption of Lenin's post as chairman of the Council of People's Commissars. Sided with Stalin against Trotsky, but after the latter's defeat was attacked by Stalin as a "rightist deviationist" and stripped of all his functions. In 1931, R. recanted and was restored to favor, but in 1938 he was executed after the Moscow show trial on charges of high treason.

Kondrati Fiodorovich Ryleev (1795-1826)—Poet and one of the leaders of the Northern Society, a branch of the

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Decembrist movement. Helped organize the December 14, 1825, mutiny of military units in St. Petersburg, for which he was arrested, tried, and executed. One of his poems, "Citizen," was featured in the 1966 revival of *Russkoe slovo*, namesake of a 19th-century revolutionary journal.

ANDREI DMITREVICH SAKHAROV (1921-)—Nuclear physicist; full member, USSR Academy of Sciences; Order of Lenin; Stalin Prize. Pioneer in the field of controlled thermonuclear fission—the harnessing of nuclear power for the generation of electricity for peaceful purposes. In 1964, was criticized for his opposition to Lysenko's doctrine, upheld first by Stalin and then by Khrushchev, that the hereditary characteristics of plants can be influenced by environmental factors. In 1966, joined other intellectuals in appealing to Brezhnev against the rehabilitation of Stalin. Later that year, signed a petition objecting to a newly-issued decree making unauthorized protest demonstrations punishable by law. For his most recent criticisms of Soviet domestic and foreign policy, see Doc. 59.

SHAMIL (1789-1871)—Imam (spiritual leader and ruler) of Dagestan, staved off the Russian conquest of the Northern Caucasus for a quarter of a century but was finally subdued. Was considered an anti-Tsarist hero by Soviet historians until 1950, when he was abruptly recast as a traitor who led a separatist movement with a religious goal.

N. SHCHEDRIN, pen name of Mikhail Yevgrafovich Saltykov (1826-1889)—Writer and civil servant. Was once vice-governor of a province despite his known opposition to the existing economic and social order. Became co-editor, with Nekrasov (*q.v.*), of both *Sovremennik* and *Otechestvennye zapiski*, exerting great influence on the radicals of his day. His satirical commentaries on current affairs were couched in oblique, allegorical terms, or what he himself called "Aesopian language." His novels include *Contradictions* (1847) and *The Golovlev Family* (1875-80).

MIKHAIL ALEKSANDROVICH SHOLOKHOV (1905-)—Writer, best known for his *Quiet Flows the Don*, an epic narrative of Cossack life in the revolutionary era (New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1941), which won him the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1965. By his public statements (notably his implication at the 23rd Congress in 1966 that execution without trial would be an appropriate fate for Siniavsky and Daniel), he has identified himself with the ultraconservative wing of Soviet literature. (See Doc. 73)

YEVGENI LYOVICH SHVARTS (1905-54)—Playright, known for his political allegories based on fairy tales. *The Shadow* (based on the story of Peter Schlemiel, the man who lost his shadow), was removed from the stage in 1940, and S. remained in disfavor until the last year of his life. Other plays include *The Snow Queen* (1930) and *The Naked King* (1960), both variations on Hans Christian Andersen stories.

KONSTANTIN MIKHAILOVICH SIMONOV (1915-)—One of the most successful writers of the Stalinist era; awarded six Stalin Prizes for his poetry, plays, and novels. Under Khrushchev, however, joined other intellectuals in denouncing the Stalin cult. His war diaries, also critical of Stalin, were completed after Khrushchev's fall and have been suppressed by the present regime. His published works include *Days and Nights* (New York, Simon and Schuster, 1945) and *The Living and the Dead* (New York, Doubleday and Company, 1962).

ANDREI DONATEVICH SINIAVSKY (1925-)—Writer, Candidate in Philological Sciences, former senior member of the Gorky Institute of World Literature, USSR Academy of World Literature, USSR Academy of Sciences. Between 1959 and 1966, had various novels, short stories, and critical articles published abroad under the pseudonym "Abram Tertz." His best-known novellas are *The Trial Begins* (New York, Pantheon Books, 1960) and *The Makepeace Experiment* (New York, Pantheon Books, 1965). *On Socialist Realism* (New York, Pantheon Books, 1960), "Tertz's" principal critical work, stresses the difficulties of dramatizing Communist ideals within the literary framework of realism, a form he considers more appropriate to the 19th century. Tried in February 1966 and sentenced to seven years at hard labor for "slandering" the Soviet Union in his foreign publications. His co-defendant, Yuli Daniel (*q.v.*), received a five-year sentence on the same charge.

SERGEI VASILEVICH SMIRNOV (1913-)—Poet, board member of the RSFSR Writers' Union. Replaced the conservative Kochetov (*q.v.*) as editor of *Literaturnaia gazeta* in 1959, but was dismissed the following year for publishing the works of "formalists."

ALEKSANDR ISAEVICH SOLZHENITSYN (1918-)—Novelist. Commissioned in the artillery in 1942, serving continuously at the front until February 1945, when he was arrested and sentenced to eight years at forced labor on what was later officially acknowledged as "an unfounded political charge." After completing his sentence, was exiled to the provinces until 1956. Since 1957, has taught school in Riazan. (For more details, see Editors' Note on p. 37).

ALEKSEI ALEKSANDROVICH SURKOV (1899-)—Poet and editor. Former First Secretary of the USSR Writers' Union (1954-59); still member of its secretariat. Was chief editor of *Literaturnaia gazeta* in 1944-46 and of *Ogoniok* in 1949-53. As a writer, S. is best known for his war poetry, including the collection *Victory* (1943). Order of Lenin; Order of the Red Banner of Labor; two Orders of the Red Star; Badge of Honor; two Stalin Prizes.

GRIGORI TS. SVIRSKY—Novelist, short-story writer, and essayist. Has contributed to *Komsomolskaia pravda, Literaturnaia gazeta, Ogoniok, Oktiabr, Sovetskaia Rossiia,* and others. Expelled from the party after a January 16, 1968, speech protesting censorship at a party *aktiv* of Moscow writers. (See Doc. 71)

VASYL SYMONENKO (1935-1963)—Ukrainian poet, died of cancer at age 28. His impassioned championship of Ukrainian national and cultural values has been compared to that of Taras Shevchenko in the 19th-century (see Mr. Luckyj's article in Part I of "In Quest of Justice"). Also defended the rights of other Soviet minorities, notably the Kurds. His militant underground poetry, as well as excerpts from his diary, were published in the West after his death (*Bereh chekan*, New York, Prolog, 1965).

TITSIAN TABIDZE—Georgian poet. Began his career prior to World War I as a member of the Blue Drinking Horn coterie of Georgian symbolists, and in time became a recognized master of his native literary language. Was closely befriended by Pasternak, who described him as "a reserved and complicated soul, wholly attracted to the good and capable of clear vision and self-sacrifice." Liquidated in 1936 (or '37) during Beria's purges of the Caucasus.

VALERI YAKOVLEVICH TARSIS (1906-)—Writer. Joined the party as a young man and worked as an editor in a state publishing house. Fought in World War II and was twice wounded. In the early 1960's, had several novels

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published abroad, including *The Bluebottle* (London, Collins and Harvill Press, 1962) and *Red and Black* (New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1963), both of which are set in the Stalin era. Arrested in 1962 and kept in an insane asylum for seven months after writing a letter to Khrushchev calling the Soviet Union an unbearable place to live. After his release, wrote *Ward 7* (London, Collins and Harvill Press 1965), a barely fictionalized account of his confinement in which he predicted the inevitable overthrow of Soviet totalitarianism, which he equated with fascism. In 1966 was permitted to go to England, where he bitterly denounced the Soviet regime and was granted political asylum, resulting in the revocation of his Soviet citizenship.

Fiodor Ivanovich Tiutchev (1803-1873)—Poet and diplomat. Wrote anonymously, but in 1850 his identity was revealed and his talent recognized by Nikolai Nekrasov (*q.v.*). Advocated a single Slavic state dominated by Russia.

Marina Tsvetaeva (1892-1941)—Poetess whose verses are distinguished by their spontaneity and complex sound effects. Emigrated in 1922, returned to the Soviet Union in 1939, and two years later committed suicide. Condemned as a "formalist" during her lifetime, T. was rehabilitated following Stalin's death.

Mikhail Nikolaevich Tukhachevsky (1893-1937)—Fought as a Red Army commander in the Civil War and in the 1920 war against Poland. In 1935, became one of the first five Marshals of the Soviet Union, but was relieved of his command two years later on charges of Trotskyism and conspiring with foreign powers. Executed after a secret trial which heralded a sweeping purge of the Red Army; rehabilitated.

Aleksandr Trifonovich Tvardovsky (1910-)—Poet; editor of *Novyi mir* 1950-54 and again from 1958 to the present. Has sought to make the journal a platform for progressive writing of all kinds, whether fiction or nonfiction, prose or poetry, foreign or domestic. In the late 1950's T. resurrected the comic soldier-hero of one of his war poems in "Tiorkin in the Other World," a devastating —but at the time unpublished—satire on Stalin's bureaucracy (for an English translation, see Priscilla Johnson, *Khrushchev and the Arts: The Politics of Soviet Culture, 1962-1964*, Cambridge, Massachusetts, MIT Press, 1965). In 1963, Khrushchev unexpectedly invited T. to read this work before an audience of prominent authors from both East and West. A known admirer of Solzhenitsyn (*q.v.*), whose *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* was first published in *Novyi mir*, T. has reportedly tried hard—though unsuccessfully—to publish the latter's *Cancer Ward* and *The First Circle*. Because of T.'s difficulties with the censors, *Novyi mir* often appears weeks late.

Moisei Solomonovich Uritsky (1873-1918)—Originally a Social Democrat, became a Bolshevik in 1917 and helped organize the October Revolution, after which he was appointed head of the Petrograd Cheka. Killed by a Socialist Revolutionary.

Artem Vesely (1899-1939)—Novelist; was a political commissar attached to the Red Army during the Civil War. Works such as *The Fiery Rivers* (1924), *Land of My Birth* (1926), and *Russia Washed with Blood* (1929-1931) draw historical parallels between the October Revolution and the peasant uprisings of the 17th and 18th centuries.

V. Volodarsky (Moisei Markovich Goldstein) (1890-1918)—Revolutionary, first active in the Jewish *Bund* and later in the Ukrainian Socialist Democratic Party. In 1913, emigrated to the USA and joined the American Socialist Party, functioning as an anti-war propagandist. Returned to Russia in 1917, joined the Bolsheviks, and soon became commissar for press, propaganda, and agitation. Shot by a Socialist Revolutionary.

Maksimikian Aleksandrovich Voloshin (1877-1931)—Symbolist poet. Collections such as *Mute Demons* (1919) and *Poems of the Terror* (1924) reflect deep patriotism mixed with foreboding at the revolutionary course his country had embarked upon.

Konstantin Vasilevich Voronkov—Writer; Secretary of the USSR Writers' Union in charge of organizational questions.

Andrei Voznesensky (1933-)—Leading contemporary poet, encouraged by Pasternak, whom he greatly admired. In 1963, forced to recant his "failings" (which included giving foreign interviews, a practice he has not abandoned on subsequent foreign travels). For accounts of his further difficulties with the authorities, see Doc. 72 and the Editor's Note on p. 37. See also the *Selected Poems of Andrei Voznesensky*, translated by Anselm Hollo; New York, Grove Press, 1964, and *Voznesensky: Selected Poems*, translated by Herbert Marshall, New York, Hill and Wang, 1966. Individual poems have appeared in *Encounter*, *Odyssey Review*, and *The Nation*.

Genrikh Grigorevich Yagoda (1891-1938)—Security police chief. In 1920, appointed member of the Cheka presidium; 1924, deputy chief of the OGPU; 1934, chief of the NKVD. Was removed from the last post in 1936, presumably because of his earlier contacts with the "rightist opposition" within the party. Arrested April 1937 on charges of assassinating party leaders and allowing foreign spies to infiltrate the NKVD. Executed after the 1938 Moscow trial together with Bukharin, Rykov, and many others.

Kamil Yashen (1909-)—First Secretary, Uzbek Writers' Union, and Secretary, USSR Writers' Union. His *Selected Works* appeared in 1962 and his awards include the Order of Lenin (1959) and the Order of the Red Banner of Labor (1965).

Avel Sofronovich Yenukidze (1877-193?)—Old Bolshevik, repeatedly arrested and exiled for his revolutionary activities, which began in the 1890's. After the Revolution, became secretary of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee of the Soviets. Shot without trial during the purges of the 1930's.

Sergei Aleksandrovich Yesenin (1895-1925)—Poet. Welcomed the Revolution in the belief that it would relieve rural poverty while preserving the traditional peasant culture. Soon became disenchanted with the proletarianization of the countryside and spent the last years of his life in despondency and dissipation, as recorded in such long poems as "Tavern Moscow" and "Confessions of a Hooligan" (both 1924). Committed suicide.

Yevgeni Yevtushenko (1933-)—Poet whose outspokenness in the late 1950's and early 1960's made him an international celebrity and an embarrassment to the Soviet regime. Was twice expelled from the Komosomol, the second time in 1963 after a visit to Western Europe, where he permitted *L'Express* (Paris) to publish his *Precocious Biography* without Soviet sanction. The political candor which marked many of his earlier poems (such as "Babyi Yar," a condemnation of antisemitism pub-

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lished in 1961) has been less evident (and perhaps suppressed) in recent years. Ye. has been permitted to travel on four continents as an official cultural envoy. See George Reavey's enlarged and revised translation and edition of *The Poetry of Yevgeny Yevtushenko,* New York, October House, 1965. (See also Doc. 81)

NIKOLAI IVANOVICH YEZHOV (1894-1939)—Party and security police official. In 1936, appointed chief of the NKVD and for two years administered Stalin's terror. This period—the most bloody in the history of the USSR—has since become known as the *Yezhovshchina.* In 1938, Y. was dismissed and given a relatively insignificant post in the government, and a year later he disappeared.

NIKOLAI ALEKSEEVICH ZABOLOTSKY (1903-1958)—Poet, was at first influenced by Western modernists, but during the 1930's his style—in such poems as "Fertility" and "The North"—was reminiscent of the classical heritage of Lomonosov (*q.v.*). Having been imprisoned during the relatively permissive 1920's, warned other writers that the "thaw" of the 1950's would be of short duration and that those who spoke out would be punished.

VITALI ALEKSANDR ZAKRUTKIN—Member of the USSR Writers' Union and the editorial board of *Literaturnaia Rossiia.*

YEVGENY IVANOVICH ZAMIATIN (1884-1937)—Leading figure on the early Soviet literary scene. His anti-Utopian novel, *We* (1924), in which he satirizes totalitarian regimentation, served as a model for Orwell's novel *1984.* Z. never attempted to publish this work in the USSR, but authorized its appearance in French, English, and Czech translation, infuriating the All-Russian Writers' Union. Wrote a defiant letter to Stalin and succeeded in obtaining permission to emigrate to Paris in 1931.

ANDREI ALEKSANDROVICH ZHDANOV (1896-1948)—Party and government official, played a prominent role in purges of the 1930's. From 1946 to 1948, was the virtual dictator of Soviet cultural policy, establishing rigid political norms for all writers and artists. At the same time, was a leading figure in the Cominform. Died at the height of his power under suspicious circumstances.

MIKHAIL VASILEVICH ZIMIANIN (1914-)—Chief editor of *Pravda;* former diplomat. Served as Soviet Ambassador to Hanoi and Prague and rose to the rank of Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1965. Order of the Red Banner of Labor. (See Doc. 64)

MIKHAIL MIKHAILOVICH ZOSHCHENKO (1895-1958)—Humorist, short-story writer, immensely popular during the 1920's and 1930's. In 1946 was attacked by Zhdanov (*q.v.*) for his story "The Adventures of a Monkey," which allegedly satirized the Soviet people and political system. Expelled from the Writers' Union together with Anna Akhmatova (*q.v.*), Z. remained in obscurity, publishing only a few insignificant items before his death.

SOURCES AND CREDITS

Atlas (New York): Doc. 73 (March 1968). *Grani* (Frankfurt-am-Main): Docs. 58 and 77 (No. 67, 1968). *Le Monde* (Paris): Doc. 68 (June 5, 1967); Doc. 71 (April 28-29, 1968.) *The New York Times:* Doc. 59 (July 22, 1968); Doc. 60 (June 5, 1967); Doc. 72 (Aug. 11, 1967); Doc. 78 (Aug. 29, 1968). *Novoe russkoe slovo* (New York): Doc. 74 (Sept. 13, 1968); Doc. 75 (Sept. 18, 1968); Doc. 76 (Sept. 18, 1968). *Possev* (Frankfurt-am-Main): Doc. 56 (No. 8, 1968); Doc. 63 (No. 8, 1968); Doc. 67 (No. 7, 1968). (Documents 37 and 38, which appeared in Part I of "In Quest for Justice," were from *Possev,* No. 8, 1968. *Survey* (London): Docs. 61, 64, 65, 66 (April 1968). *Tagebuch* (Vienna): Doc. 57 (January-February 1968). *Tra Autoritismo Sfruttamento,* Jaca, Milan, 1968: Docs. 62, 69, 70. *The Washington Post* (Washington, D.C.): Doc. 79 (Sept. 29, 1968); Doc. 80 (Oct. 15, 1968); Doc. 81 (Sept. 29, 1968). Vasyl Symonenko's poems have been translated from Vasyl Symonenko, *Bereh chekan,* New York, Prolog, 1965. Krasnov's essay and the political essay "Who Killed Trotsky" appeared in the underground Moscow journal *Tetrad* in 1965. With the exception of the aforementioned works, all of the poetry, stories, and literary essays contained in this volume have been translated from the following issues of *Grani:* No. 52, 1962; No. 58, 1965; No. 63, 1967; No. 64, 1967; No. 65, 1967; No. 66, 1967. In addition to the translators whose names appear after the literary selections, the following translators and editors have participated in preparing the Russian-language material: Sidney Monas, Maurice Friedberg, Arlo Schultz, Zoreslava Kushner, Rosalind Avnet, Elizaveta Lomonosova, and Penny Popoff. Credits for cover photographs: (Top) Andrei Siniavsky—no credit; (Bottom Left) Andrei Voznesensky—Sovfoto; (Bottom Right) Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn—Wide World.

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